



The Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle


History of Friedrich II. of Prussia
Called Frederick the Great

VOLUME VII

Past and Present



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BOOK XX.

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FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS.

25th April, 1760—15th February, 1763.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-1761.

A MELANCHOLY little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday, 25th October, 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual, — unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, “from a tent in Hyde Park,” presided at a Review of Dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, “was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass;” — full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The valet then withdrew with the chocolate

apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something, — “billet of wood from the fire?” thought he; — upon which, hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, “as if in attempting to ring the bell.” King said faintly, “Call Amelia,” and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich’s old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King.¹

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon’s oppressive ideas out of Bourbon’s head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different: — ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favorites, Mother’s-Favorites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new backstairs: — should Bute and Company get into the foreground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says: —

“The Yorkes [Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people] had long distasted this War:” yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: “but now,” within a month or so of the old King’s death, “there was published, under Lord Hardwicke’s countenance, a Tract setting forth the burden and ill policy of our German measures. It was called *Considerations on the German War*; was ably written, and changed many men’s minds.” This is the famous “Mauduit Pamphlet:” first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition *not* obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt’s Olympian Dwelling.

¹ Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, xxx. 486-488).

Dec. 1760-April, 1761.

place, — high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is made of *glass* like the rest of them ! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was “one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,” — son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of ¹ Wool on the great scale ; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Custom-house in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. “How agreeable his politics were to the interior of the Court, soon appeared by a place [Southampton Custom-house] being bestowed on him by Lord Bute.” A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical ; had such a destiny in English History ! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. “*To Sir Horace Mann* [at Florence] : —

“*November 14th*, 1760 [tenth night after Torgau]. . . . We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun ; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters.”

“*December 5th*, 1760. I have received the samples of brocade. . . . I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called *Considerations on the Present German War*,¹ and is written by a wholesale Woollen-Draper [connected with Wool, in some way ; “Factor at Blackwell Hall,” if that mean Draper : — and a growing man ever after ; came to be “Agent for Massachusetts,” on the *Boston-Tea* occasion, and again did Tracts ; was “President of the” — in short, was a conspicuous Vice-President, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty, or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and such like ; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died²] ; but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes.

¹ “London : Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul’s Church-yard, 1761,” adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.

² Chalmers, *Biog. Dictionary* ; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes* ; &c. &c.

The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the Pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off. [Hear, hear!]—

“There are Letters from the Hague [what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend!], that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. [Oh!] It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself [does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations], I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.”

“*January 2d, 1761.* The German War is not so popular as you imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation.”¹ (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Bookstalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. “Hanover not in real danger,” argues he; “if the French had it, would not they, all Europe ordering them, have to give it up again?” Give it up, — *gratis*, or in return for Canada and Pondicherry, Mauduit's does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says — (and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: “Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill-provided otherwise, and involving life and death!” thinks Pitt); — “dreadfully expensive,” urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted, — not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt: — How magazines of hay were shipped and re-shipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to

¹ Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.

eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Embden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive.¹ These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state, — state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaïdes: — your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realized by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis; — have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmänn (*"Mouldy-man"*) the Dane, for instance, — Dane or Holsteiner, — is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plön, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his "Auction of Meissen Porcelain," steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City; — and, in short, by assiduously laboring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, £100,000, £300,000, or I will not remember what. Gets "ennobled," furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognize human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldy-man of merit;² — and is, so far as I know, begetting "Nobles," that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory

¹ Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor, — particulars not worth verifying.

² Preuss, ii. 391, 282, &c.

Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. "What a splash is this you are making, you Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet, — as our Mauduit proves; — while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!" For the heads of men resemble. — My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ("Clement's Lane, Lombard Street," say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results — results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day, — Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwickses working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts, — a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: "Not needed more, Sir! Go you, — and look at *us* for the remainder of your life!"

King Friedrich in the Apel House at Leipzig (8th December, 1760-17th March, 1761).

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfulness character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organized machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too, — he is not solitary; nor

neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March) : ¹ D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, English Mitchell ; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia), — the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards ; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14.² Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element.³

Music, too, he had ; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument, — but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past : “ bent now, sunk into himself, grown old ; to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to his years.” ⁴

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him ; entering his Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected ; which has been memorable ever since. “ One evening [there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December, 1760-March, 1761], D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens “ for December 8th ; ” “ 21st March,” D'Argens is back at Berlin.

² Henri, born 30th December, 1747, died 26th May, 1767 ; — Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called *Der Dicke*, The Big), born 25th December, 1744 ; King, 17th August, 1786 ; died 16th November, 1797.

³ Letters, &c. in *Schöning*.

⁴ Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in *Preuss*, ii. 278).

kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favorites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: 'The Five Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; collecting funds to have money for it; studying about magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding his dogs!'"¹

*Interview with Herr Professor Gellert (Thursday, 18th
December, 1760).*

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

This Winter, say the Books, "he had, in vacant intervals, a great deal of communing with the famed of Leipzig University;" this or the other famed Professor,—Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: "on the Natural Sciences, more especially the Moral; on Libraries, on Rare Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of St. John's Gospel — "*There are Three that bear record* — was *not* in the famous Manuscript of the Vienna Library; Gottsched having himself examined that important *Codex*, and found in the text nothing of said Passage, but merely, written

¹ Preuss. ii. 282.

on the margin, a legible intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. Luther, in his Version, never had it at all."¹ A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here.

Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, English Writings about him, *Lives*, or I forget what: and in his native Protestant Saxony, among all classes, especially the higher, he had, in those years and onwards to his death, such a popularity and real splendor of authority as no man before or since. Had risen, against his will in some sort, to be a real Pope, a practical Oracle in those parts. In his modest bachelor lodging (age of him five-and-forty gone) he has sheaves of Letters daily, — about affairs of the conscience, of the household, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, for example, "Shall I marry *him*, think you, O my Father?" and perhaps from her Papa, "Shall *she*, think you, O my ditto?" — Sheaves of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that the poor Oracle was obliged to appoint special hours for that branch of his business. His class-room (he lectures on *Morals*, some *Theory of Moral Sentiment*, or such like) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prussian Officers eager to hear a Gellert) in these Winters. Rugged Hülsen, this very season, who commands in Freyberg Country, alleviates the poor village of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, and bids the poor people say "It is because Gellert was born among you!" Plainly the Trismegistus of mankind at that date: — who is now, as usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid nature; but rational, clear; especially a Book of *Fables in Verse*, which are watery, but not wholly water, and have still a languid flavor in them for readers. His Book on *Letter-writing* was of use to the rising generation, in its time. Clearly an amiable, ingenious, correct, altogether good man; of pious mind, — and, what was more, of strictly orthodox, according to the

¹ *Helden-Geschichte* vi. 596.

then Saxon standard in the best circles. This was the figure of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he was now about the middle of that culminating period. A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow;" — a fine countenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers."¹

A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanor; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods; — and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation: — infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the King that a new German Literature is springing up, of far more importance than the King thinks, have spoken much to him of Gellert the Trismegistus; — and at length, in the course of a ten days from Friedrich's arrival here, actual Interview ensues. The *Dialogue*, though it is but dull and watery to a modern palate, shall be given entire, for the sake of one of the Interlocutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually from Gellert himself, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manuscripts or those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated Berlin Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th

¹ Jordens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54–68 (§ Gellert).

January, 1760," or about six weeks after the event: "How, one day about the middle of December, Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor lodging here, to carry me to the King." Am too ill to go. Quintus will excuse me to-day; but will return to-morrow, when no excuse shall avail. Did go accordingly next day, Thursday, 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; and continued till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking to the King. Recited my *Malcr zu Athen*." King said, at parting, he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador [Mitchell], an excellent man, was probably the cause of the King's wish to see me. . . . The King spoke sometimes German, sometimes French; I mostly German."¹ As follows:—

King. "Are you (*Er*) the Professor Gellert?"

Gellert. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät*."

King. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you to me. Where do you come from?"

Gellert. "From Hainichen, near Freyberg."

King. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

Gellert. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät*."

King. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

Major Quintus Icilius (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you see here one before you;—one whom the French themselves have translated, calling him the German *La Fontaine*!"

King. "That is much. Have you read *La Fontaine*?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am original (*ich bin ein Original*)."

King. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; but why have not we more?"

Gellert. "Your Majesty has a prejudice against the Germans."

King. "No; I can't say that (*Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen*)."

Gellert. "At least, against German writers."

¹ *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius, herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp. 629, 631.

King. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? Why does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

Gellert. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French themselves have but bad translations of him."

King. "That is true (*Da hat Er Recht*)."

Gellert. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given why the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in every kind of writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their flower among the Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. Perhaps this is the Warlike Era of the Germans: — perhaps also they have yet wanted Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

King. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all Germany?"

Gellert. "Not altogether that; I could wish only that every Sovereign encouraged men of genius in his own country."

King (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of Saxony?"

Gellert. "I have been in Berlin."

King. "You should travel."

Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät*, for that I need two things, — health and means."

King. "What is your complaint? Is it *die gelehrte Krankheit* (Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so called)? "I have myself suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must ride daily, and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

Gellert. "*Aeh, Ihro Majestät*: if the horse were as weak as I am, he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should be too weak to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, however; a tale hangs by it.)

King. "Then you must drive out."

Gellert. "For that I am deficient in the means."

King. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (*Gelehrte*) in Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad times, are not they?"

Gellert. "*Ja wohl*; and if your Majesty would grant us Peace (*den Frieden geben wollten*) —"

King. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There are three of them against me (*Es sind ja drei wider mich*)!"

Gellert. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their History than with the Moderns."

King (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer or Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?"

Gellert. "Homer, as the more original."

King. "But Virgil is much more polished (*viel polirter*)."

Gellert. "We are too far removed from Homer's times to judge of his language. I trust to Quintilian in that respect, who prefers Homer."

King. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the Ancients."

Gellert. "Nor am I that. I follow them only in cases where, owing to the distance, I cannot judge for myself."

Major Icilius (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of *German Letter-writing*, and has published specimens."

King. "So? But have you written against the *Chancery Style*, then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

Gellert. "*Ach ja*, that have I, *Ihro Majestät*!"

King. "But why does n't it change? The Devil must be in it (*Es ist etwas Verteufeltes*). They bring me whole sheets of that stuff, and I can make nothing of it!"

Gellert. "If your Majesty cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only recommend, where you command."

King. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?"

Gellert. "I doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

King. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about [Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself]. Well, have you one?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty: *The Painter*." Gellert recites (voice plaintive and hollow; somewhat *preachy*, I should doubt, but not cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into

prose abridgment for English readers ; German can look at the bottom of the page : ¹ —

“ ‘ A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on money, had done a God of War ; and sent for a real Critic to give him his opinion of it. On survey, the Critic shook his head : “ Too much Art visible ; won’t do, my friend ! ” The Painter strove to think otherwise ; and was still arguing, when a young Coxcomb [*Geck*, *Gawk*] stept in : “ Gods, what a masterpiece ! ” cried he at the first glance : “ Ah, that foot, those exquisitely wrought toenails ; helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art ! ” The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real Critic, looked at his brush ; and the instant this *Geck* was gone, struck out his God of War. ’ ”

King. “ And the Moral ? ”

Gellert (still reciting) :

“ ‘ When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for thee ; but when the Fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out. ’ ”

King. “ That is excellent ; very fine indeed. You have a something of soft and flowing in your verses ; them I understand altogether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading me his Translation of *Iphigénie* ; I had the French Copy in

“ *Ein kluger Maler in Athen,
Der minder, weil man ihn bezahle,
Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte,
Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars
im Bilde sehn,
Und bat sich seine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner sagt ihm frei heraus,
Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz ge-
fallen wollte,
Und dass es, um recht schön zu sein,
Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein ;
Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Grün-
den,
Und kommt ihm doch nicht überwinden.
Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,*

*Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein.
‘ O, ’ rief er, ‘ bei dem ersten Blicke,
Ihr Götter, welch ein Meisterstücke !
Ach, welcher Fuss ! O, wie geschickt
Sind nicht die Nägel ausgedrückt !
Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht
Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rüstung angebracht ! ’
Der Maler ward beschämt gerühret,
Und sah den Kenner kläglich an.
‘ Nun, ’ sprach er, ‘ bin ich überfüh-
ret !
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan. ’
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus,
So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus. ”*

MORAL.

“ Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner
nicht gefüllt,
So ist es schon ein böses Zeichen ;

Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob
erhält,
So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen. ”

(*Gellert's Werke* : Leipzig, 1840 : i. 135.)

my hand, and could not understand a word of him [a Swan of Saxony, laboring in vain that day]! They recommended me another Poet, one Peitsch [Herr Peitsch of Königsberg, Hofrath, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed]; him I flung away."

Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät*, him I also fling away."

King. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; bring your *Fables* with you, and read me something."

Gellert. "I know not if I can read well; I have the singing kind of tone, native to the Hill Country."

King. "*Ja*, like the Silesians. No, you must read me the *Fables* yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back soon."¹ (*Exit Gellert.*)

King (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is quite another man than Gottsched!" (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The modest Gellert says he "remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, *Press not thyself on Kings*, — and never came back;" nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, "He is the reasonablest man of all the German Literary People, *C'est le plus raisonnable de tous les Savans Allemands.*" And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: "Gellert is the only German that will reach posterity; his department is small, but he has worked in it with real felicity." And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible *Fables*, "for the use of our Prussian Schools;" in which and other capacities the *Fables* still serve with acceptance there and elsewhere.²

In regard to Gellert's Horse-exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially: which

¹ Gellert's *Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.

² Preuss, ii. 274

was Prince Henri's gift: "The Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Freyberg" (Battle to be mentioned hereafter); — quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Princee to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfürst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it were among the sights of Leipzig; — well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye.¹ Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December, 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: "estafettes from the Kurfürst himself galloped daily, or oftener, from Dresden for the sick bulletin;" but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

*Dialogue with General Saldern (in the Apel House,
Leipzig, 21st January, 1761).*

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major-General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer, — nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear-flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady, with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him, — more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting-Schloss at Hubertsburg, — which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

For three months long the King had been representing, in

¹ *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Theil ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's *Werke*, xxv 51 et seq.).

the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plottho was eloquent, nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's *Hertzblatt* ("lid of the heart," as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his *stomach*, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday, January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft-going and punctiliously honorable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly, — royal Audience-room "in the *Apel'sche Haus*, New Neumarkt, No. 16," as above; — to whom (one Küster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders: —

King. "Saldern, to-morrow morning you go [*Er*, He goes] with a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures carefully packed up and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the money they bring I mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, and will not forget *you* in disposing of it."

Saldern, usually so prompt with his "*Ja*" on any Order

from the King, looks embarrassed, stands silent, — to the King's great surprise ; — and after a moment or two says : —

Saldern. "Forgive me, your Majesty : but this is contrary to my honor and my oath."

King (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think so, if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to me : great Lords don't feel it in their scalp, when their subjects are torn by the hair ; one has to grip their own locks, as the only way to give them pain." (These last words the King said in a sharper tone ; he again made his apology for the resolution he had formed ; and renewed his Order. With the modesty usual to him, but also with manliness, *Saldern* replied :) —

Saldern. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and his batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey : but against honor, oath and duty, I cannot, I dare not !"

The King, with voice gradually rising, I suppose, repeated his demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the circumstances ; but *Saldern*, true to the inward voice, answered steadily : —

Saldern. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find another person in my stead."

King (whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance, but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "*Saldern, Er will nicht reich werden*, — *Saldern*, you refuse to become rich." And *exit*, leaving *Saldern* to his own stiff courses.¹

Nothing remained for *Saldern* but to fall ill, and retire from the Service ; which he did : a man honorably ruined, thought everybody ; — which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue ; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far as I know), and how he takes

¹ Küster, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793) pp. 39–44.

it:—one wishes Küster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Küster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (£15,000) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, "it is certain," says Küster, as says everybody, "various *Schändlichkeiten* (scandals) occurred, which were contrary to the King's intention, and would not have happened under Saldern." What the scandals particularly were, is not specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realized by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

"The case was much canvassed in the Army," says poor Küster; "it was the topic in every tent among Officers and common Men. And among us Army-Chaplains too," poor honest souls, "the question of conflicting duties arose: Your King ordering one thing, and your own Conscience another, what ought a man to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain to preach or advise? And considerable mutual light in regard to it we struck out from one another, and saw how a prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our general conclusion was, That neither the King nor Saldern could well be called wrong. Saldern listening to the inner voice; right he, for certain. But withal the King, in his place, might judge such a thing expedient and fit; perhaps Saldern himself would, had Saldern been King of Prussia there in January, 1761."

Saldern's behavior in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever: being indeed a model for Army arrangements and pro-

eedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outeries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

*There are some War-movements during Winter; general
Financiering Difficulties. Choiseul proposes Peace.*

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners; and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, "to seize the Unstrut," as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thüringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed, the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter-Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter-quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning; — which lasted two whole months; — filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody.

"Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Göttingen business, and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into

Hessen, so near hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge him. Broglio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt north as far as Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence north again to Cassel, to Münden with its Defiles; and again east, or southeast, to Langensalza even: this chain has above 150 miles of weak length; and various other grave faults to the eye of Ferdinand, — especially this, that it is in the form, not of an elbow only, or joiner's-square, which is entirely to be disapproved, but even of two elbows; in fact, of the *profile of a chair* [if readers had a Map at hand]. *Foot* of the chair is Frankfurt; *seat* part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; *back* part, near where Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel region, on to Münden, which is *top* of the back, — still backwards from which, there is a kind of proud *curl* or overlapping, down to Langensalza in Gotha Country, which greedy Broglio has likewise grasped at! Broglio's friends say he himself knew the faultiness of this zigzag form, but had been overruled. Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to act upon it.

“In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (*February 1st-12th*) in three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts up sudden as lightning, at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces Broglio's Chair-Profile, kicks out especially the bottom part which ruins both foot and back, these being disjointed thereby, and each exposed to be taken in rear; — and of course astonishes Broglio not a little; but does not steal his presence of mind.

“So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and warm lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Magazines; and, at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself. at first partially about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and then gradually all into one mass near Frankfurt itself; — with considerable losses, loss especially of all his Magazines, full or half full. And has now, except Marburg, Ziegenhayn and Cassel, no post between Göttingen and him. Ferdinand, with his Three Divisions, went storming along in the wild weather, Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of Broglio. Captured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that

had not been got burnt; laid siege to Cassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four weeks, was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought to have done a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such were the distances, difficulties of the season, of the long roads, it probably seemed very questionable whether, in the end, any feat at all.

“Cassel he could not take, after a month’s siege under the best of Siege-Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the worst. Provisions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force of wagonry: scant food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of Sieges;”—“the road from Beverungen [where the Weser-boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southernmost of Ferdinand’s parties] is paved with dead horses,” nor has even Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a word, Broglio, finding the time come, bursts up from his Frankfurt Position (March 14th–21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives Ferdinand’s people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day (by surprisal, ‘My compliment for Langensalza’), and sets his people running. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and deliberately retires; lucky, perhaps, that he still can deliberately: and matters return to their old posture. Broglio resumes his quarters, somewhat altered in shape, and not quite so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half-filled Magazines, has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable than has Ferdinand himself.”¹

The vital element in Ferdinand’s Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege Captain was a Graf von Lippe-Bückeburg, Ferdinand’s Ordnance-Master, who is supposed to be “the best Artillery Officer in the world,”—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe-Bückeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Freemasonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A.

¹ Tempelhof, v. 15-45; Mauvillon, ii. 135-148.

man of excellent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen to by neighbors, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others; — which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. “Two years ago, on King Friedrich’s birthday, 24th January, 1759, the Count had a select dinner-party in his tent in Ferdinand’s Camp, in honor of the occasion. Dinner was well over, and wine handsomely flowing, when somebody at last thought of asking, ‘What is it, then, Herr Graf, that whistling kind of noise we hear every now and then overhead?’ ‘That is nothing,’ said the Graf, in his calm, dusky way: ‘that is only my Artillery-people practising; I have bidden them hit the pole of our tent if they can: unhappily there is not the slightest danger. Push the bottles on.’”¹ Lippe-Bückeburg was Siege-Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal’s younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line; — whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D’Argens or somebody: “I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner” (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since); — but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and “had himself lent 7,000 men to it:” which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand’s, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to co-operate at Langensalza, — which, so far out in Thüringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye-sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Spörken head of these, and Wal

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 356; Zimmermann, *Einsamkeit*, iii. 461; &c.

pole's "Conway" one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langensalza.¹ Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Spörken and his Conways to complete the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might "to raising contributions, recruits, horses, proviants, over 'Thüringen;" "which," says Tempelhof, "had been his grand errand there, and in which he succeeded wonderfully."

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organized a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankensalza, against the intrusive Reichs-people, who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (*April 1st* it left quarters; *April 11th* was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition;² of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croatories and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small-War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among many others, going about in convalescent state, — not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of, — but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes; — of course an ever-increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760-1761, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct.

¹ *Bericht von der bey Langensalza am 15 Februar 1761 vorgefallenen Action in Seyfarth, Beylagen*, iii. 75; Tempelhof, v. 22-27.

² Tempelhof, v. 48-57.

... "‘It is impossible to pay that Contribution,’ exclaim the Leipzigers: ‘you said, long since, it was to be £75,000 on us by the year; and this year you rise to £160,000; more than double!’—‘Perhaps that is because you favored the Reichsfolk while here?’ answer the Prussians, if they answer anything: ‘It is the King’s order. Pay it you must.’—‘Cannot; simply impossible.’ ‘Possible, we tell you, and also certain; we will burn your Leipzig if you don’t!’ And they actually, these Collector fellows, a stony-hearted set, who had a percentage of their own on the sums levied, got soldiers drawn out more than once pitch-link in hand, as if for immediate burning: but the Leipzigers thought to themselves, ‘King Friedrich is not a Soltikof!’ and openly laughed at those pitch-links. Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants were thrown into prison,—one hundred or so, rid-dled down in a day or two to Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood out, were detained a good many days, how many is not said, but only that they were amazingly firm. Black-hole for lodging, bread-and-water for diet, straw for bed: nothing would avail on the Seventeen: ‘Impossible,’ they answered always; each unit of them, in sight of the other sixteen, was upon his honor, and could not think of flinching. ‘You shall go for soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine powdered velvet gentlemen? Up then, and march; here are your firelocks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Magdeburg, there to get on drill!’ Upon which the Seventeen, horror-struck at such quasi-*actual* possibility, gave in.

“Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on business at the time [which will give us a date for this by and by], and been solemnly applied to by Deputation of the Rath, pleaded with his usual zealous fidelity on their behalf; got various alleviations, abatements; gave bills:—‘Never was seen such magnanimity!’ said the Leipzig Town-Council solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, had done.”¹

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich’s side only. Here, for in-

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 187-192.

stance, from the Duchy of Göttingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:—

“For bed-tieking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready-made, 18,000; shoes,” I forget in what quantity; but “from the poor little Town of Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if they are not honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker guild summoned out to see it.” Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to produce: 300 of them, “each with basket on back, who are carrying cannon-balls from the foundry at Lanterberg to Göttingen, the road being bad.”¹ “These French are in such necessity,” continues Archenholtz, “they spare neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for example, pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted by this War to the length of £2,230,000, and entreats the Kaiser to bid Most Christian Majesty cease *his* exactions,—but without the least result.” Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? “Magazine-furnishings, over all Hessen and this part of Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, native Hessian, native Hanoverian, you shall furnish,—and ‘We will hang them, and do, if caught deserting’ [to their own side]!”

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: “Mice being busy in these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, and a requisition goes out accordingly [cipher not given]: cats do execution for a time, but cannot stand the confinement,” are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): “upon which Hanover has to send foxes and weasels.”² These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon-balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi-impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence, were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 237.

² *Ib.* ii. 240.

Spring (26th March, 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British-Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real "Congress at Augsburg," and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answered (April 3d) as before, "Nothing with more willingness, we!"¹

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end *it* had, and Mauduit will look! — Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace-Proposals, and the other rumors and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his Armies too were once more put on a passable footing; — and this Year will have its realities withal.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was "January 20th, 1761," — precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on, — that "Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig,"² and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a

¹ The "Declaration" (of France &c.), with the Answer or "Counter-Declaration," in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12-16.

² Rödenbeck, ii. 77.

thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Maréchal de Belleisle, — mark him, reader! — “in the Rue de Lille at Paris,” lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, “January 26th, 1761,” the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. “He had been reported dead three days before,” says Barbier: “the public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of this apparent” (let a cautious man write it, “apparent) derangement in our affairs,” — instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. “He was in his 77th year. Many people say, ‘We must wait three months, to see if we shall not regret him,’” — even him!¹ So generous are Nations.

Maréchal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy: in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and châteaux to the value of about £24,000 annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left “to serve in perpetuity as a residence for the Secretary of State in the Department of War:” a magnificent Town-House it is, “*hôtel magnifique*, at the end of the Pont-Royal,” — which, I notice farther, is in our time called “*Hôtel de Choiseul-Praslin*,” — a house latterly become horrible in men’s memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime, — alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the Cail-de-Bœuf with Papers, just setting out to cut Teutschland in Four; and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent and preparation for the General Overturn (*Cullbute Générale* of 1789), he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul succeeds him as War-Minister;

¹ Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.

War-Minister and Prime-Minister both in one ; — and by many arts of legerdemain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen Country, and the Hill Cantonnements, — organized there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk ; — and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army-regulating and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his *Chère Maman*, the day after his arrival in those parts : —

To Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen).

“ MEISSEN, 20th March, 1761.

“ I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of keepsake and memento [Snuffbox of Meissen Porcelain, with the figure of a Dog on the lid]. You may use the Box for your rouge, for your patches, or you may put snuff in it, or *bonbons* or pills : but whatever use you turn it to, think always, when you see this Dog, the Symbol of Fidelity, that he who sends it outstrips, in respect of fidelity and attachment to *Maman*, all the dogs in the world ; and that his devotion to you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of the material which is manufactured hereabouts.

“ I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schönhäusen [for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife], for my Sisters-in-law ; in fact, I am rich in this brittle material only. And I hope the receivers will accept it as current money : for, the truth is, we are poor as can be, good Mamma ; I have nothing left but honor, my coat, my sword, and porcelain.

“ Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one day see you again face to face ; and repeat to you, by word of mouth, what I have already said and written ; but, turn it

and re-turn it as I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, express what the feelings of my heart to you are. — F.”¹

* * It was during this Winter, if ever it was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young Lady, just coming out, age seventeen, — in a remote sphere of things. In “Sleepy Hollow” namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing-gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich’s Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less; — though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else, — except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the “Victory” spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as “confirmed” till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent.² Certain it is, in September *next*, September, 1761, directly after George III.’s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following “*Translation of a Letter, said to have been written by Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg to the King of*

¹ Given in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 145: cited partly in *Preuss*, ii. 282.

² Ludwig Giesbrecht, — *Der Fürstenhof in Mirow während der Jahre 1708-1761*, in *Programm des vereinigten Königlichen und Stadt-Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26-29, — enters into a minute criticism.

Prussia, on one of his Victories,” — without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place: ¹ —

[*To his Majesty the King of Prussia* (in Leipzig, or
Somewhere).

MIROW IN MECHLENBURG-STRELITZ, Winter of 1760-1761.]

“Sire! — *Ich weiss nicht, ob ich über Ewr. Majestät letzteren Sieg fröhlich oder traurig sein soll, weil eben der glückliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, über mein Vaterland Jammer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lusterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich verlacht werden, dass mein Herz über das Unglück des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Rückkehr des Friedens wünsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser für mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu üben, oder mich nur um häusliche Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern. Allein dem seyc wie ihm wolle, so fühlt mein Herz zu sehr für diese Unglücklichen, um eine dringende Fürbitte für dieselben zurück zu halten.*

“*Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine ver-*

“*May it please your Majesty,*

“I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the Country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: bnt, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

“It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The

¹ From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October, 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the *Translation*; from *Preuss* (ii. 186) the “*Original*,” who does not say where he got it, — whether from an old German Newspaper or not.

ödete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut Das Landvolk sah vernügte aus, und in den Städten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber welch' eine Veränderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Gräucl der Verwüstung mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefühl besitzen, würden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wüste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Städten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Krüppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Helden-ton erzählt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hülfe in dieser äussersten Noth.

Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest peti-

*An Sic, Sire, mogen auch Frauen,
ja selbst Kinder ihre Klagen brin-
gen. Sie, die sich auch zur nied-
rigsten Klasse gütigst herablassen,
und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist,
noch grösser werden, als selbst
durch ihre Siege, werden die mein-
igen nicht unerhört lassen und,
zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes,
Bedrückungen und Drangsalen ab-
helfen, welche wider alle Menschen-
liebe und wider alle gute Kriegs-
zucht streiten. Ich bin &c."*

tion, and whose power is capable of
repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-Strelitz, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operative, vague, imaginary, — some of it expressly untrue.¹ So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether!² And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like; — thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to *sign*; or by some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and *without* any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how

¹ In Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, *till* Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted out, — Eugen of Würtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters; — who, doubtless with all rigor, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz, — see, for example, in *Schöning*, iii. 30 &c., an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.

² "Boll, *Geschichte Mecklenburgs mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303-305;" — cited by Giesebrecht, who himself takes the opposite view.

a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue ! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of ; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all ; — and certainly small matter whether or not.



CHAPTER VII.

SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS : CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

To the outward observer Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make ? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been ! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena ; here is a King risen from the depths again, — more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. “How these things will end ?” Fancy of what a palpitating interest *then*, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on ; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished ! Finished ; no mystery of chance, of world-hope or of world-terror now remaining in it ; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant ; — and it will behoove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away ; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources ; — fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not

so fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, "Resist till we die;" but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture; — few on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanor. He is long used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before *it* be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages, the utmost urgency of preparation: "The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!" Peace, at least, between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France has really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace: — "No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!"¹

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free-Corps people, been recruiting, refitting and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the almost impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia, — Henri to undertake Saxony, *versus* Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier

¹ Schöning (*in locis*).

than usual ; but was staved off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise ; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share ; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's Encampment at Bunzelwitz ; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manœuvrings and small events ; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, so far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge ; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him ; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's ; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at : pleasant to the King especially, who recognizes in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul ; — and has given him, this Spring, the *Order of Merit*, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon ; which should have produced repose to both ; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already there, gave notice, as per bargain, That “in 96 hours” the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (*April 25th*, in the Schweidnitz-Landshut Country) with his usual vehemence ; — meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better ; seized “the Gallows-Hill of Hohenfriedberg,” seized this and that ; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst

not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country *May 3d*), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighborhood); — Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains, — there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether; — cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last Year? That is the firm notion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever-active Loudon the favorite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a Feld-marschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighborhood. "We take that Fortress," say the Vienna people; "it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go; Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!" This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: "junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come." Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing "rash" in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win; — after which Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season: — readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higgings, hitchings and manœuvrings will now demand to be suppressed by us! Read these

essential Fractions, chiefly chronological; — and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

“Last Year,” says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, “Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept hovering about, in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; attempting several kinds of mischief in those Countries, especially attempting to do something on Colberg; which the Russians mean to besiege next Summer, with more intensity than ever, for the Third, and, if possible, the last time. ‘Storm their outposts there,’ thinks Tottleben, ‘especially Belgard, the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter the obstinate little crow’s-nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for besieging in good time.’ Tottleben did try upon the outposts, especially Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Werner’s people being broad awake:¹ upon which Tottleben and they made a truce, ‘Peaceable till May 12th;’ till June 1st, it proved, about which time [which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit!] we will look in on them again.”

May 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich’s famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, “he lodged again at Rodewitz, near Hochkirch, in the same house as on that Occasion [what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep!] — and that no accident anywhere befell the March, though Daun’s people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, were hovering on the flank, — apprehensive chiefly lest it might mean a plunge *into Bohemia*, for relief of Goltz, instead of what it did.” For six weeks after that hard March, the King’s people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force

¹ Account of it, *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 670.

against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri, — Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark, — there fell out a great deal of exquisite manœuvring, rapid detaching and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here or afterwards. We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri, and really a considerable thing, "*La campagne de 1761 est celle où ce Prince a vraiment montré des talents supérieurs*;" the Battle of Freyberg [wait till next Year] nothing in comparison."¹ Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said, — a drawn game, or nearly so, — we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz, — or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand! After brief junction in Schweidnitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d): "Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians!" Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going.² Goltz thereupon tasked all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions, — a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days: — gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

¹ Montholon, *Mémoires de Napoléon*, vii. 324.

² Goltz's Letter to the King, "Glogau, 22d June, 1761," is in Tempelhof (v. 88-90), who thinks the plan good.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manœuvred about, and came home "attending the Russians," as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the northeast or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th-20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau they linger and higggle, at their leisure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians "in Neisse neighborhood" is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighborhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did, by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manœuvrings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th-11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Münsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

"Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!" said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about

Auras or Leubus (August 11th–12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too, or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manœuvring there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz head-quarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schönbrunn, Striegau; — without the least essential harm to Loudon, or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's, — who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the southeast or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the northeast or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they “join hands,” as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and *not* witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line of posts.¹ “Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?” And so ends what we call the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Grips seems to be come! —

¹ Tempelhof, v. 58–150.

Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map), and cut off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: "They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!" hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do! Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M. August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map), left wing at Jauernik; head-quarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening, the earlier or *rested* part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes the ground hereabouts has no peculiar

military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work; — this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. “Swift, *Bursche*, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quotity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!”

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are Mines: “We will blow you and our Batteries both into the air, in case of capture!” think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. “Mines, and that of being blown into the air,” says Tempelhof, “are always very terrible to the common man.” In places there are “Trenches 16 feet broad, by 16 deep,” says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: “and we have two of those *Flatterminen* (scatter-mines,” blowing-up apparatuses) “to each battery.”¹

“Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all fortified,” continues Archenholtz; “Würben, in the centre, is like

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 262, &c.

a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of cannon in all and 182 mines. Würben, our citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our intrenchments" — You already heard what gulfs some of them were! "Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the things we call Spanish Horse (*chevaux-de-frise*); — woods we have in abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert." Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon *flutter*-mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music! —

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner; — which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spade-work; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the *Austrian Veteran*, says: "Plauen, and Daun's often ridiculed precautions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there; but because it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the principles of tactics are combined with those of field-fortification, as never before." Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: "A masterpiece of judgment in ground," says he; "and the treatment of it a model of sound, true and consummate field-engineering."¹

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Würben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the southwest. All round, in huge half-moon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian head-quarter is Hohen-

¹ Tielke, iii. § *Bunzelwitz* (which is praised as an attractive Piece); *Æster reichischer Veteran*, iv. 79: cited in *Preuss*, ii. 285.

friedberg, — who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenancy: Austrian field-music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch-fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Baireuth Dragoons and their No. 67; — you will find the Baireuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense *not*. Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lübeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old *sickles* are still here; but the hands that wielded them —! “Steady!” answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Faney Loudon’s astonishment, on the third day: “While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he, — unattackable, shall we say?” Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. “Difficult, murderous,” thinks Loudon; “but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!” And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: “Shame on us!” urges the ardent Loudon: “Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles and all the world, — what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!” Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: “Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe.” Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world: — we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly e

pects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Würben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labors of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, "on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there," a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: "And remember, a lock of straw, will you, — that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night!"¹ Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. "Good evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking?" — and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it?" "No, smoke away!" the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among

¹ Seyfarth, iii. 16 n.

his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complexion of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual waiting for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh-meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ("A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching-days," wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging, — damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten, — is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bülow went out for a little butcher's-meat; did bring home "200 head of neat cattle [I fear, not very fat] and 300 sheep."¹

Loudon, all this while, is laboring, as man seldom did, to bring Butturlin to the striking place; who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrawing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are held, remonstrances, encouragements. "We will lend you a Corps," answers Butturlin; "but as to our Army co-operating, — except in that far-off way, it is too dangerous!" Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon, — Loudon himself to take the deadlier part, — "Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!" — surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's-paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: "And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we: and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?" In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: "A Corps, if you like; but the whole Army, positively no." Upon which Loudon goes home half mad; and has a colic for eight-and-forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal; — nearly heart-

¹ Tempelhof, v. 172.

breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal: the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consummation of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic.¹ Friedrich's own notion, that "over dinner, glass in hand," the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious,² appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening, 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward: "Meaning to try it, then?" thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their "Spanish Riders" (*Frisian Horse, Chevaux-de-Frise*, others of us call them), their Storm-pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely

¹ Tempelhof, v. 170.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 125.

quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, despatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and burn his Magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dexterously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big *Wagenburg* or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling bread-basket, arranged as "Wagon-fortress" in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick walls, cannon and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: "Fixed bayonets," ordered he, at the main point of their defence, "not a shot till they are tumbled out!" — tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners 1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again.¹ Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts, — hay-magazines, biscuit-stores, soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same; — completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin; a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfulest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onward towards Colberg, — (which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present); — and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people

¹ Tempelhof, v. 281-293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643-649.

doing their utmost upon him, arrived there September 25th, victoriously cutting in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off, to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. “Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce [to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end];—get bread from them withal:—and, before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!” That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. “Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?” said some, triumphantly soon after. That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month’s provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th–26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may not we employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us, which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice-important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manœuvrings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the British-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

*Of Ferdinand's Battle of Vellinghausen (15th-16th July) ;
and the Campaign 1761.*

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn Country, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River ; lies to the north of Soest, — some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen to Paderborn ; — but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July, 1761. Here is brief Notice of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had : —

“This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than ever ; Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards Hanover, while negotiating for Peace. Two Armies, counting together 160,000 men, in great completeness of equipment, Choiseul has got on foot, against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had a fine dashing plan, too ; — devised by himself (something of a Soldier he too, and full of what the mess-rooms call ‘dash’); — not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say judges. But it was marred sadly in one point : That Broglio, on issuing from his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General ; that Soubise, from the Lower-Rhine Country, is to be Co-General ; — such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the business Ferdinand, at an early stage, appears to have guessed or discerned might, for him, be the saving clause.

“Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to guard Lippstadt, — guard it now from these two Generals : — and, singular to see, instead of opposing the junction of them, he has submitted cheerfully to let them join. And in the course of a week or two after taking the field, is found to be on the western or outmost flank of Soubise, crushing him up towards Broglio, not otherwise ! And has, partly by accident, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely puzzles Broglio and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest (July 6th), and study the thing, with their own eyes, ‘for

eight whole days, in concert.' What continual reconnoitring, galloping about of high-plumed gentlemen together or apart; what *memoir*-ing, mutual consulting, beating of brains, to little purpose, during those eight days! —

"Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him about eight miles, looking eastward; with his left at Vellinghausen and the Lippe; centre of him is astride of the Ahse (centre partly, and right wing wholly, are on the south side of Ahse), which is a branch of Lippe; and in front, he has various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern [*Kirch*-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkers thereabouts], Scheidingen, Wambeln and others; and his right wing is covered farther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the above-said Ahse, and is a *sub*-branch of Lippe. At most of these Villages Ferdinand has thrown up something of earthworks: there are bogs, rough places, woods; all are turned to advantage. Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dangerous position; and will give difficulties, and does give endless dubieties, to these high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spy-glasses for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in him: His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank is in the air, has nothing to rest on; — here surely is some possibility for us? A strong Position, that of his; but if driven out of it by any method, he has no retreat; is tumbled back into the *angle* where Ahse and Lippe meet, and into the little Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What a fate for him, if we succeed! —

"Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitring and other symptoms, judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in this posture of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon very wise and very courageous of him, determines to stand his chance in it. The consultations of Broglio and Soubise are a thing unique to look upon; spread over volumes of Official Record, and about a volume and a half even of *Bourcet*, where it is still almost amusing to read;¹ and ending in

¹ *Mémoires Historiques* (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) *sur la Guerre que les Français ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis 1757*

helpless downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty nobody supposes they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglio; Soubise being strong in Court-favor only. Exquisitely polite they both strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what infirmities of temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual hatred lay hidden, could never be accurately known. 'Attack him, Sunday next; on the 13th!' so, at the long last, both of them had said. And then, on more reflection, Broglio afterwards: 'Or not till the 15th, M. le Prince; till I reconnoitre yet again, and drive in his outposts?' 'M. le Maréchal's will is always mine: Tuesday, 15th, reconnoitre him, drive him in; be it so, then!' answers Soubise, with extreme politeness, — but thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), 'Wants to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former cases; and bring me into disgrace!' Not quite an insane notion either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the Broglio-Soubise Controversy; — which far be it from any of us, at this or at any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

"Tuesday, July 15th, 1761, Broglio reconnoitred with intensity all day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in the evening, seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion of doing the feat by himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on Ferdinand's Position: 'Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody strengths about, — could not we get hold of that; it would be so convenient to-morrow morning!' Granby and the English are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are taken quite on the sudden: but they drew out rapidly, in a state of bottled indignation, and fought, all of them, — Pembroke's Brigade of Horse, Cavendish's of Foot, *Berg-Schotten*, Maxwell's Brigade and the others, in a highly satisfactory way, — '*mit unbeschreiblicher Tapferkeit*,' says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglio truly has burst out into enormous cannonade, musketade and cavalry-work, in this part; and struggles at it, almost four hours, — a furious, and espe-

jusqu'au 1762: par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792); — worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry "Campaign of 1761"!

cially a very noisy business, charging, recharging through the woods there; — but, met in this manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about 10 at night, leaves off till a new morning.

“Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned Soubise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with loud cannonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdinand overnight, while Broglio was warning Soubise, had considerably strengthened his left wing here, — by detachments from the right or Anti-Soubise wing; judging, with good foresight, how Soubise would act. And accordingly, while poor Broglio kept storming forward with his best ability, and got always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; ‘had understood the hour of attack to be’ so-and-so, ‘had understood’ this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or threatening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt (‘redoubt of Scheidingen’) on Ferdinand’s right wing, did nothing, or next to nothing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, hour after hour, finds himself ever worse bested; — those Granby people proving ‘indescribable’ once more [their Wutgenau also with his Hanoverians *not* being absent, as they rather were last night]; — and about 10 in the morning gives up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now permissible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching intently through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns ‘Some confusion in the Maréchal yonder!’ — and orders a general charge of the left wing upon Broglio; which considerably quickened his retreat; and broke it into flight, and distressful wreck and capture, in some parts, — Regiment *Rouge*, for one item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and furniture, to that Maxwell and his Brigade.

“Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, ‘from 1,500 to 2,000:’ Broglio’s loss was ‘above 5,000; 2,000 of them prisoners.’ Soubise, for his share, ‘had of killed 24,’ — O you laggard of a Soubise!¹ And it is a Battle lost to Choiseul’s

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 171–189; Tempelhof, v. 207–221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770–782–792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with *Lists*, and the like. Slight Letter from Sir Robert Murray Keith

grand Pair of Armies; a Campaign checked in mid volley; and nothing but recriminations, courts-martial, shrieky jargonings, — and plain incompatibility between the two *Maréchaux de France*; so that they had to part company, and go each his own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, urges, encourages; writes the ‘*admirablest Despatches*;’ to no purpose. ‘How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, with Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, and the whole Campaign were lost!’ writes he once to them.

“Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals parting company for this Campaign (and, indeed for all others); and each, in his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some 30,000, went gasconading about, in the Westphalian, or extreme western parts; taking Embden (from two Companies of Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he broke his word, poor old souls; — to whom, and much more to the Populations there¹), — taking Embden, *not* taking Bremen; and in fact doing nothing, except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Soubise not in force, by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is remarked, now and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance from that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently pulsing out, round Ferdinand’s flanks; taking Wolfenbüttel (Broglio’s for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day); — and, in short, leaving, he too, the matter as he had found it. A man of difficult, litigious temper, I should judge; but clearly has something of generalship: ‘does understand tactic, if strategy *not*,’ said everybody; ‘while Soubise,

to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, “Excellency first,” as we used to define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104–105; and may tempt you to arcading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became “Excellency second” of his name.

¹ *Letter from a French Protestant Gentleman at Gröningen*; followed by confirmatory *Letter from* &c. &c. (copied into *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether *Ultra-Soltikof* atrocities perpetrated by Soubise’s people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the &c. &c.

in both capacities, is plain zero!’¹ The end, however, was: next Winter, Broglio got dismissed, in favor of Soubise;—rest from shrieky jargon having its value to some of us; and ‘hold of Hanover’ being now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us.”

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz’s second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of *Berg-Schotten*, say the accounts.² Berg-Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke’s Horse, Cavendish’s Brigade,—we have mentioned their behavior; and how Maxwell’s Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglio. “What a glorious set of fellows!” said the English people over their beer at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the sign of *The Marquis of Granby*, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendent;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a candid By-stander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand’s skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:—

“The first in rank,” of Ferdinand’s Force, “were the English; about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when on the field of battle and under arms against the enemy, you will nowhere find in the world: that is a truth;—and with that the sum of their military merits ends. In the first

¹ Excelleney Stanley (see *infra*) to Pitt, “Paris, 30th July, 1761:” in *Thackeray*, ii. 561-562.

² “*The Life of Prince Albert Henry* [had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a “Life”!—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eye-witness] of *Brunswick-Luneburg, Brother to the Hereditary Prince; who so eminently &c. at Fellinghausen &c. &c.* (London, Printed for &c. 1763). Written originally in German by the Rev. Mr. Hierusalem” (Father of the “Young Jerusalem” who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe’s *Werther* and *Sorrows*). Price, probably, Two pence.

place, their Infantry consists of such an unselected hand-over-head miscellany of people, that it is highly difficult to preserve among them even a shadow of good discipline," — of *Mannszucht*, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean *Kriegszucht*, or drill. "Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but a foolish love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous of forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that respect than do the Germans.

"Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: from which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their heads about the service; and understand of it, very *very* few excepted, absolutely nothing whatever [what a charming set of "Officers"!] — and this goes from the Ensign up to the General. Their home-customs incline them to the indulgences of life; and, nearly without exception, they all expect to have ample and comfortable means of sleep. [Hear, hear!] This leads them often into military negligences, which would sound incredible, were they narrated to a soldier. To all this is added a quiet natural arrogance (*Uebermuth*)," — very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts, — "which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

"This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad consequence for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well known how much these people despise all Foreigners. This of itself renders their co-operating with Troops of other Nations very difficult. But in this case there was the circumstance that, as the Army was in English pay, they felt a strong tendency to regard their fellow-soldiers and copartners as a sort of subordinate war-valets, who must be ready to put up with anything: — which was far indeed from being the opinion of the others concerned! The others had not the smallest notion of consenting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in respect of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known political feelings, they were at heart, for most part, specially indisposed; and this mode of thinking was capable

of leading to very dangerous outbreaks. The Hanoverians, a dull steady people, brave as need be, but too slow for anything but foot service, considered silently this War to be their War, and that all the rest, English as well, were here on their [and Britannic Majesty's] account.

"Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit in quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they were invisible, and nobody noticed them but himself!"¹

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemie affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents, his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes, — and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite: an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire found him shockingly defective in *esprit*. The English, I think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince, — a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. "Oftenest under the Erbprinz," says Mauvillon: "till, after the Fight of Kloster Kampen, it began to be noticed that there was a change in that respect; and the mess-rooms whispered, 'By accident or not?'" — which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabring and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp; — nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. "Congress at Augsburg" split upon formalities,

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 270-272.

preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; "Mr. Hans Stanley," a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City, between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul ("*ce fou plein d'esprit*," as Friedrich once christens him), about Choiseul and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen in society and the like, — are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind.¹ Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worst: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; "Isle of Miquelon, or the like?" "Not the breadth of a blanket," — that is Pitt's private expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination. "You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or *Yankee*, not *Frangce*: that has turned out to be the Decrèe of Heaven; and we will stand by that."

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else), turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic "See, your Most Catholic Majesty!" And by

¹ In *Thackeray*, i. 505-579, and especially ii. 520-626, is the Stanley-and-Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went "23d May;" returned (got his passports for returning) "September 20th."

rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto; — and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): “Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?” “Most Catholic Majesty!” answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: “Who sent for Most Catholic Majesty?” — and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: *First*, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich’s Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time, — on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless, — and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit, — by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible;¹ — and is of a naturally grateful turn. *Secondly*, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like — like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And *thirdly*, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, *15th July*, *15th August*, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

Third Siege of Colberg.

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben’s procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a Platen gone to help against

¹ King’s Patent is of “30th April, 1760 [dated 29th May, 1759], Act of Parliament to follow shortly;” “August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal’s public Presentation to his Majesty (late Majesty): Old *Gazettes in Gentleman’s Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.

it. Siege, after infinite delays and haggles, has at length come, — uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz; — and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part, — Eugen of Würtemberg, direct from Rostock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance, — except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumor of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg, — upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Cöslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Cöslin, through Cörlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide, — a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the Cosacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Cörlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and

comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Würtemberg encamped and intrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call "*de la tablature*," or extremely difficult music to play.

"It was on *August 19th* [very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz] that Romanzow, — Werner, for the sake of those poor Towns he holds, generally retiring without bombardment or utter conflagration, — had got hold of Cörlin and of the River Persante [with "*Quetzin and Degow*," if anybody knew them, as his main posts there]: and was actually now within sight of Colberg, — only 7 or 8 miles west of him, and a river more or less in his way: — when, singular to see, Eugen of Würtemberg has rooted himself into the ground farther inward, environing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second wall; and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

"But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-material and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful Colberg must be done, were it only by falling flat on it, and smothering it by weight of numbers and of red-hot iron. The day before yesterday, *August 17th*, after such rumoring and such manœuvring as there has been, six Russian ships-of-war showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and three of them tried some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a redoubt on the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost despatch; and within the eight days following, the Russian ships, and then the Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings, — 12 sail of the line, with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat kind, 54 ships in all; — and from *August 24th*, especially from *August 28th*, bombardment to the very uttermost is going on.¹ Bombardment by every method, from sea and from land, continues diligent for the next fortnight, — with little or no result; so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

"*September 4th*. The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been much shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success

¹ Tempelhof, v. 311.

had, owing to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as impossible as Bunzelwitz, it seems? ‘Double our diligence, therefore!’ That is Romanzow’s and everybody’s sentiment here. Romanzow comes closer in, September 4th; besieges in form, since not Colberg, Eugen’s *Camp*, or brazen wall of Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor little Colberg (a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano as attracts the eyes of all the world thither.

“*September 12th.* News yesterday of reinforcement, men and provender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, *it* in the first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a certain inconvenient battery, which Romanzow is building to westward of us, out that way; to demolish said battery, and be generally distressful to the rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, after his difficult night’s march, Werner is resting, secure now of the adventure; — too contemptuous of his slow Russians, as appeared! Who, for once, surprise *him*; and, at and round Treptow, next morning, Werner finds himself suddenly in a most awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest and stormiest of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would still have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop, — charge, or something of critical or vital nature, — rapid Werner’s horse got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the charge failed, but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss of very great importance, and grievous to everybody: though, I believe, the reinforcement and supply, for this time, got mostly through, and the dangerous battery was got demolished by other means.¹ This is Romanzow’s first item of success, this of getting such a Werner snatched out of the game [and sent to Petersburg instead, as we shall hear]; and other items fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and hunger.

“In the way of storming, battering or otherwise capturing Eugen’s Camp, not to speak of Heyde’s town, Romanzow finds, on trial after trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his unwieldy sea-comrades (equinoctial gales coming on them, too)

¹ Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 238: Tempelhof, v. 314.

are equally worthless. September 19th [a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bunzelwitz had ended], Romanzow made his fiercest attempt that way; fiercest and last: furious extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; had for some time hold of the important 'Green Redoubt;' but was still more furiously battered and bayoneted out again, with the loss of above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by that method. But he can stand between the Eugen-Heyde people and supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, added to the fruitless bombardment, is now his more or less fruitful industry.

"In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: Platen, after burning the Butturlin Magazine at Gostyn, has hastened hither; in what style we know. Platen arrives 25th September; cuts his way through Romanzow into Eugen's Camp, raises Eugen to about 15,000;¹ renders Eugen, not to speak of Heyde, more impossible than ever. Butturlin did truly send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, 'As many as you like, my Romanzow!' And, in the beginning of October, came rolling thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make a Maxen of it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fortnight's survey of them, found there was not the least feasibility; — and that he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which he did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion [40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low], and the advice, 'Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole chances here!' Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands of them, under Fermor and others, infesting the roads from Stettin, are a great comfort to Romanzow. Nor could any Eugen — with his Platens, Thaddens, and utmost expenditure of skill and of valor and endurance, which are still memorable in soldier-annals,² — suffice to convey provisions through that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

¹ Tempelhof, v. 350.

² *Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32-76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December 1761* (ibid. 77-147).

“From Stettin, which lies southwest, through Treptow, Gollnow and other wild little Prussian Towns, is about 100 miles; from Landsberg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well-nigh 300 miles away; in Stettin alone is succor, could we hold the intervening Country. But it is overrun with Russians, more and ever more. A Country of swamps and moors, winter darkness stealing over it, — illuminated by such a volcano as we see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of stubborn human valor and military virtue plentiful in it, with utter hardship as a constant quantity; details not permissible here, only the main features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

“The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to collect from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every nerve for the relief of that important little Haven. Which is done by the diligent Bevern, the collecting part; could only the conveying be accomplished. But endless Russians are afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them waylaying; the conveyance is the difficulty.”¹

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Head-quarters there.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER, 1761).

It was September 25th, more properly 26th,² when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway, — southwestward, two marches farther, — to

¹ *Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Württembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May 1761 bis December 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147–258). Tempelhof, v. 313–326. *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 669–708.

² Tempelhof, v. 327.

Neisse neighborhood (Gross-Nossen the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Magazines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once, — had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint: — and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another, — Dalwig, Bülow, towards Landsbut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads; — who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours. On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday, October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumor of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about, — he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time; — ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

“On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of Bohemia,” says my Note on this subject, “Loudon's time had

come. Friedrich had disappeared to southwestward, Saturday, September 26th: 'Gone to Pilzen,' reported Loudon's scouts; 'rests there over Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to Gross-Nossen, Tuesday, September 29th.'¹ That will do, thinks Loudon; who has sat immovable at Kunzendorf all this while; — and, *Wednesday, 30th*, instantly proceeds to business.

"Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweidnitz at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle, of Croat-Cossack people; blocking up every path and road: 'Nobody to pass, this day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any pretext.' That is the duty of the Croat people. To another active Officer he intrusts the task of collecting from the neighboring Villages (outside the Croat girdle) as many ladders, planks and the like, as will be requisite; which also is punctually done. For the Attack itself, which is to be Fourfold, our picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 best Battalions in the Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly assents, and offers every help: — '800 of your Grenadiers,' answers Loudon; 'no more needed.' Loudon's arrangements for management of the ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the simultaneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have done better.

"About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Battalions, with their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruction very pointed and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: Loudon addresses the Troops in a few fiery words; assures himself of victory by them; promises them £10,000 in lieu of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. Officers had better make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes they are to take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by the chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time.² At 9, all being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered itself closer round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions march to their respective starting-places; will wait there, silent; and about 2 in the morning, each at its appointed minute, step forward on their business. With fixed bayonets all of

¹ Tempelhof, v. 330.

² In *Tempelhof* (v. 332-349) and *Archenholtz* (ii. 272-280) all these details.

them; no musketry permitted till the works are won. Loudon will wait at the Village of Schönbrunn [not *Warkotsch's* Schönbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far¹], — at Schönbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon notice when you are within 600 yards; — there shall, if desirable, be reinforcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like his own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, improving the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter part of Bunzelwitz time; and since then, by deserters and otherwise, — he knows the condition of the Garrison, of the Commandant, and of every essential point. Has calculated that the Garrison is hardly third part of what it ought to be, — 3,800 in whole, and many of them loose deserter fellows; special artillery-men, instead of about 400, only 191; — most important of all, that Commandant Zastrow is no wizard in his trade; and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

“Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many things to think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say this was his wedding-night, — which is not true, but only that he had meant to give a Ball this last night of September; and perhaps did give it, dancing over *before* 2, let us hope! Something of a jolter-head seemingly, though solid and honest. I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing-stock, of Friedrich's, and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, he and this marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in the tragic gloom all round.² Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He has the best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien in Breslau, Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in Glatz a D'O, in Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost him dear. Opposition sneers secretly, ‘It is as they happen to have come to hand.’ Which has not much truth, though some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was Fouquet's choice, not his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by accident; of Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg began to be a

¹ See *Archenholtz*, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.

² *Schöning*, ii. *sepius*.

world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong moment. We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want of men for the field; that 'a Garrison-Regiment' was always reckoned an inferior article; and that Friedrich, in the press of his straits, had often had to say: 'Well, these [plainly Helots, not Spartans], these will have to do!' For which he severely suffered: and perhaps repented, — who knows?

"Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, and the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of something being in the wind. And was much on the Walls all day, he and his Officers; scanning with their glasses and their guesses the surrounding phenomena, to little purpose. At night he sent out patrols; kept sputtering with musketry and an occasional cannon into the vacant darkness ('We are alert, you see, Herr Loudon!'). In a word, took what measures he could, poor man; — very stupid measures, thinks Tempelhof, and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering with musketry; — and hoped always there would be no Attack, or none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morning, his patrols gallop in, 'Austrians on march!' and Zastrow, throwing out a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination that the Fact is verily here.

"His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at once) was of a confused character; but better than could have been expected. Loudon's Columns came on with extraordinary vigor and condensed impetuosity; stormed the Outworks everywhere, and almost at once got into the shelter of the Covered-way: but on the Main Wall, or in the scaling part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice or thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, in the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or needful here. In one place, a Powder-Magazine blew up with about 400 of them, — blown (said rumor, with no certainty) by an indignant Prussian artillery-man to whom they had refused quarter: in another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpect-

edly upon a chasm or bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly, — till (says rumor again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting with the rearward part, ‘Forward, forward!’ enough of front men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story current;¹ greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. What we know is, That these Russians did scramble through, punctually perform their part of the work; — and furthermore, that, having got upon the Town-Wall, which was finis to everything, they punctually sat down there; and, reflectively leaning on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity and dignity of antique sages, superior to money or money’s worth, the general plunder which went on in spite of Loudon’s orders.

“For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours and a half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, Schweidnitz Fortress, and all that it held, were Loudon’s at discretion; Loudon’s one care now was to stop the pillage of the poor Townsfolk, as the most pressing thing. Which was not done without difficulty, nor completely till after hours of exertion by cavalry regiments sent in. The captors had fought valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a preliminary of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, nobody’s behavior was unexceptionable.”

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery, — “211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars,” say the Austrian Accounts, “with stores and munitions” in such quantities; “89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,000 flints,”² for two items: — and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich’s Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, to a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. “Our strenuous Campaign, on

¹ Archenholtz, ii. 275.

² In *Helden-Geschichte*, (vi. 651–665) the Austrian Account, with *Lists &c*

a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth ! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all ; Silesia to go inevitably, — and life along with it ! ” What Friedrich’s black meditations were, nobody knows. “ In the following weeks [not close following, but poor Küster does not date], the King fell ill of gout, saw almost nobody, never came out ; and, it was whispered, the inflexible heart of him was at last breaking ; that is to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving way. And for certain, there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October, 1761 ; till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face ; and everybody thought to himself, ‘ Ha, the world will still roll, then ! ’ ” ¹

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon’s scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it farther to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response ; but gloomed indignantly : “ No order from Kriegshofrath, or me ! ” Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a *Croaten-streich* (Croat’s-trick) ; and Loudon, like Prince Eugen long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority ; — and ought to be divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality !

Friedrich’s treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame : “ My dear Major-General von Zastrow, — The misfortune that has befallen me is very grievous ; but what consoles me in it is, to see by your Letter that you have behaved like a brave Officer, and

¹ Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 &c It is the same innocent reliable Küster whom we cited, in *Saldern’s* case, already.

that neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King, — FRIEDRICH.” And in Autograph this Postscript: “You may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: ‘All is lost except honor.’ As I do not yet completely understand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary. — F.”¹

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. “Grant me a Court-Martial, then!” said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace. “No use,” answered Friedrich: “I impute nothing of crime to you; but after such a mishap, it would be dangerous to trust you with any post or command;” — and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

FRIEDRICH’S Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news proceeded (3d–6th October) towards Strehlen instead, — Friedrich personally on the 5th; — and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich’s game: all this continued till the beginning of De-

¹ *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, “Gross-Nossen, October 3d”).

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cember, when both parties took Winter-quarters;¹ cantoned themselves in the neighboring localities, — Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as head-quarter; — and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability; — except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighborhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts; most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlenward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill-and-Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and Neisse both; Kappel *loquitur*; abridged by Küster, whom we abridge: —

“*Monday Night, October 5th, 1761, The King, with two or three attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schönbrunn, a Schloss and Village, five or six miles south from Strehlen;*² and did the owner, Baron von Warkotsch, an acquaintance of his, the honor of lodging there. Before bedtime, — if indeed the King intended bed at all, meaning to be off in four hours hence, — Friedrich inquired of Warkotsch for ‘a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this Country.’ Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who undoubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had always behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had been with him. ‘Let me see him,’ said the King. Kappel was sent up, about midnight, King still dressed; sitting on a sofa, by the fire; Kappel's look was satisfactory; Kappel knows several

¹ Tempelhof, v. 349.

² This is the Warkotsch Schönbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see *Archenholtz*, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.

roads to Strehlen, in the darkest night. 'It is the footpath which goes so-and-so that I want' (for Friedrich knows this Country intimately: readers remember his world-famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe gathered there, through summer, in the train of Mollwitz). '*Ja, Ihre Majestät, I know it!*' 'Be ready, then, at 4.'

"Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's best horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble little gray, were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, Warkotsch with him. 'Unspeakable the honor you have done my poor house!' Besides the King's Groom, there were a Chamberlain, an Adjutant and two mounted Chasers (*reitende Jäger*), which latter had each a lighted lantern: in all seven persons, including Kappel and the King. 'Go before us on foot with your lanterns,' said the King. Very dark it was. And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some of them just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King walked above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, without speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were still in full motion, the King said: 'Sharp, sharp. *Bursche*; it will be *March* directly.' 'March? The Devil it will: we are just coming into Camp!' said a cannonier, not knowing it was the King.

"The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; then ordered, 'Blow out the lanterns; to horseback now!' and mounted, as we all did. Me he badé keep five steps ahead, five and not more, that he might see me; for it was very dark. Not far from the Lordship Casserey, where there is a Water-mill, the King asked me, 'Haven't you missed the Bridge here?' (a King that does not forget roads and topographies which may come to concern him!) — and badé us ride with the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, we were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Trependorf. 'And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?' said the King: 'It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us thither!'

"When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and we had to halt for more light. After some time the King

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said to his Groom, ‘Give me my perspective!’ looked slowly all round for a good while, and then said, ‘I see no Austrians!’ — (ground all at our choice, then; we know where to choose!) The King then asked me if I knew the road to” — in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here. . . . “The King called his Chamberlain; gave some sign, which meant ‘Beer-money to Kappel!’ — and I got four eight-groschen pieces [three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days]; and was bid tell my Master, ‘That the King thanked him for the good quarters, and assured him of his favor.’

“Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles homeward, came upon the ‘whole Prussian Army,’ struggling forward in their various Columns. Two Generals, — one of them Krusemark, King’s Adjutant [Colonel Krusemark, not General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks after], — had him brought up: to whom he gave account of himself, how he had been escorting the King, and where he had left his Majesty. ‘Behind Strehlen, say you? Breslau road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go yet!’ observed Krusemark, and left Kappel free.”¹

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt’s Catastrophe and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich’s history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and, — after mentioning only that Friedrich’s lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded, — we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schönbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment *Botta*, if you are particular); and lay in Olmütz, — with very dull outlooks; not

¹ Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, pp. 66–76.

improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connections were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting gray in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of 1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schönbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honor of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favor for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine Domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favorite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always to one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed, — and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, "Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!" What can this be? thinks Kappel. Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of, — "*Ach, Herr Baron*"; and at your age, — fifty, I am sure!" Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom-business

alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau, — say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schönbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honor, could all at once become *turpissimus*, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason, — the prize is so superlative.

“*Monday Night, November 30th, 1761* [night bitter cold], Kappel finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's horse, in Strehlen, more exactly in Woiselwitz, a suburb of Strehlen, near the King's door, — Majesty's travelling-coach drawn out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general departure towards Breslau now nigh. Not to Kappel's sorrow perhaps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, hour after hour; Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of the horses and me, in this shivery weather; — and one must not walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not till midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks out into singular talk about the King's lodging: Was ever anything so careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's anteroom; thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not available in less than twenty minutes: nothing but woods, haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to snatch off his Majesty! “*Um Gottes Willen*, my Lord, don't speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear it, in the dark!” Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

“At Schönbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau Kappel in state of unappeasable curiosity: ‘What can it be? Curatus Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste to see

Master; had to go at last, — for the Church-service, this St. Andrew's Eve. And only think, though he sat with My Lady hours and hours, he left this Letter with *me*: "Give it to your Husband, for my Lord, the instant they come; and say I must have an Answer to-morrow morning at 7." Left it with me, not with My Lady; — My Lady not to know of it!' 'Tush, woman!' But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to two fellow-servants, one after the other, who can read writing, 'Break it up, will you!' But they would not. Practical Kappel takes the Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the Message. 'What, Curatus Schmidt!' interrupts My Lady, who was sitting there: 'Herr Good-man, what is that?' 'That is a Letter to me,' answers the Good man: 'What have you to do with it?' Upon which My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the Herr Baron sets about writing his Answer, whatever it may be.

"Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon the mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their door; enters in the dark: 'This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock to-morrow; I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good Kappel!' Kappel promises his Unappeasable that he will actually open this Piece before delivery of it; upon which she appeases herself, and they both fall asleep. Kappel is on foot betimes next morning. Kappel quietly pockets his Letter; still more quietly, from a neighboring room, pockets his Master's big Seal (*Petschaft*), with a view to resealing: he then steps out; giving his *Bursch* [Apprentice or Under-Groom] order to be ready in so many minutes, 'You and these two horses' (specific for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and *Petschaft*, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some preliminary business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; Herr Gerlach is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schönbrunn, — much hated by Warkotsch, whose standing order is: 'Don't go near that insolent fellow;' but known by Kappel to be a just man, faithful in difficulties of the weak against the strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens to the awful story: reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel

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Wallis: 'You can seize the King, living or dead, this night!' —hesitates about copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose]; but is encouraged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy Kappel sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch and he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: 'Bursch, ride you to Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed Letter; *you*, and say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but cannot; be speedy, be discreet!' And the Bursch dashes off for Siebenhuben with the sealed Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, Wallis and Company's behoof; Kappel riding, at a still better pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for behoof of the King's Majesty.

"At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has great difficulties in the anteroom among the sentry people. But he persists, insists: 'Read my Letter, then!' which they dare not do; which only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, perhaps dare. They take him to Krusemark. Krusemark reads, all aghast; locks up Kappel; runs to the King; returns, muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, and leads him in. The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's clear story and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few questions; and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown up by their own petard. One of the King's first questions was: 'But how have I offended Warkotsch?' Kappel does not know; Master is of strict wilful turn; — Master would grumble and growl sometimes about the peasant people, and how a nobleman has now no power over them, in comparison. 'Are you a Protestant?' 'No, your Majesty, Catholic.' 'See, *ihr Herren*,' said the King to those about him; 'Warkotsch is a Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and this man is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every creed!'

"At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, comfortably in his dressing-gown, nobody but the good Baroness there; when Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the Schloss and dining-room with dragoons: 'In arrest, Her

Baron; I am sorry you must go with me to Brieg!’ Warkotsch, a strategic fellow, kept countenance to Wife and Rittmeister, in this sudden fall of the thunder-bolt: ‘Yes, Herr Rittmeister; it is that mass of Corn I was to furnish [showing him an actual order of that kind], and I am behind my time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner with us, anyway!’ Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too pressed him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went ‘to dress;’ first of all, to give orders about his best horse; but was shocked to find that the dragoons were a hundred, and that every outgate was beset. Returning half-dressed, with an air of baffled hospitality: ‘Herr Rittmeister, our Schloss must not be disgraced; here are your brave fellows waiting, and nothing of refreshment ready for them. I have given order at the Tavern in the Village; send them down; there they shall drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese.’ Stupid Rabenau again consents: — and in few minutes more, Warkotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards Wallis; and Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows nothing), and return in a baffled state.

“Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found him in the little Town of Nimptsch, half-way home again from his Wallis errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hospitable people there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; but pleading piteously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty admitted to the — to the *Abtritt* so called; and there, by some long pole or rake-handle, vanished wholly through a never-imagined aperture, and was no more heard of in the upper world. The Prussian soldiery does not seem expert in thief-taking.

“Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, 500 Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready moneys, near £5,000 in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who witnessed the ghastly operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, and unconscionably greedy as to sharing); — after which our next news of him, the last of any clear authenticity, is this Note to his poor Wife, which was read in the Law Procedures ~~on~~ him six months hence: ‘My Child (*Mein Kind*), — The

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accursed thought I took up against my King has overwhelmed me in boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill I cannot see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border of Turkey. — WARKOTSCH.’ ”¹

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them beheaded and quartered, — in pasteboard effigy, — in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May, 1762 : — in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. “*Meinetwegen*,” wrote he, sanctioning the execution, “For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals.” Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few days’ arrest, and the remark, “*Er ist ein dummer Teufel* (You are a stupid devil)!” Warkotsch’s Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness’s jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King, — and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schönbrunn, Kappel and Kappel’s Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumors to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognizant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, “Our House has no connection with that gentleman;” — and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him *Wallisch* (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch died at Raab (*this* side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or aliment from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though

¹ Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Küster, pp. 65–188 (for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346. &c. &c

here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have "finished the War at once;" and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming, — till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues: —

"In fact, it is the impossibility: trial after trial goes on, in a strenuous manner, but without success. October 13th, Green Kleist tries; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For the next two months there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavors and endurances, — without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. 'The snow lies ell-deep,' says Archenholtz; 'snow-tempests, sleet, frost: a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel-wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice; impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it, — which is only possible by night.' The Russian ships disappear (17th October); November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there had been solemn summons upon Engen, 'Surrender honorably, we once more bid you; never will we leave this ground, till Colberg is ours!' 'Vain

to propose it !' answers Eugen, as before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's obstinacy is extreme.

"Night of November 14th-15th, Eugen, his horse-fodder being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, gloriously executed; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tempelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but without effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a collective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

"Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons the Veteran; they say, it is 'for the twenty-fifth time,' — not yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: '*Kameraden*, what think you should I do?' '*Thun Sie's durchaus nicht, Herr Obrist*, Do not a whit of it, Herr Colonel: we will defend ourselves as long as we have bread and powder.'¹ It is grim frost; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; the walls are glass; the garrison has powder, though on half rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the Russian intrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights inexpressibly; but it will not do. Withdraws: leaves Colberg to its fate. Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty-sixth summons; reflects on it two days; and then (December 16th), his biscuit done, decides to 'march out, with music playing, arms shouldered and the honors of war.'² Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

"What a Place of Arms for us!" thinks Romanzow; — "though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of year,

¹ Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.

² Tempelhof, v. 351-377; Archenholtz, ii. 294-307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.

it will not so much avail us." No;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. *November 5th*, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, rearranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of "rashness" chargeable on Daun) make "a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts," in the Meissen or Mulda-Elbe Country, "from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen;" simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigor; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in;—in, all of them, more or less;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. "Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all." And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, "without, in the whole course of it," say the Books, "either party gaining any essential advantage over the other."¹



CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

SINCE December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. "One day," I have read somewhere, "General Lentulus dined with him; and there was not a word uttered at all." The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with

¹ Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (ibid. pp. 263-280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).

Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honor: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humor. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes, — never without employment whether he like or not; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever.¹

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri, 25,000; under Eugen of Würtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men, — trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden

¹ *Letters to Henri*: in *Schöning*, iii. (*sæpius*).

shifts, and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen! — Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than any Schweidnitz, Colberg or other that has befallen in this blackest of the night.

The Pitt Catastrophe: how the Peace-Negotiation went off by Explosion; how Pitt withdrew (3d October, 1761), and there came a Spanish War nevertheless.

In St. James's Street, "in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings," on the 2d of October, 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet-Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet-Councils for a long time, — might as well have been his last of all; — and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace-Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, "Could not I mediate a little?" — offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was *July 15th*, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix, — "apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled." By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: "That the Empress Queen would and did, whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England, — England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies." "Never, Sir!" answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered — by at

Oct. 1761-July, 1762.

once returning the Paper, as a thing non-extant, or which it was eharitable to consider so. "Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!"—and at once ealled upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinenee imputed to his Master. Fancy the colloquies, the agitated eonsultations thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d), Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utteranees out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. "It is my duty to declare to you, Sir, in the name of his Majesty," said Pitt, "that his Majesty will not suffer the disputes with Spain to be blended, in any manner whatever, in the Negotiation of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I must add, that it will be eonsidered as an affront to his Majesty's dignity, and as a thing incompatible with the sincerity of the Negotiation, to make farther mention of such a circumstancee."¹ Bussy did not go at once, after this deliveranee; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: "Time enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of London is taken sword in hand!"² was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks, produced—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced—the famed *Bourbon Family Compact* (August 15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace-Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though

¹ In *Thackeray*, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, "word for word," at Bussy's request.

² Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.

other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Contract, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty; — and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: "We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!" That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is by no means Bute and Company's, — who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: "Have not we enough of Wars?" say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet-Councils held on this great Spanish question: "Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward Inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?" Pitt, surer of his course everytime, everytime meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

"Twelve Seventy-fours sent instantly to Cadiz," had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: "This is now the time for humbling the whole House of Bourbon: and if this opportunity is let slip, we shall never find another! Their united power, if suffered to gather strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and possibly plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must not allow them a moment to breathe. Self-preservation bids us crush them before they can combine or recollect themselves." — "No evidence that Spain means war; too many wars on our hands; let us at least wait!" urge all the others, — all but one, or one and *a half*, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: "If these views are to be followed, this is the last time I can sit at this Board. I was called to the Administration of Affairs by the voice of the People: to them I have always considered

myself as accountable for my conduct; and therefore cannot remain in a situation which makes me responsible for measures I am no longer allowed to guide.”¹

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past,² now an old red-nosed man of seventy-two, snappishly took him up, — it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world, — in the following terms: “I find the Gentleman is determined to leave us; nor can I say I am sorry for it, since otherwise he would have certainly compelled us to leave him [Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!] But if he be resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising his Majesty and directing the operations of the War, to what purpose are *we* called to this Council? When he talks of being responsible to the People, he talks the language of the House of Commons; forgets that, at this Board, he is only responsible to the King. However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced, before we can resign our understandings to his direction, or join with him in the measure he proposes.”³

Who, besides Temple (Pitt’s Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle *silent*, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret, — the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, “A biggish Life once mine, all futile for *want* of this same Kingship like Pitt’s!”) — I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day.⁴ “The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant,” says Walpole:⁵ yes, no wonder; — but, except a great deal of noisy jargoning in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself

¹ Beatson, ii. 438.

² Came in “17th June, 1751,” — died “2d January, 1763.”

³ *Biog. Britannica* (Kippis’s; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589–592.

⁴ Thackeray, i. 592 n. “October 5th” (*acceptance* of the resignation, I suppose ?) is the date commonly given.

⁵ *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.

by its indignant, thunderstricken and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet-Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non-admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain,¹ *not* on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for the "readiness" in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War *by* England in return, which cost Spain its Havana and its Philippine Islands.

"From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox mind perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti-Jesuit procedures, had forbidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing out dangerous 'militia forces on the Frontier;' and afflicting and frightening the poor Country. But on the actual arrival of War with England, Choiseul and he, as the first feasibility discernible, make Demand (three times over, 16th March-18th April, 1762, each time more stringently) on poor Portuguese Majesty: 'Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and join with us against him; will you, or will you not?' To which the Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faithful, answered always: 'You surprise me! I cannot; how can I? He is my Ally, and has always kept faith with me! For certain, No!'² So that there is English reinforcement got ready, men, money; an English General, Lord Tyrawley, General and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 horse and foot, and many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese behoof.³ In

¹ "2d January, 1762," the English; "18th January," the Spaniard (*Annual Register* for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).

² *London Gazette*, 5th May, 1762, &c. (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).

³ List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323; — "did not get to sea till 12th May, 1762" (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).

short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: 'Pull, and we will help you by tracing.'

"The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting to Tyrawley, he to them; and cried passionately, 'Get us another General;' — upon which, by some wise person's counsel, that singular Artillery Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe Bückeburg, who gave the dinner in his Tent with cannon firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and Tyrawley came home in a huff.¹ Which was probably a favorable circumstance. Bückeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his Ordnance-Master; nay I have heard the Ordnance-Master, a man of sharp speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had gone home to Bückeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many imperfections he saw, and perhaps too frankly expressing that feeling now and then. What he thought of the Portuguese Army in comparison is not on record; but may be judged of by this circumstance, That on dining with the chief Portuguese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs.²

"The improvements he made are said to have been many; — and Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park of Miniature Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so far as the facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese Army next to no service whatever: and, but for the English and the ill weather, would have fared badly against his French and Spaniards, — 42,000 of them, advancing in Three Divisions, by the Douro and the Tagus, against Oporto and Lisbon.

"His War has only these three dates of event. 1°. May 9th, The northmost of the Three Divisions³ crosses the Portuguese Frontier on the Douro; summons Miranda, a chief Town of theirs; takes it, before their first battery is built; takes Braganza, takes Monte Corvo; and within a week is master of the

¹ Varnhagen von Ense, *Graf Wilhelm zur Lippe* (Berlin, 1845), in *Ver mischte Schriften*, i. 1-118: pp. 33-54, his Portuguese operations.

² *Varnhagen* (gives no date anywhere).

³ *Annual Register* for 1762, p. 30.

Douro, in that part. ‘Will be at Oporto directly!’ shriek all the Wine people (no resistance anywhere, except by peasants organized by English Officers in some parts); upon which Seventy-fours were sent.

“2°. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, between Tagus and Douro, by Tras-os-Montes; and laid siege to a place called Almeida [northwest some 20 odd miles from *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a name once known to veterans of us still living], which Bückeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish with a garrison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not be relieved;—had to surrender, August 25th: whereby it seems the Tagus is now theirs! All the more, as Division Three is likewise got across from Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what is to keep these Two from falling on Lisbon together?

“3°. Against this, Bückeburg does find a recipe. Despatches Brigadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called Valencia d’Alcantara [not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from *Badajoz*], where the vanguard of this Third Division is, and their principal Magazine. Burgoyne and his English did perfectly: broke into the place, stormed it sword in hand (August 27th); kept the Magazine and it, though ‘the sixteen Portuguese Battalions’ could not possibly get up in time. In manner following (say the Old Newspapers):—

“‘The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Spanish Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on the 25th [August 25th, as we have just heard], having capitulated on condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

“‘As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe caused Valencia d’Alcantara to be attacked, sword in hand, by the British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in this affair, is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieutenant Burk of Colonel Frederick’s, one sergeant and three privates killed; two sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates wounded; 10 horses killed and 2 wounded [loss not at all

considerable, in a War of such dimensions !]. The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage ; and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little ; which is owing to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action. This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry.’¹

“Upon which — upon which, in fact, the War had to end. Rainy weather came, deluges of rain ; Burgoyne, with or without the sixteen battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. Valencia d’Alcantara and its Magazine a settled business, roads round gone all to mire, — this Third Division, and with it the 42,000 in general, finding they had nothing to live upon, went their ways again.” *Note*, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d’Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years : — perhaps, with other War-Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there ? —

“Such was the credit account on Carlos’s side : By gratuitous assault on Portugal, which had done him no offence ; result zero, and pay your expenses. On the English, or *per contra* side, again, there were these three items, two of them specifically on Carlos : *First*, Martinique captured from the French this Spring (finished 4th February, 1762) :² — was to have been done in any case, Guadaloupe and it being both on Pitt’s books for some time, and only Guadaloupe yet got. *Secondly*, King Carlos, for Family Compact and fruitless attempt at burglary on an unoffending neighbor, Debtor : 1°. To Loss of the Havana (6th June–13th August, 1762),³ which might easily have issued in loss of all his West Indies together, and total abolition of the Pope’s meridian in that Western Hemisphere ; and 2°. To Loss of Manilla, with his

¹ Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1762, p. 443).

² *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.

³ *Ib.* pp. 408–459, &c.

Philippine Islands (23d September-6th October, 1762),¹ which was abolition of it in the Eastern. After which, happily for Carlos, Peace came, — Peace, and no Pitt to be severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of ten months had stood him uncommonly high."

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet-Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: "These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours, — launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olympian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanas and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!" — Manilla was a beautiful work;² but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills, — which the Spaniards, on no pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havana, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. "What to do with it?" said Bute, at the Peace: "Give us Florida in lieu of it," — which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off; — silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxiii. 171-177.

² *A Journal of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Forces in the Expedition to Manilla* (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier General Draper (suggester, contriver and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well, — Bully *Junius's* Correspondent afterwards).

the forsaken King: "Good; that too was wanting," thought the proud soul: "Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete abeyance of the Gift-moneys (*Douceur-Gelder*), which are become a standing expectation, quasi-right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a worn-out expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich by Prussian or Prussian-Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian-Military and even Prussian-Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much has gone awry;¹ many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true.² And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty,—especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. "You know there are Two Doctors in *Molière*," says Friedrich to him once; "a Doctor *Tant-mieux* (So much the Better) and a Doctor *Tant-pis* (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!"—In-

¹ See Möllendorf's two or three *Letters* (Preuss, iv, 407-411).

² Stenzel, v, 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi, 2, 10, 63.

stead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri; — which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

The King to D'Argens (at Berlin).

“BRESLAU, 18th January, 1762.

... “You have lifted the political veil which covered horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out [Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible¹]: you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that still remains to me. It will not be till the month of February [Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!] that we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to *Cato* [Cato, — and the little Glass Tube I have!] or to *Cæsar's Commentaries*,” and the best fight one can make.

“The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what matters it how? — I read a great deal; I devour my Books, and that brings me

¹ See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 281, 282.

useful alleviation. But for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations:—I have all the properties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. Patience then, *mon cher*, till February 20th [By which time, what far other veritable star of-day will have risen on me!]. *Adieu, mon cher.*—F.”¹

Tiff of Quarrel between King and Henri (March–April, 1762).

In the Spring months Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of “Quarters behind the Mulda;” busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding all he can the manifold preparatives;—conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humors; a “Doctor *So much the Worse*,” who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in *your* favor, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:—

Henri (at Hof, 10th–13th March). . . . “Sadly off here, my dearest Brother! Of our ‘1,284 head of commissariat horses,’ only 180 are come in; of our ‘287 drivers,’ not one. Will be impossible to open Campaign at that rate.” — “Grenadier Battalions *Rothenburg* and *Grant* demand to have picked men to complete them [of *Cantonist*, or sure Prussian sort]. . . . I find [*nota bene*, Reader!] there are eight Austrian regiments going to Silesia [off my hands, and upon *yours*, in a sense], eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, probably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef [a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!] — to replace Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? Eight of them: Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I will detach Platen or somebody, if you order it; though

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 282. 283.

I am myself perilously ill off here, so scattered into parts, not capable of speedy junction like your Majesty."

Friedrich (14th–16th March). "Commissariat horses, drivers? I arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But if my orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, of course there is failure. I am despatching Adjutant von Anhalt to Saxony a second time, to enforce matters. If I could be for three weeks in Saxony, myself, I believe I could put all on its right footing; but, as I must not stir two steps from here, I will send you Anhalt, with orders to the Generals, to compel them to their duty."¹ "As to Grenadier Battalions *Grant* and *Rothenburg*, it is absurd." (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom; — not aware that still worse is coming.) King continues: —

King (22d March). "Eight regiments, you said? Here, by enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all given," which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

Henri. "Hm, lah [answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely; — thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres]. . . . Artillery recruits are scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we say?"

King. "Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead of eight, coming on us: strange that you did n't warn me better. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contributions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have them ready when General Platen passes that way hither." — "'Five thalers bounty for artillery men,' say you? It is not to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription where you are." Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel: —

"Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on

¹ Schöning, iii. 301, 302.

the way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the Letters I have had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from office. My totally ruined (*abîmée*) health, the vexations I have had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take place with the decency observed towards those who have served the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but perhaps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure all manner of chagrins during my retirement." ¹

Eichel sinks into profound reflection; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

Henri (same day, 26th March). "My dearest Brother, — In the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia." — "From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succor, in case his French also should try to penetrate into Saxony upon me? I am, with the profoundest attachment, your faithful and devoted servant and Brother."

King (30th March). "Seventeen of them, you may depend; I am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. What you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving hither, thither; that seems to me a bit of game on their part. They will try to cut one post from you, then another, unless you assemble a corps and go in upon them. Till you decide for this resolution, you have nothing but chicanes and provocations to expect there. As to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick,

¹ Schöning, iii. 307.

I don't imagine that his Orders [from England] would permit him what you propose [for relief of yourself]: at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him, — that is to say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. You yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so long as you keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, and things will always go a bad road." Henri's patience is already out; this same day he is writing to the King.

Henri (30th March). . . . "You have hitherto received proofs enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know that if in reality I was mistaken about those eight regiments, it can only have been a piece of ignorance on the part of my spy: meanwhile you are pleased to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it. I think I have my hands full with the task laid on me of guarding 4,000 square miles of country with fewer troops than you have, and of being opposite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who is superior in force. Your preceding Letters [from March 16th hitherto], on which I have wished to be silent, and this last proof of want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune I have sacrificed these Six Years of Campaigning."

King (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). "Spare your wrath and indignation at your servant, Monseigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a little of it for persons who have no intention of offending you, or of failing in respect for you; and deign to receive with more benignity the humble representations which the conjunctures sometimes force from me. F." — Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter.¹

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small-war merely); — and in particular, *May 12th*, early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda, ten or twenty miles long (or *broad* rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back,

¹ Plucked up from the waste imbroglios of *Schöning* (iii. 296–311), by arranging and omitting.

one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old haunts; widening his quarters notably.¹ A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!) — Seidlitz was of it; he, and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his "*Amusette*" (small bit of cannon, "Play-thing," so called by Maréchal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri "drew himself out thirty-five miles long;" and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (*October 29th*, a fine Battle, and his sole one), — on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg, — which came the very day after that gloomy *Letter to D'Argens*; months before the *Tiff of Quarrel* with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

Bright News from Petersburg (certain, Jan. 19th); which grow ever brighter; and become a *Star-of-day* for Friedrich.

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when, — about the middle of January, 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable), — there arrive rumors, arrive news, — news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before!

¹ *Bericht von dem Uebergang über die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May 1762 glücklich ausgeführt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 280-291).

"Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one pre-eminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me forevermore?" We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it, — though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous and incendiary; — and if this were at once taken away, think what a daybreak when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter; — and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about "possibilities of an uncommon sort," — rumors from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or Tartar-Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on *January 19th*, he has heard plainly, — with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)! — that the implacable Imperial Woman, *infâme Catin du Nord*, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word! — Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can, — the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On *Christmas-day*, 1761, by Russian Style, *5th January*, 1762, by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead; — a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded, has long been privately a sworn

friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too *slowly* as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else, — in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised *school-boy*, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias; — and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: *First*, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes; — and,

Second, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catharine whom we saw transiently long ago. His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it, — for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world, — is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the

Holstein notion bad ; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given ; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (5th January—9th July, 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical ; strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque : it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment : and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an Æschylus, had there been a Shakspeare ! — But poor Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see : and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies, — which, I still doubt rather, ought to have gone in *Auto da Fé* along with the others. *Auto da Fé* I called it ; Act of *Faith*, not Spanish-Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble, — as nobody does nowadays ! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible ; — hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature, — perhaps still more skipable than those that will by and by follow.

1. *Genealogy of Peter*. “His grandfather was Friedrich IV., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother-in-law ; on whose score it was (Denmark finding the time opportune for a stroke of robbery there) that Karl XII., a young lad hardly eighteen, first took arms ; and began the career of fighting that astonished Denmark and certain other Neighbors who had been too covetous on a young King. This his young Brother-in-law, Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp (young he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther

burglary there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his farther expeditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right hand for the next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, 19th July, 1702; age not yet thirty-one.

"He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two years old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years.¹ Her poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in this world; Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing this poor Boy at discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became unfortunate; and refusing to restore (have not restored Schleswig at all²):—a grimly sad story to the now Peter, his only Child! This poor Duke at last died, 18th June, 1739, age thirty-nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well remembers tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten years before.³

"Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this unfortunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as did various others, and endeavored with the unjust Danes, mostly without effect. Did, however, give him one of his Daughters to wife;—the result of whom is this new Czar Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sovereign of Holstein, and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right of heirship in Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which are in litigation to this day. The Czarina *Catin*, tenderly remembering her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of Sweden about the same time; but preferred Russia,—with an eye to his Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Russian Expectancy, the Greek religion so called; and was," in the way we saw long years ago, "married (or to all appearance married) to Catharina Alexiewna of Anhalt-Zerbst, born in Stettin;⁴ a Lady who became world-famous as Czarina of the Russias.

¹ Michaelis, ii. 618-629.

² A.D. 1864, *have* at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!

³ Michaelis, ii. 617; Hübner, tt. 227, 229.

⁴ Herr Preuss knows the house: "Now Dr. Lehmann's [at that time the Governor of Stettin's], in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse [Eugen

"Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real, — dreadfully real to poor Peter, — as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He 'used to drill cats,' it is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive condition); — and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbors, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case! —

"For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could come; about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the marvellous Czar Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact paternity there are still calumnious assertions widely current; to this individual Editor much a matter of indifference, though on examining, his verdict is: 'Calumnies, to all appearance; mysteries which decent or decorous society refuses to speak of, and which indecent is pretty sure to make calumnies out of.' Czar Paul may be considered genealogically genuine, if that is much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he *father himself*, were there nothing more? Only that Peter and this Catharine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine enough, my poor Czar, — that needed to be garroted so very soon!

2. *Of Catharine and the Books upon Peter and Her.* "Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground yielded. In which department it is well known what a Thrice-Greatest she became: superior to

of Würtemberg a *new* Governor's Daughter], who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born:" Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive *Medals &c.* to Stettin, which still has them to show.

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any Charles II.; equal almost to an August the Strong! Of her loves now and henceforth, which are heartily uninteresting to me, I propose to say nothing farther; merely this, That in extent they probably rivalled the highest male sovereign figures (and are to be put in the same category with these, and damned as deep, or a little deeper); — and cost her, in gifts, in magnificent pensions to the *emeriti* (for she did things always in a grandiose manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the *emeritus* with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions sterling, in the course of her long reign. One, or at most two, were off on pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be King of Poland in the course of events. . . .

“Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are few, and of little worth. *Tooke*, an English Chaplain; *Castéra*, an unknown French Hanger-on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from him: these are to be read, as the bad-best, and will yield little satisfactory insight; *Castéra*, in particular, a great deal of dubious backstairs gossip and street rumor, which are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a *Fragment* of early *Autobiography* by Catharine herself, — a credible and highly remarkable little Piece: worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking.¹ A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her

¹ *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine II., écrits par elle-même* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859); — which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (*Castéra*), *Vie de Catharine II., Impératrice de Russie* (à Paris, 1797; or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, à Varsovie, 1798) 2 tomes, 8vo. Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 vols. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during* &c. (London, 1799), 3 vols. 8vo. — Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 *et antea*), v. 241–308 *et seq.*; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des IIIten*; which no doubt exists, in perhaps 3 volumes; but where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me.

generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery; — in which the first clear duty is, to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars, — not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine, — a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

“Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however; — and is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old *Catin* herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigor, which — who knows but it may savor of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

“Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of All the Russias, — through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, ‘Either you to Siberia (perhaps *farther*), or else I!’ And it was Peter that had to go; — in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter: — and Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole *nebulæ* and *milky-*

ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, or the Louis-Quatorze of those Northern Parts. 'Second Creatress of Russia,' second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great."—We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal "twenty-five months and three days" in the Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st is Order from the King,¹ That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favorite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von der Goltz, who is *Kammerherr* as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), "That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives

¹ In *Schöning*, iii. 275 ("Breslau, 31st January, 1762").

up East Preussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased." And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do; — and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef — off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude — came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honor to dine with his Majesty, and to be, personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath in Vienna, — who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money, — may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsh are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives up East Preussen, "Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?" Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded *May 5th*); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance; — Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does; — though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French Party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, *May 22d*): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich; — though he said slightly of it, when first mentioned: "Peace? I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden; — ask Colonel Belling about it!" Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, "nowhere and yet everywhere," as was said of him,

has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary "War." Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment, — dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of *Itzenplitz*; Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of *Schuwalof*: and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead of dirge ditto and gallows ditto, — unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther. *January 27th*, 1762 (To Madam Camas, — eight days after the Russian Event): "I rejoice, my good Mamma, to find you have such courage; I exhort you to redouble it! All ends in this world; so we may hope this accursed War will not be the only thing eternal there. Since death has trussed up a certain *Catin* of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation has advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable than it was. We must hope that some other good events [favor of the new Czar mainly] will happen; by which we may profit to arrive at a good Peace."

January 31st (To Minister Finkenstein): "Behold the first gleam of light that rises; — Heaven be praised for it! We must hope good weather will succeed these storms. God grant it!"¹

End of March (To D'Argens): . . . "All that [at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the *exile* of Broglio and Brother, and your other news] is very miserable; as well as that discrepancy between King's Council and Parlement for and against the Jesuits! But, *mon cher Marquis*, my head is so ill, I can tell you nothing more, — except that the Czar of Russia is a divine man; to whom I ought to erect altars."²

May 25th (To the same, — Russian *Peace* three weeks ago): "It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that Sans-Souci could afford you an agreeable retreat during the beautiful Spring

¹ Preuss, ii. 312.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 301.

days. If it depended only on me, how soon should I be there beside you! But to the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh to be added, and will soon open; either because the Number 7 had once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate from all eternity the"— . . . "Jesuits banished from France? Ah, yes:—hearing of that, I made my bit of plan for them [mean to have my pick of them as schoolmasters in Silesia here]; and am waiting only till I get Silesia cleared of Austrians as the first thing. You see we must not mow the corn till it is ripe." ¹

May 28th (To the same): . . . Tartar Khan actually astir, 10,000 men of his in Hungary (I am told); Turk potentially ditto, with 200,000 (futile both, as ever): "All things show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this Year; and, in the background of it, Sans-Souci and my dear Marquis! A sweet calm springs up again in my soul; and a feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me for all I have come through. Think only what a coil I shall be in, before a month hence [Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again]; and what a pass we had come to, in December last: Country at its last gasp (*agonisait*), as if waiting for extreme unction: and now —!" ² . . .

June 8th (To Madame Camas, — Russian *Alliance* now come): "I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part you take in the lucky events that befall us. The mischief is, we are got so low, that we want at present all manner of fortunate events to raise us again; and Two grand conclusions of Peace [the Russian, the Swedish], which might re-establish Peace throughout, are at this moment only a step towards finishing the War less unfortunately." ³

Same day, *June 8th* (To D'Argens): "Czernichef is on march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till towards the end of this month [did open July 1st]; but think then what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia again! In fine, my dear Marquis, the job ahead of me is hard and difficult; and nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who leads the life of one damned; and who nevertheless loves you

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. p. 321. ² *Ib.* xix. 323. ³ *Ib.* xviii. 146, 147.

sincerely. — Adieu.”¹ D’Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons in Vienna, that “Imperial Majesty, for some time past, spends half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and the other half in weeping.” “I wish her,” adds the ungallant D’Argens, “as punishment for the mischiefs her ambition has cost mankind these seven years past, the fate of Phaëthon’s Sisters, and that she melt altogether into water!”² — Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

June 19th (still to D’Argens); “What is now going on in Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what has come to pass in England, — of which the hatefulest part [Bute’s altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to *force* a Peace upon me] is not yet known to you, — I had no notion of, in forming my plans! The Governor of a State, in troublous times, never can be sure. This is what disgusts me with the business, in comparison. A Man of Letters operates on something certain; a Politician can have almost no data of that kind.”³ (How easy everybody’s trade but one’s own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter’s was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated! — It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly blazing sanguinary Catharine-and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate, — especially M. Rulhière’s,⁴ the most succinct, lucid and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich’s auspices, — a Marriage which he thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 327.

² *Ib.* xix. 320 (“24th May, 1762”).

³ *Ib.* xix. p. 329.

⁴ *Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Révolution de Russie en l’année 1762* (written 1768; first printed Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).

Readers, even those that know *Rulhière*, will doubtless consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but fallen Prisoner latterly; — whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long afterwards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Büsching (of the *Erdbeschreibung*, of the *Beiträge*, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, had come to be “Pastor of the *German Church at Petersburg*,” some years back.

What Colonel Hordt and the Others saw at Petersburg
(January–July, 1762).

Autumn, 1759, in the sequel to *Kunersdorf*, — when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past), — we did mention Hordt’s capture;¹ not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, “at Trebatsch,” in Frankfurt-Lieberose Country, “4th September, 1759”), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitring, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly “surrounded by 200 Cossacks,” and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg, — such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his request

¹ Suprà. vol. x. p. 315.

for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter, merely by the words, "Dear one, I am alive;" — and was left there, to the company of his own reflections, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty-five months and three days. After the lapse of that period, he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Book-seller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a "M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School," undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction; — of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject.¹ Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the tread-mill, were there any Police in his trade! —

Wednesday, 6th January, 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute-guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: "Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!" said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. "Evening of same day, an Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came to announce my liberty; equipage waiting to take me at once to his Russian Majesty Asked him to

¹ *Memoirs of the Count de Hordt*: London, 1806: 2 vols. 12mo, — only the *first* volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.

defer it till the following day ; — so agitated was I.” And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torchlight, could have made little of me that evening.¹ “ Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday,” January 10th, “ that it might be done with proper splendor, all the Nobility being then usually assembled about his Majesty.”

“ *January 10th*, Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, accordingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their way to Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech (‘ Delighted to do you an act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable servant to the King I esteem ’); gave me his hand to kiss : Czarina did the same. General Korf,” an excellent friend, so kind to me at Königsberg, while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high office here, “ who had been my introducer, led me into Chapel, to the Court’s place (*tribune de la Cour*). Czar came across repeatedly [while public worship was going on ; a Czar perhaps too regardless that way !] to talk to me ; dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming out, the Head Chamberlain whispered me, ‘ You dine with the Court.’ ” Which, of course, I did.

“ Table was of sixty covers ; splendid as the Arabian Tales. Czar and Czarina sat side by side ; Korf and I had the honor to be placed opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the Czar addressed me : ‘ You have had no Prussian news this long while. I am glad to tell you that the King is well, though he has had such fighting to right and left ; — but I hope there will soon be an end to all that.’ Words which everybody listened to like prophecy ! [Peter is nothing of a Politician.] ‘ How long have you been in prison ? ’ continued the Czar. ‘ Twenty-five months and three days, your Majesty.’ ‘ Were you well treated ? ’ Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say ; but, the Czar urging him, confessed, ‘ He had been always rather badly used ; not even allowed to buy a few books to read.’ At which the Czarina was evidently shocked : ‘ *Cela est bien barbare !* ’ she exclaimed aloud. — I

¹ Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*. v. 241.

wished much to return home at once ; and petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, in the withdrawing rooms ; but he answered, ‘No, you must not, — not till an express Prussian Envoy arrive !’ I had to stay, therefore ; and was thenceforth almost daily at Court,” — but unluckily a little vague, and altogether *dateless* as to what I saw there !

Bieren and Münnich, both of them just home from Siberia, are to drink together (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring, 1762). — Peter had begun in a great way : all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody’s part. Rulhière did not see the following scene ; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhière heard it talked of in society. “As many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, have come home from Siberian Exile :” the L’Estocs, the Münnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. “Since the night when Münnich arrested Bieren [readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein’s account of it ¹], the first time these two met was in the gay and tumultuous crowd which surrounded the new Czar. ‘Come, by-gones be by-gones,’ said Peter, noticing them ; ‘let us three all drink together, like friends !’ — and ordered three glasses of wine. Peter was beginning his glass to show the others an example, when somebody came with a message to him, which was delivered in a low tone ; Peter listening drank out his wine, set down the glass, and hastened off ; so that Bieren and Münnich, the two old enemies, were left standing, glass in hand, each with his eyes on the Czar’s glass ; — at length, as the Czar did not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other’s face ; and after a moment’s survey, set down their glasses untasted, and walked off in opposite directions.” ² Won’t coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar’s high wishes. An emblem of much that befell the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and head-long magnanimities ! — We return to Hordt : —

The Czar wears a Portrait of Friedrich on his Finger. “Czar Peter never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening he said, ‘Propose to your friend Keith [English Excel-

¹ Suprà, vol. vii. p. 363.

² Rulhière, p. 33.

lency here, whom we know] to give me a supper at his house to-morrow night. The other Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; but I don't care!' Supper at the English Embassy took place. Only ten or twelve persons, of the Czar's choosing, were present. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. Talked much of the King of Prussia. Showed me a signet-ring on his finger, with Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the table."¹ This is a signet-ring famous at Court in these months. One day Peter had lost it (mislaid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again.² Let us now hear Büsching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:—

Herr Pastor Büsching does the Homaging for Self and People. . . . "In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that administer the Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But in Petersburg, among the German population, it is the Pastors of their respective Churches. At the accession of Peter III., I, for the first time [being still a young hand rather than an old], took the Oath from several thousands in my Church,"—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

"As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received the Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of the Foreign Churches, in the following manner. He came walking slowly through a suite of rooms, in each of which a body of Congratulators were assembled. Court-officials preceded, State-officials followed him. Then came the Czarina, attended in a similar way. And always on entering a new room they received a new Congratulation from the spokesman of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pastors was my colleague, Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief and Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf [Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name], thinking it was I that had to make the speech, and intending to present me at the same time to the Czar, motioned to me from his place behind the Czar to advance. But I did not push forward; thinking it inopportune and of no importance to

¹ Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129.

² Hermann, v. 258.

me." — "Neither did I share the great expectations which Baron von Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All people now promised themselves better times, without reflecting [as they should have done!] that the better men necessary to produce these were nowhere forthcoming!"¹

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: such generosities and magnaninities; such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law-Courts: resolved to have a regular Code of Laws, — and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He "destroyed monopolies;" "lowered the price of salt." To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the *Secret Chancery*, — a horrid Spanish-Inquisition engine of domestic politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: "You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!" under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: "Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a statue of your Majesty in solid Gold!" "Don't at all!" answered Peter: "Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!"² Poor headlong Peter! — It was a less lucky step that of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that *he* would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like: — this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of "Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?" This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

¹ Büsching's *Beiträge*, vi. ("Author's own Biography") 462 et seq.

² Hermann, v. 248.

Herr Büsching sees the Czar on Horseback. “When the Czar’s own Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, dressed in the uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; and returning at its head, rode repeatedly through certain quarters of the Town. His helmet was buckled tight with leather straps under the chin; he sat his horse as upright and stiff as a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff manner; turned fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hair’s-breadth changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of the many persons who crowded the windows. To me [in my privately austere judgment] he seemed so *kleingeistisch*, so small-minded a person, that I” — in fact, knew not what to think of it.¹

Hordt sees the deceased Czarina lying in State. “One day, after dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should go and see the *Lit de Parade*” (Parade-bed) of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. “Count Schuwalof [not her old lover, who has *died* since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire’s friend] accompanied us; and, his rooms being contiguous to those of the dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with him afterwards. The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which was hung all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-of-silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered with cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon steps. A rich Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. Beside the bier stood Four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand mourning; immense crape training on the ground behind them. Two Officers of the Life-Guard occupied the lowest steps: on the topmost, at the foot of the bier, was an Archimandrite (superior kind of *Abbot*), who had a Bible before him, from which he read aloud, — continuously till relieved by another. This went on day and night without interruption. All round the bier, on stools (*tabourets*), were placed different Crowns, and the insignia of various Orders, — those of Prussia, among others. It being established usage,

¹ Büsching’s *Beiträge*, vi. 464.

I had, to my great repugnance, to kiss the hand of the corpse ! We then talked a little to the Ladies in attendance (with their crape trains), joking about the article of hand-kissing ; finally we adjourned for coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of an incredible magnificence." That same evening, farther on, —

"I supped with the Czar in his *Petit Appartement*, Private Rooms [a fine free-and-easy nook of space !]. The company there consisted of the Countess Woronzow, a creature without any graces, bodily or mental, whom the Czar had chosen for his Mistress [snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at times], whom I liked the less, as there were one or two other very handsome women there. Some Courtiers too ; and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. These late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from attending to business in good time next morning. He would appear unexpectedly, at an early hour, at the Senate, at the Synod [Head *Consistory*], making them stand to their duties," — or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies ; the former, the Senate, or *secular* one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labor ; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, "The Czar is killing himself ; sits smoking, tippling, talking till 2 in the morning ; and is overhead in business again by 7 !"

Czarina Elizabeth's Funeral, as seen by Hordt (much abridged). "At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke out ; and tolled incessantly [day or month not hinted at, — nor worth seeking ; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough ; clangor of bells ; and procession seemingly of miles long, — on this extremely high errand !] — Minute-guns were fired from the moment the procession set out from the Castle till it arrived at the Citadel, a distance of two English miles and a half. Planks were laid all the way ; forming a sort of bridge through the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All

the soldiers of the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. Three hundred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hundred priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, were carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single file, each a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by the Czar, skirt of his black cloak held up by Twelve Chamberlains, each a lighted taper in the *other* hand. Prince George of Holstein [Czar's Uncle] came next, then Holstein-Beck [Czar's Cousin]. Czarina Catharine followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; her cloak borne by all her Ladies. Three hundred grenadiers closed the procession. Bells tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of people crowding."—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost-curtains sank; and Boötes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), "15,000 and some hundreds."¹

Hordt is of the new Czarina Catharine's Evening Parties. "The Czarina received company every morning. She received everybody with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her efforts to appear gay, one could perceive a deep background of sadness in her. She knew better than anybody the violent (*ardente*) character of her husband; and perhaps she then already foresaw what would come. She also had her circle every evening, and always asked the company to stay supper. One evening, when I was of her party, a confidential Equerry of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been searched for all over Town, to come to supper at the *Countess's* (that was the usual designation of the Sultana,"—*das Fräulein*, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). "I begged to be excused for this time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom I could not well state the reason for which I was to leave. The Equerry had not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was heard, the two wings of the door

¹ Hermann, v. 176.

were flung open, and the Czar entered. He saluted politely the Czarina and her circle; called me with that smiling and gracious air which he always had; took me by the arm, and said to the Czarina: 'Excuse me, Madam, if to-night I carry off one of your guests; it is this Prussian I had searched for all over the Town.' The Czarina laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with my conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, without mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling, 'Come and sup with me always when there is nothing to prevent it.'"

February 21st, Hordt at Zarskoe-Zeloe. "On occasion of the Czar's birthday [which gives us a date, for once],¹ there were great festivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand *Te Deum*, at which the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. She had, that morning, in obedience to her husband's will, decorated 'the Countess' with the cordon of the Order of St. Catharine. She was now detained in her Apartment 'by indisposition;' and did not leave it during the eight days the festivities lasted." This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History.² From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine, — blessings on it! From that day the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils, — wrongs *done*, very many, and now wrongs to be *suffered*, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly sullen at her (not without cause); — and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot; — assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and others of less mark; — and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months! —

¹ Michaelis, ii. 627: "Peter born, 21st February, 1728."

² Hermann, p. 253.

Hordt hears the Praises of his King. "Next day [nobody can guess what *day*] I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who talked of nothing but of his 'good friend the King of Prussia.' He knew all the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his military arrangements; the dress and strength of all his Regiments; and he declared aloud that he would shortly put all his troops upon the same footing [which he did shortly, to the great disgust of his troops]. — Rising from table, the Czar himself did me the honor to say, 'Come to-morrow; dine with me *en petit appartement* [on the *snug*, where we often play high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobaceo]; I will show you something curious, which you will like.' I went at the accustomed hour; I found — Lieutenant-General Werner [hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon]! I made a great friendship with this distinguished General, who was a charming man; and went constantly about with him, till he left me here," — Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret.¹

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain, — were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element, "Church in Danger" (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian *drill* (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder! —

Herr Büsching sees the Catastrophe (Friday, 9th July, 1762). "This being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great Holiday in Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the morning, to visit the sick. On my way from the first house where I had called, I heard a distant noise like that of a rising thunder-storm, and asked my people what it was. They did not know; but it appeared to them like the Shouting of a Mob

¹ *Hordt*, ii. 133-145, 151.

(*Volksgeschrei*), and there were all sorts of rumors afloat. Some said, 'The Czar had suddenly resolved to get himself crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for the War on Denmark.' Others said, 'He had named the Czarina to be Regent during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for this purpose.' These rumors were too silly: meanwhile the noise perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to proceed no farther, but to turn home.

"On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That something extraordinary was then going on, but that I could not learn what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tumult, which was coming nearer to us every moment. We hurried to the corner room of our house; threw open the window, which looks to the Church of St. Mary of Casan [where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind!] — and we then saw, near this Church, an innumerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed soldiers of the foot-regiments of the Guards mixed with the populace. We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-seated Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a few minutes, a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of St. Catharine, coming out of the church, took a seat. Whereupon the church-bells began ringing, and the priests, with their assistants carrying crosses, got into procession, and walked before the Coach. We now recognized that it was the Czarina Catharine saluting the multitude to right and left, as she fared along."¹

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town, — one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning, between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener *Scarred* Orlof (Lover *Gregory's* Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, "Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose!" — who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the *Scarred* and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here, — Gregory

¹ *Beiträge*, vi. 465: compare *Rulhière*, p. 95; *Hermann*, v. 287.

Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): "Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo!" Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit Hurra-hurra-ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the "Church of St. Mary of Casan" ("Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all!") doing *Te-Deums* and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice-happy Revolution and Deliverance now vouchsafed us and you! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ("Behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion?"), walking before her Hackney Coach.

"On the one step of her Coach," continues the Herr Doctor, "stood Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow," so he spells him, "and in front of it, with drawn sword, rode the Field-marshal and Hetman Count Kirila Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of the Ismailow Guard. Lieutenant-General (soon to be General-Ordinance-Master) Villebois came galloping up; leapt from his horse under our windows, and placed himself on the other step of the Coach. The procession passed before our house; going first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old wooden Winter Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to us, 'Your god [meaning the Czar] is dead!' And others, 'He is gone; we will have no more of him!'" —

About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (*Orange-Tree*, some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, "the flower of all my troops"); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their two Resi-

dences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; to-morrow, July 10th (Peter-and-Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there, — with Czarina's powder-mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well; he saw "big smoke-clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region," withal, — "Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!" — and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Münnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, "Only order me, and stand up to it with sword bare!" — but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (to-morrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and "every sort of kindness compatible with his situation:" but is met there instead, on the staircase, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back, — and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: "To Holstein? He has an Anti-Danish Russian Army just now in that neighborhood; he will not be safe in Holstein; — where will he be safe?" Saturday, 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Play-actor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of burgundy [poisoned burgundy], your Highness?" said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect? — But we detain Herr Büsching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets: —

"After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened to the Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near me, to bring him the important news that the Czar was said to be dead. The Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, fearing the mob would plunder his house; but he did not proceed with it now, and thanked Heaven for saving his Country. His Secretary of Legation, my friend Sehmacher, gave me all the money he had in his pockets, to distribute amongst the poor; and I returned home. Directly after, there passed our house, at a rate as if the horses were running away, a common two-horse coach, in which sat Head-Tutor (*Ober-Hofmeister*) von Panin with the Grand Duke [famous Czar Paul that is to be], who was still in his nightgown," poor frightened little boy! —

"Not long after, I saw some of the Foot-guards, in the public street near the Winter Palae, selling, at rates dog-cheap, their new uniforms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; whilst others, singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top of their muskets, or on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps of Prussian fashion.¹ I saw several soldiers, out on errand or otherwise, seizing the coaches they met in the streets, and driving on in them. Others appropriated the eatables which hucksters carried about in baskets. But in all this wild tumult, nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few Holstein soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their wantonness.

"July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its height; yet still much less than might have been expected. Many of them entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded money. Seeing a number of them come into my house, I hastily put a quantity of roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, and went out with a servant, especially with a cheerful face, to meet them," — and no harm was done.

"*Saturday, July 17th*, was the day of the Czar's death; on the same 17th, the Empress was informed of it; and next day, his body was brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, near Petersburg. Here it lay in state

¹ See in *Hermann* (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.

three days; nay, an Imperial Manifesto even ordered that the last honors and duty be paid to it. July 20th, I drove thither with my Wife; and to be able to view the body more minutely, we passed twice through the room where it lay. [An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?] Owing to the rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day: — and it was a touching circumstance; that this happened to be the very day on which the Czar had fixed to start from Petersburg on his Campaign against Denmark.”¹

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once — till driven upon a dire alternative — have herself shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts one’s notion of her red-handed brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment — ! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic: —

“In *Büsching’s Magazine* are some Love-letters from the old Marshal Münnich to Catharine just after this event, which are psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow, — such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities of an insatiable old fellow: O divine young Empress, Aurora of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun, — grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old gentleman), for your Majesty’s honor and glory, and my own advantage!² — Innumerable persons of less note than Münnich have their Biographies, and are known to the

¹ Büsching, vi. 464-467.

² Büsching, *Magazin für die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413-477 (22 Letters, and only thrice or so a word of Response from “*ma Divinité* : ” dates, “Narva, 4th August, 1762” . . . “Petersburg, 3d October, 1762.”)

reading public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to them. Very considerable, this Münnich, as a soldier, for one thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for example; and not quite unlike Belleisle in some of his ways? Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower Weser Country, — son of a *Deichgräfe* (Ditch-Superintendent) there. *Requiescant* in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotted and blundered of.

“Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, earnest as transcendent human Insight risen to the Singing pitch; some Homer, nay some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokesman of reverent Populations, was the Biographer. Rhythmic, *with* exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is not, — by any manner of means. With what results is visible enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dishonest, lazy and unflogged condition, is truly an awful thing.”

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determination. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again.¹ Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the contrary, — advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Königsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: “No; altered, all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!” Which for the next ten days, or till his new proclamation, made such a Königsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. “Can it be good,” she might privately think withal, “to begin

¹ Rödenbeck, ii. 171.

our reign by kindling a foolish War again?" How Friedrich received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st; — and has been summoning us home, into *its* horizon, for some time.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH's plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favor, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Head-quarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year, — Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: "Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!" Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony; nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni, some Stollberg as Chief — (the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that "crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th; " Prince of Zweibrück had angrily abdicated

a year before ; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies : but it is no kind of matter), — some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire and such like in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Head-man again : this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich ; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg, May 9th ; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains ; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Head-quarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz ; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers, — his very position symbolically intimating : “I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like !”

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him ; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters : “a Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles long ; Schweidnitz Water on his right flank, Oder on his left ;” perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything.¹ And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more ; — waiting till Czernichef’s 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim ; world getting all greener and flowerier ; the Glatz Highlands, to one’s left yonder (Owl-Mountains, *Eulengebirge* so called), lying magically blue and mysterious : — on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability ; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them ; can, when he pleases, wend back to Waldenburg Country ; and at once, with his superior numbers,

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 66.

9th May-1st July, 1762.

block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Head-quarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh:¹ two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks "crossed the Oder at Auras," — with how different objects from those they used to have! *July 1st*, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manœuvred him, with great mutual satisfaction. "Field of Lissa;" it is where our poor Prussian people encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their "*Nun danket alle Gott*," five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a steadfastness as of rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying "Son of Lightning," or some such thing.² No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks, — Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Fried-

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 76.

² Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol. ii. (page irrecoverable).

rich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations, — struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such *Catins* and foul Nightmares, — has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since! —

Czerniechef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins, — business, and a press of it, in right earnest; — upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains, — on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time); — and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. "Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!" thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and intrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points, — Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Head-quarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts: — in his old imperturbable way Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau.

Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side : conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also *Neuwied*, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him ; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun ; sudden spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary : but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot ; refuses to take shine for substance ; stands massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz ; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not *of* the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening ; — these, we said, Daun had at once quitted : and these are now Friedrich's ; — but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon ; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward : Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that ; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how ! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do ; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme : perhaps there is still some chance in it ; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau ; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality ; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag, — especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria ; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels ; though so quiet while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were anything, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies ; — nothing more of

real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied: "Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep up appearances!" July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem, in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The discomfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can, — since his left has proved impossible. This was the *Storming of Burkersdorf Heights*; Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only, — for whom *Tempelhof*, good maps and plenty of patience are the recipe.

"The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, parallel to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the Facè, or decisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading up ten miles farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these Heights called of Burkersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; vitally precious to Daun, who has taken every pains about them. Burkersdorf Height (or Heights, for there are two, divided by the Brook Weistritz; but we shall neglect the eastern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and stands or falls along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a Hill of some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkersdorf, which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Friedrich and Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistritz Water, as yet only a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains, — hastening towards Schweidnitz or Schweidnitz Water; towards Lissa and Leuthen Country, where we have

seen it on an important night. Weistritz, at this part, has scarp'd the eastern flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for itself a pleasant little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the Mountains. A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific trench and sunk battery level with the ground, capable of sweeping to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

"East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect for the present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two other Heights: Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also need capture, as adjuncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to Burkersdorf; and are abundantly difficult, though not so steep as Burkersdorf.

"The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is to do the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part; Möllendorf, the Burkersdorf. The strength of guns in these places, especially on Burkersdorf,—we know Daun's habit in that particular; and need say nothing. Man-devouring batteries, abatis; battalions palisaded to the teeth, 'the pales strong as masts, and room only for a musket-barrel between;' nay, they are 'furnished with a lath or cross-strap all along, for resting your gun-barrel on and taking aim:'—so careful is Daun. The ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; everywhere full of bushes, gnarls and impediments. Seldom was there such a problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we say, is Kunzendorf Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old ground of Bunzelwitz to rear, Czernichef and others lying there, and Würben and the old Villages and Heights again occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks has one to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and with such insufficiency of raw-material sometimes!"

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. *Friday, 17th*, Möllendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off northwestward by Würben (for the benefit of certain on-lookers), but will have circled

round to Burkersdorf neighborhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Möllendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner, — when, on the afternoon of that same Friday, 17th,¹ Czernichef steps over, most privately, to head-quarters: with what a bit of news! “A Revolution in Petersburg [*July 9th*, as we saw above, or as Herr Büsching saw]; Czar Peter, your Majesty’s adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty’s enemies, in the name of Czarina Catharine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!” This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts; — not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich’s feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amazement, pity, very poignant; grief for one’s hapless friend Peter, for one’s still more hapless self! “The Sisypheus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past, — has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!” Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately entreats Czernichef to be helpful to him, — which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be helpful; at least to keep the matter absolutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour, — how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said,² Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000: — in which case he must have given up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: “Stay with us yet three days, merely in the

¹ Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rördenbeck, ii. 164.

² Retzow, ii. 415

semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;—on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!” This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Cüstrin cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,—the King, before this, does begin to know,—that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognize a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the Attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Möllendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic chiefly,—some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;—all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. *Evening of the 20th*, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program. Friedrich—who has now his Möllendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely scenic Czernichef, and partly scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him—quietly crushes Daun’s people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

Wednesday, 21st July, 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Möllendorf and Wied (*versus* O’Kelly and Prince de Ligne),—which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich’s Battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O’Kelly and his Burkers-

dorf Height, — not much hurting O’Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O’Kelly ; — others of the cannon shearing home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistritz Valley in particular, and quite tearing up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn out there ; so that O’Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O’Kelly ever put it there — except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere — is still a mystery to the intelligent mind.¹ The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O’Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him ; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was prodigious, and kept O’Kelly, like some others, in an agitated, occupied condition till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Möllendorf were not to attack together : not together, but successively, — for the following reasons. *Together* ; suppose Möllendorf to prosper on O’Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O’Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear) ; suppose Möllendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height, — unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Möllendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined ; he and everything ! On the other hand, let Wied try first : if Wied *can* manage Ludwigsdorf, well : if Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage ; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich’s wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O’Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country : General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place ; General That, for attack on some other ; all hands busy, — the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it, — and

¹ Temnellhof, vi. 107.

blank thunder so mixed with not blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality,¹—as was seldom seen before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly, among others; but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweidnitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him, when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavors firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to co-operate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Möllendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Möllendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep-track, which he thinks will do. Möllendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets

¹ Tempelhof. vi. 105-111.

into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper part of this track, that horses cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will; — sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward, — in two parts, perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all, — to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiple defences; and Möllendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully, — till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over; — though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him.¹

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever he sees good. Of the behavior of Wied, Möllendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. "We got above 14 big guns," report they; "above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as many that deserted to us in the days following." Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning, — I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 100-115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302-308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der &c.* (ib. 308-314); Archenholtz, &c. &c.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighborhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favorable for strategic contrivances, had organized a beautiful movement from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: *Battle*, so called, *of Wilhelmsthal, June 24th, 1762*, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest, — formed himself with his *back* to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there, — ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected.¹

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he has a D'Estrées with him (our old D'Estrées of *Hastenbeck*), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give up Göttingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear), — is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of *Lutterberg*, Battle of *Johannisberg*, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the *Cannonade of Amöneburg*, more precisely Cannonade of the *Brücken-Mühle* (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death-wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps: — wrote to Kaunitz, "Peace at once

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 227–236; Tempelhof, vi. &c. &c.

and we will vote for your *having* Silesia;" to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, "No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!" After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: "Czarish Majesty to have East Preussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia *dispense* with Silesia;" which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of; with what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. "Horrors and perfidies!" ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. "No more Alliances with England!" counted he: "What Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People? To-day they have a thrice-noble Pitt; to-morrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-over-head on the sudden!"¹

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. "Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and *As-you-were* must ensue!"

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

¹ Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

DAUN being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper places, between Daun and the Fortress, — King's head-quarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent-shape, to southwest of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it; — orders home to him his Upper-Silesia Detachments, "Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege-Ammunition wagons!" Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tauentzien Siege-Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: "Ahead, all of you!" — and in short, *August 7th*, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement.¹ He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks — "one week (*huit jours*)" he sometimes counts it, but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months; — and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resistance is vehement, very skilful: — Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands "counter-mining" like no other. After about a fortnight of

¹ Tempelhof. vi. 126.

trial, and one Event in the neighborhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Counter-mining — though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides — came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class-fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work, — or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of *Counter-mining*, or *spoiling* Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading; — clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here.¹

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the *Battle of Reichenbach*, though there was not much of battle in it; — in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern (whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun — at Tannhausen, 10 miles to southwest of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve on using it — has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the southeastern or open side of Schweidnitz, — Költchen Height the key one; from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 122-219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Archenholtz, Retzow, &c.

impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution, — a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behavior, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper Silesia, had been much manœuvred upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way, — meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenbach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Költschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be *disobeyed* in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanœuvre Beck; and he found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. "The Fischerberg lost to us!" Beck had to report, in disappointment. "Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!" thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ("Laggard that I am!"). — And on the third day following, the *Battle of Reichenbach* ensued. Lacy, as chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to march, "Recover me that Fischerberg; it is the preface to Költschen and all else!"¹

Monday, August 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg; planted themselves there, about the three Villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannon-shot of Bevern; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army; intending to push through at once upon Költschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitring a little, spreads his tents (which it is observable Beck does not); and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner "Nothing coming of them till to-morrow!"

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 144.

said Friedrich, who was here; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and dinner well done, suddenly drew out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did *not*.¹ Beck did his fieriest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate *Exeunt Omnes* on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schönbrunn one day, had her carriage half filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 146-151.

her by the Vienna people ; — symbolical ; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco what disaster had happened ; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. “No, never,” answered Tauentzien, by the King’s order : “As Prisoners of War it must be !” Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again ; and maintained himself, — Gribeauval and he did, — with an admirable obstinacy : the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said ; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called *Globes de Compression* ; which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method, — unlucky that he was ! I may at least explain what *Globe de Compression* is ; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a *globe* at all, for that matter, nor intended to “compress,” but to *express*, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree : it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air, — provided you plant it in the right place ; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labor, successively some four or almost five of these “*Press Balls*” so called (or Volcanoes in Little) ; mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way) ; then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight, — would produce a “Funnel,” or crater, of perhaps “30 yards in diameter,” but, alas, “150 yards *off* any bastion.” Funnel of no use to him ; — mere sign to him that he must go down into it, and begin there again ; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval’s tormentings ; never were the like ! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries,

or main-roads for Counter-mining, ready to his hand (mine-galleries built by Friedrich while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: "Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundred-weight of chamber ready for him!" And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes bursts in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-pots and infinitudes of mal-odor instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, "You will have to begin again, Monsieur!" Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, "Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,"—and suggested that powder-sack instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive head-quarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bögendorf, nearer and nearer; at length quite near (Bögendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works,—with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ("Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!"), and intent only on giving Tauentzien suggestions, admonitions and new orders. Here, prior to Bögendorf, are three snatches of writing, which successively have indications for us. *King to Prince Henri*:—

Peterswaldau, August 13th, 1762 (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the *Bevern-Reichenbach* score; continues here till September 23d). . . . "You are right to say, 'We ourselves are our best Allies.' I am of the same opinion; nevertheless, it is a clear duty and call of prudence to try and alleviate the burden as much as possible: and I own to you, that if, after all I have written, the thing fails this time [as it does], I shall be obliged to grant that there

16th Aug.-9th Oct. 1762.

is nothing to be made of those Turks." — "We are now in the press of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beautifully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; and I cannot yet tell you [not till *Reichenbach* and the 16th] whether the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging Schweidnitz, or will content himself with disturbing and annoying us."

Peterswaldau, 9th September. Springs, water-threads coming into our mines delay us a little: "by the 12th [in 3 days' time, little thinking it would be 30 days!] I still hope to despatch you a courier with the news, All is over! Your Nephew [Prince of Prussia] is out to-day assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle into fine action. We are nothing but pygmies in comparison to him [in point of physical stature]; imagine to yourself Prince Franz [of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hochkirch], only taller still: this is the figure of him at present."

Peterswaldau, September 19th. . . . "Our Siege wearies all the world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never get a Berlin Letter without something on that head; — and I have no resource myself but patience. We do all we can: but I cannot hinder the enemy from defending himself, and Gribeauval from being a clever fellow: — soon, however, surely soon, soon, we shall see the end. Our weather here is like December; the Seasons are as mad as the Politics of Europe. Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time on; day follows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends our labors. Adieu; *je vous embrasse.*"¹ — Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some traceries, scratchings by a sure hand, which yield us something of image. Date is still only "*Before Schweidnitz,*" far on in the eighth week: —

September 23d. "This morning, before 9, the King [direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto, — must have breakfasted rather early] came into the Lines here: — his quarter is now to be at Bögendorf near hand, in a Farm

¹ Schöning, iii. 403, 430, 446.

house there. The Prince of Prussia was riding with him, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt [the Adjutant whom we have heard of]: he looked at the Battery" lately ordered by him; "looked at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards inside of the vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired violently,"—King decidedly ignoring. "To Captain Beauvrye [Captain of the Miners] he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre he rallied a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; but was not angry with him, consoled him rather; bantered him on the shabbiness of his equipments, and made him a gift of 400 thalers (£60), to improve them. Lefebvre, Tauentzien and" another General "dined with him at Bögendorf to-day." ¹

September 24th, early. "The King on horseback viewed the trenches, rode close behind the first parallel, along the mid-most communication-line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly (*erschrecklich*); a ball struck down the Page von Pirch's horse [Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly overmuch, thought the King]: on Pirch's accident, too, the Prince of Prussia's horse made a wild plunge, and pitched its rider aloft out of the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, and everybody was in horror: great was the commotion; only the King was heard calling with a clear voice, '*Pirch, vergiss Er seinen Sattel nicht*,—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!'"

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behavior in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page-days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French; will "teach you the Prussian mode of drill," and actually got leave to try it "on the German Regiments in our service:" ²

¹ "Captain Götz's *Note-book*" (a conspicuous Captain here, Note-book still in manuscript, I think): cited in *Schöning*, iii. 453 et seq.

² Voltaire's wondering Report of him ("Ferney, 7th December, 1774"), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ("Berlin, 28th Dec. 1774"): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rödenbeck (ii. 198–200) has a slight "*Biography*" of Pirch.

—died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

September 25th. “Morning and noon, each time two hours, the King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, watched the working of them. This day there dined with him the Prince of Bernburg [General of Brigade here], Tauentzien, Lefebvre and Dieskau” (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. “In Bögendorf, the first night, he dismissed the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there but six chasers (*jäger*):” an alarming case! “After a night or two, there came always, without his knowledge, a dragoon party of 30 horse; took post behind Bögendorf Church, patrolled towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, and had three pickets.”

September 28th. “Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night;” totally blown up Lefebvre again! “Engineer-Lieutenants Gerhard and Von Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain Guyon was shot:” things all going wrong, — weather, I suspect also, bad. “The King was in dreadful humor (*sehr ungnädig*); rated and rebuked to right and left: ‘If it should last till January, the Attack must go on. Nobody seems to be able for his business; Lefebvre a block-head (*dummer Teufel*), who knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where are they? Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third parallel, at the head of his Covering-Party [most exposed place of all], and stay his whole twenty-four hours there [Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg is Covering-Party to-day; I hope, in his post during this thunder!]: Taken the Place can and must be! We have the misfortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows nothing of his art has the direction; and a General without sense in Sieging has the command. Everybody is at a *non plus*, it appears! Not all our Artillery can silence that Front-fire; not in a single place can Thirty stupid Miners get into the Fort.’ To-day and yesterday the King spoke neither to General Tauentzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt had to give all the Orders.” An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismounted; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, "Prisoners of War on the common terms." Guasco is wearing low: *October 7th* (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder-vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating;—and we get done with this wearisome affair.¹ Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Königsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last, in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse-forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear "he has had, for some time past, 12,000 laborers" palisading and fortifying at the Passes of Bohemia: "Truce for the Winter" is what he proposes. To which the King answers, "No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country:" this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible. Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: "Recapture Dresden, and they will

¹ Tempelhof, vi. 122-220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-497; Tielke, &c. &c.

have to give us Peace this very Winter!" Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60;¹ an honorable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that, — though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri; pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf and that southwestern Reich-ward part: "No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!" — and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg; northwestward, towards Hülsen and his reserves.² Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming too, as we have said); and, in ten days' time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: *Battle of Freyberg* (October 29th), — which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture, — also for the last time.

Cannonade at Amöneburg (21st September, 1762). "The controversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been settled long since in Ferdinand's favor; who proceeded next

¹ "5th February, 1766;" "born 24th September, 1705" (Hormayr *Österreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80-111).

² *Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October, 1762, von der Reichs-Armee auf die Königlich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362-364). *Ausführlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October, 1762, bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (Ib. iii. 350-362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.

to blockade the various French strongholds in Hessen; Marburg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging the same, and rooting the French permanently out. To prevent or delay which, what can Soubise and D'Estrées do but send for their secondary smaller Army, which is in the Lower-Rhine Country under a Prince de Condé, mostly idle at present, to come and join them in the critical regions here. Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to hinder it. Junction was not to be hindered. The D'Estrées-Soubise people and young Condé made good manœuvring, handsome fight on occasion; so that in spite of all the Erbprinz could do, they got hands joined; far too strong for the Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of August were all fairly together, head-quarter Friedberg in Frankfurt Country (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly considering the now not hopeless question, 'How, or by what routes and methods, push to northwestward, get through to those blockaded Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder Ferdinand's besieging them, and quite outrooting us there?'

"This is a difficult question, but a vital. 'Sweep rapidly past Ferdinand, — cannot we? Well frontward or eastward of him, dexterously across the Lahn and its Branches (our light people are to rear of him, on this side of the Fulda, between the Fulda and him): once joined with those light people by such methods, we have Cassel ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and will make short work with the blockades, — the blockades will have to rise in a hurry!' This was the plan devised by D'Estrées; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at the first step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. Campings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrées people, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; which are not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of September, the D'Estrées Enterprise had plainly become impossible, unless it could get across the Ohm, — an eastern, or wide-circling northeastern Branch of the Lahn, — where, on the right or eastern bank of which, as better for him

than the Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. 'Across the Ohm: and that, how can that be done, the provident Ferdinand having laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, several days ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme despatch?'

"Amöneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles east of Marburg, — in which latter we have been, in very old times; looking after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the Magnanimous and other objects. Amöneburg stands on the left or western bank of the Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, and a Bridge near by; both of which, Ferdinand, the left or southmost wing of whose Position on the other bank of Ohm is hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the Bridge, first of all, — Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, is called *Brücken-Mühle*, Bridge-Mill), — at the eastern end of this therê is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge-way blocked and rammed ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 more are across in Amöneburg and its old Castle. Unless by surprisal and extreme despatch, there is clearly no hope! Ferdinand's head-quarter is seven or eight miles to northwest of this his *Brücken-Mühle* and extreme left; next to *Brücken-Mühle* is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; several Divisions between Ferdinand and it; 'Do it by surprisal, by utmost force of vehemency!' say the French. And accordingly,

"*September 21st* [day of the Equinox, 1762], An hour before sunrise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the *Brücken-Mühle* and on Amöneburg, by cannon, by musketry, by all methods; and, in spite of the alert and completely obstinate resistance, would not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed to be on the increasing hand, new cannon, new musket-ries; and went on, hour after hour, ever the more vivid. So that, about 8 in the morning, after three hours of this, Zastrow, with his Division, had to intervenc: to range himself on the Hill-top behind this *Brücken-Mühle*; replace the afflicted 200 (many of them hurt, not a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept

bringing up more cannon, ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of their Army: and there rose between Zastrow and them such a cannonade, for length and loudness together, as had not been heard in this War. Most furious cannonading, musketading; and seemingly no end to it. Ferdinand himself came over to ascertain; found it a hot thing indeed. Zastrow had to relieve his 200 every hour: 'Don't go down in rank, you new ones,' ordered he — 'slide, leap, descend the hill-face in scattered form: rank at the bottom!' — and generally about half of the old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. 'They intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost,' thinks Ferdinand; 'and at any cost they shall not!' And, in the end, orders Granby forward in room of Zastrow, who has had some eight hours of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

"It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his English came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught was, if anything, more furious than ever: — Despair striding visibly forward on it, or something too like Despair. Amöneburg they had battered to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the 500 had to ground arms: but not an inch of way had they made upon the Bridge, nor were like to make. Granby continued on the old plan, plying all his diligences and artilleries; needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: '200 of you go down on wings' (in an hour about 100 will come back)! In English Families you will still hear some vague memory of Amöneburg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired from behind them, — French more and more furious, we more and more obstinate. Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, twilight, dusk; about 8, the French, in what spirits I can guess, ceased, and went their ways. Bridge impossible; game up. They had lost, by their own account, 1,100 killed and wounded; Ferdinand probably not fewer."¹

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French-English part of the Seven-Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; huddled themselves where

¹ Mauvillon, ii. 251; *Felden-Geschichte*, vii 432-439.

they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also huddled himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege-batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather; — took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment; — and for above six weeks coming (till November 7th-14th¹), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brücken-Mühle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. "September 5th," three weeks before that of Amöneburg, "the Duke of Bedford, Bute's Plenipotentiary, set out towards Paris, — considerably hissed on the street here by a sulky population," it would seem; — "but sure of success in Paris. Bute shared in none of the national triumphs of this Year. The transports of rejoicing which burst out on the news of Havana" were a sorrow and distress to him.² "Havana, what shall we do with it?" thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, "Nothing with it; fling it back to them!" — till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better.³ Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony, — who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish off the heroic Day's-work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: "The Peace between the English and the French is much farther off than was thought; — so many oppositions do the Spaniards raise, or rather do the French, — busy duping this buzzard of

¹ Preliminaries of Peace signed, "Paris, November 3d;" known to French Generals "November 7th;" not, *officially*, to Ferdinand till "November 14th" (Mauvillon, ii. 257).

² Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191.

³ Thackeray, ii. 11

an English Minister, who has not common sense.”¹ Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanas and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humor, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (28th–29th October, 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael’s Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The *Battle of Freyberg*, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west, and finally on the southwest side of Freyberg (north and northwest sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael’s Mount (the top of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg’s, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one’s disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished.²

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000 in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well

¹ Schöning, iii. 480 (To Henri: “Peterswaldau, 17th October, 1762”).

² *Beschreibung der am 29sten October, 1762, bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* [Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365–376]. Tempelhof, vi. 235–258; *Helden-Geschichte*, sii. 177–181.

under 30,000.¹ I will give Prince Henri's *Despatch* to his Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter, — except that "Wegfurth," where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west-by-north of Freyberg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War-horse now coming into action, — I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

Prince Henri to the King (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Löwenberg).

"FREYBERG, 29th October, 1762.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER, — It is a happiness for me to send you the agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a considerable advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs Army. I marched yesternight; I had got on through Wegfurth, leaving Spittelwald² to my left, with intent to seize [storm, if necessary] the Height of St. Michael, — when I came upon the Enemy's Army. I made two true attacks, and two false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the sustained valor of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in fire, the Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000: — the Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort fell to the Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon and Flags; Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is among our Prisoners. I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 men; among them no Officer of mark. Lieutenant-General von Seidlitz rendered me the highest services; in a place where the Cavalry could not act [border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies], he put himself at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services [his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts]; Generals Belling and Kleist [renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals] did their

¹ "29 battalions, 60 squadrons," *versus* "49 battalions, 68 squadrons" (Schöning, iii. 499).

² Tempelhof, p. 237

very best. All the Infantry was admirable; not one battalion yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp [Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after], who brings you this, had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through the Spittel-wald [and did it well, we can suppose]: if, on that ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I should have my humble thanks to give you. There are a good many Officers who have distinguished themselves and behaved with courage, for whom I shall present similar requests. You will permit me to pay those who have taken cannons and flags [100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was: — “By all manner of means!” his Majesty would answer].

“The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldiswalde. I am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear the result. My Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will be able to render you account of everything you may wish to know in regard to our present circumstances. General Wied, I believe, will cross Elbe to-morrow [General Wied, with 10,000 to help us, — for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one’s own mind?]; his arrival would be [not “would have been:” *cela viendrait*, not even *viendra*] very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, my dearest Brother, — your most devoted Servant and Brother, — HENRI.”¹

To-morrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch: —

“FREYBERG, 30th October, 1762.

“General Wied [not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe] informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony [pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun] must have crossed Elbe yesterday at Pirna [did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!]; — and that for this reason he, Wied, must himself cross; which he will to-morrow. The same day I am to be joined by some battalions from General Hülsen; and the day after to-morrow, when General Wied [coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears] shall have reached the Katzenhäuser, the

¹ Schöning, iii. 491, 492.

whole of General Hülsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I shall — " ¹ Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's *Letter in Response* is better worth giving: —

" LÖWENBERG, 2d November, 1762.

" MY DEAR BROTHER, — The arrival of Kalkreuter [so he persists in calling him], and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has made me twenty [not to say forty] years younger: yesterday I was sixty, to-day hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving you in health (*bonne santé*," so we term escape of lesion in fight); "and that things have passed so happily! You took the good step of attacking those who meant to attack you; and, by your good and solid measures (*dispositions*), you have overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post and a vigorous resistance. It is a service so important rendered by you to the State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and will wait to do it in person.

" Kalkreuter will explain what motions I — . . . If Fortune favor our views on Dresden [which it cannot in the least, at this late season], we shall indubitably have Peace this Winter or next Spring, — and get honorably out of a difficult and perilous conjuncture, where we have often seen ourselves within two steps of total destruction. And, by this which you have now done, to you alone will belong the honor of having given the final stroke to Austrian Obstinacy, and laid the foundations of the Public Happiness, which will be the consequence of Peace. — F." ²

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has a pleasant day, — pleasant survey of the Battle-field, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines, — "That is the one way to clear Dresden neighborhood of Enemies!" thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him: — upon which, in such snow-drifts and sleety deluges,

¹ Schöning, p. 493.

² Ib. iii. 495, 496.

is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits, — the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. “Go in upon the Reich,” Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: “In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose the Reichs Principalities to Peace.”

Kleist marched November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm till December 13th; — Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: “Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!” Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nürnberg itself (which he took, by sounding rams’-horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week);¹ — fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, “We solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us; — and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, ‘Save you harmless? Yes; if you had n’t fallen off!’”

November 24th, all Austrians make truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st; — all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000. Stollberg is still in Prussian neighborhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival; — and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

¹ *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186-194.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

THE Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years : room enough this Winter, “from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again ;” Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on, — a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, “Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case : the readier we are, the less our chance of having one !” Friedrich’s head-quarter is Leipzig ; but till December 5th he does not get thither. “More business on me than ever !” complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D’Argens ; for a week or two his Brother Henri ; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home : “Peace being now the likelihood ; — Home ; and recruit one’s poor health, at Berlin, among friends !”

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha ; — probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes : “Authorized by your approval [has politely inquired beforehand], I shall have the infinite satisfaction of paying my duties on December 3d [four days hence], and of reiterating to you, Madam, my liveliest and sincerest assurances of esteem and friendship. . . . Some of my Commissariat people have been misbehaving ? Strict inquiry shall

be had,"¹ — and we soon find *was*. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Göttingen Professor (deep in *Reichs-History* and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rushlight in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one, — December 3d–4th, — Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person: —

"During dinner, Putter, honorably present among the spectators of this high business, was beckoned by the Duchess to step near the King [right hand or left, Putter does not say]; but the King graciously turned round, and conversed with Putter." The King said: —

King. "In German History much is still buried; many important Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered "*schicklich* — fitly;" that is all we know of Putter's answer.

King (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know only the *Père Barri*."²

Putter. . . . "Foreigners have for most part known only, in regard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena."³

King. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

¹ To the Grand-Duchess, "Meissen, 29th November" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 199).

² *Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 vols. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisp by Night; — as I can expressly testify Pfeffel to be (Pfeffel, *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 vols. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast *Sylvæ Sylvarum* and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.

³ Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiæ Germanicæ* (1730, 2 vols. folio).

Putter. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

King. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known German!" — Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, "in a ringing merry tone, How, at Leipzig once, he had talked with Gottsched [talk known to us] on that subject, and had said to him, That the French had many advantages; among others, that a word could often be used in a complex signification, for which you had in German to scrape together several different expressions. Upon which Gottsched had said, 'We will have that mended (*Das wollen wir noch machen*)!' These words the King repeated twice or thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's conceit had struck him;" — and in short, as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this Royal Evening at Gotha is.¹ Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after: —

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

"LEIPZIG, 6th December, 1762.

"MADAM, — I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, if I rendered you account of all the impressions which the friendship you lavished on me has made on my heart. I could wish to answer it by entering into everything that can be agreeable to you [conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all]. I take the liberty of forwarding the *Answers* which have come in to the Two *Mémoires* you sent me. I am mortified, Madam, if I have not been able to fulfil completely your desires: but if you knew the situation I am in, I flatter myself you would have some consideration for it.

"I have found myself here [in Leipzig, as elsewhere] overwhelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not expected. Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over and pay you in person the homage of a heart which is more

¹ "Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406:" cited in Preuss, ii 277 n.

attached to you than that of your near relations, assuredly I will not neglect the first opportunity that shall present itself.

“Messieurs the English [Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of] continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a hideous thing (*chose affreuse*); but I will speak of it no more. May you, Madam, enjoy all the prosperities that I wish for you, and not forget a Friend, who will be till his death, with sentiments of the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, — Madam, your Highness’s most faithful Cousin and Servant,

FRIEDRICH.”¹

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th):² “Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?” “Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!” Friedrich would answer, — gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, *home* out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season! —

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety; that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring, 1757. Bute stipulates That those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to, — allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think, — and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 201.

² Rödenbeck, ii. 193.

to do, "a shameful Peace," had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis, thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighborhoods: "*We* will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!" And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did. Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: "Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that *Britannic Legion* so called. All to be discharged; re-enlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!" And it is done;—a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beckwith whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, "It shall be we, under favor, that take delivery!" Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbor. Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favored Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honor, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the 11th and 12th days of March, 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town.¹

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable

¹ Preuss, ii. 342.

pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows,—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, “except seven,” whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating; the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. “Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!” Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: “partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket in enlistment of their people now discharged!” Not a doit. The King’s answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: “*Seine Officiers haben wie die Raben gestollen Sie Krigen nichts*, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing.”¹ Lessing’s fine play of *Minna von Barnhelm* testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world’s their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap to on them, by a chance. And they have to try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist’s raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Plotho’s Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving “free permission.” We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and

¹ Preuss, ii. 320.

all Nations are longing for the like. "Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace," said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. "By all means," answered Polish Majesty: "and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!" Whereupon despatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with "Yes" to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: "Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress," said the Prince. And on Thursday, December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job, willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761; a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries, — for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in Prussian History subsequently, — sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

Friedrich to Prince Henri (home at Berlin).

"*Leipzig, 14th January, 1763.* . . . Am not surprised you find Berlin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities must, in the end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren Country, where continual industry is needed to second its fecundity and keep up production. However, I will do what I can to remedy this dearth (*la disette*), at least as far as my small means permit. . . .

"No fear of Geldern and Wesel: all that has been cared

for by Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of February Peace will be signed; at the beginning of April everybody will find himself at home, as in 1756.

"The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or nearly so; but it is good to be plucking out tiresome burning sticks, stick after stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at Leipzig nothing but balls and redouts; my Nephews diverting themselves amazingly. Madam Friedrich, lately Garden-maid at Seidlitz [Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking weeds in it, — little prescient of such a fortune], now Wife to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the principal heroine of these Festivities."¹

Leipzig, 25th January, 1763. "Thanks for your care about my existence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a little while I shall be useless to the world and a burden to myself: it is the lot of all creatures to wear down with age, — but one is not, for all that, to abuse one's privilege of falling into dotage.

"You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation business [going on at Hubertsburg yonder]. Most certainly the chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still certain there may happen quantities of things which the limited mind of man cannot foresee: but, judging by the ordinary course, and such degrees of probability as human creatures found their hopes on, I believe, before the month of February entirely end, our Peace will be completed. In a permanent Arrangement, many things need settling, which are easier to settle now than they ever will be again. Patience; haste *without* speed is a thriftless method."²

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended;

¹ Schöning, iii. 528.

² *Ib.* iii. 529

February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the *Third Silesian* or *Seven-Years War* was completely finished.¹

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share: and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority.² It was a War distinguished by — Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars, — if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme; — and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects. And we — O readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it! —

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply *As-you-were*; and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the

¹ Copy of the treaty in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.; in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 479–495; in Rousset, in *Wenck*, in &c. &c.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 230–234; *Preuss*, iii. 349–351.

civilized world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long; — issuing in general *As-you-were!* Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any by-stander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time: —

1°. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the Problem: "We have lost Silesia!" Yes; and, what you hardly yet know, — and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows, — Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts, — Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in: — to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star — As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises, — and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary-Eloquence or Ballot-Box Influenza! One

of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time, — indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. “*Sic itur ad astra* ;” all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue “within those walls” ! Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot-Box and Fourth-Estate !), — are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping !

2°. In regard to England. Her *Jenkins’s-Ear Controversy* is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever : Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other ! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more ? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit ! —

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonizings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor); — and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, “Unexampled Prosperities,” which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type : which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy*; filling her ears and soul with

shriekery and metallic clangor, mad noises, mad hurries mostly no-whither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3°. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valors, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "*found wanting*")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (*fous pleins d'esprit*),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into *dry-rot*. Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous Combustion, which blazed out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this *belle France*, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to *caput mortuum*, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!)—But not to wander farther:—

Wednesday, March 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest, "eight Saxon Schoolmasters" to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven-Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: "It was to your Highness that we owe this

Treaty!" A dinner which readers may hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

Wednesday, March 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt-on-Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: "takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf" (reflections to be fancied); early in the afternoon speeds forward again; at one of the stages (place called Tassdorf) has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, *not* through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. "Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment," Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures, — beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own roof-tree once more.¹ Next day, "the King made gifts to," as it were, to everybody; "to the Queen about £5,000, to the Princess Amelia £1,000," and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him, — merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

¹ Rödenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346; &c. &c.

BOOK XXI.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF FRIEDRICH'S LIFE.

1763-1786.



CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

THE Twelve Hercules-labors of this King have ended her²; what was required of him in World-History is accomplished. There remain to Friedrich Twenty-three Years more of Life, which to Prussian History are as full of importance as ever; but do not essentially concern European History, Europe having gone the road we now see it in. On the grand World-Theatre the curtain has fallen for a New Act; Friedrich's part, like everybody's for the present, is played out. In fact, there is, during the rest of his Reign, nothing of World-History to be dwelt on anywhere. America, it has been decided, shall be English; Prussia be a Nation. The French, as finis of their attempt to cut Germany in Four, find themselves sunk into torpor, abeyance and dry-rot; fermenting towards they know not what. Towards Spontaneous Combustion in the year 1789, and for long years onwards!

There, readers, there is the next milestone for you, in the History of Mankind! That universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams. The oath of Twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, "Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!" — that is the New Act in World-History. New Act, — or, we may call it New *Part*; Drama of World-History, Part Third. If Part *Second*

was 1,800 years ago, this I reckon will be Part *Third*. This is the truly celestial-infernal Event: the strangest we have seen for a thousand years. Celestial in one part; in the other, infernal. For it is withal the breaking out of universal mankind into Anarchy, into the faith and practice of *No-Government*, — that is to say (if you will be candid), into unappeasable Revolt against Sham-Governors and Sham-Teachers, — which I do charitably define to be a Search, most unconscious, yet in deadly earnest, for true Governors and Teachers. That is the one fact of World-History worth dwelling on at this day; and Friedrich cannot be said to have had much hand farther in that.

Nor is the progress of a French or European world, all silently ripening and rotting towards such issue, a thing one wishes to dwell on. Only when the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out; and, many-colored, with loud noises, envelops the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years: then has the Event come; there is the thing for all men to mark, and to study and scrutinize as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it yet lying ahead of us; several sad Centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little! Say Two Centuries yet, — say even Ten of such a process: before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness? Millennium of Anarchies; — abridge it, spend your heart's-blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come! For it is the consummation of All the Anarchies that are and were; — which I do trust always means the death (temporary death) of them! Death of the Anarchies: or a world once more built wholly on Fact better or worse; and the lying jargoning professor of Sham-Fact, whose name is Legion, who as yet (oftenest little conscious of himself) goes tumulting and swarming from shore to shore, become a species extinct, and well *known* to be gone down to Tophet! —

There were bits of Anarchies before, little and greater: but till that of France in 1789, there was none long memorable; all were pygmies in comparison, and not worth mentioning separately. In 1772 the Anarchy of Poland, which had been a considerable Anarchy for about three hundred years, got

itself extinguished, — what we may call extinguished; — decisive surgery being then first exercised upon it: an Anarchy put in the sure way of extinction. In 1775, again, there began, over seas, another Anarchy much more considerable, — little dreaming that *it* could be called an Anarchy; on the contrary, calling itself Liberty, Rights of Man; and singing boundless Io-Pæans to itself, as is common in such cases; an Anarchy which has been challenging the Universe to show the like ever since. And which has, at last, flamed up as an independent Phenomenon, unexampled in the hideously *suicidal* way; — and does need much to get burnt out, that matters may begin anew on truer conditions. But neither the *Partition of Poland* nor the *American War of Independence* have much general importance, or, except as precursors of 1789, are worth dwelling on in History. From us here, so far as Friedrich is concerned with them, they may deserve some transient mention, more or less: but World-History, eager to be at the general Funeral-pile and ultimate Burning-up of Shams in this poor World, will have less and less to say of small tragedies and premonitory symptoms.

Curious how the busy and continually watchful and speculating Friedrich, busied about his dangers from Austrian encroachments, from Russian-Turk Wars, Bavarian Successions, and other troubles and anarchies close by, saw nothing to dread in France; nothing to remark there, except carelessly, from time to time, its beggarly decaying condition, so strangely sunk in arts, in arms, in finance; oftenest an object of pity to him, for he still has a love for France; — and reads not the least sign of that immeasurable, all-engulfing *French Revolution* which was in the wind! Neither Voltaire nor he have the least anticipation of such a thing. Voltaire and he see, to their contentment, Superstition visibly declining: Friedrich rather disapproves the heat of Voltaire's proceedings on the *Infâme*. "Why be in such heat? Other nonsense, quite equal to it, will be almost sure to follow. Take care of your own skin!" Voltaire and he are deeply alive, especially Voltaire is, to the horrors and miseries which have issued on

mankind from a Fanatic Popish Superstition, or Creed of Incredibilities, — which (except from the throat outwards, from the bewildered tongue outwards) the orthodox themselves cannot believe, but only pretend and struggle to believe. This Voltaire calls "*The Infamous*;" and this — what name can any of us give it? The man who believes in falsities is very miserable. The man who cannot believe them, but only struggles and pretends to believe; and yet, being armed with the power of the sword, industriously keeps menacing and slashing all round, to compel every neighbor to do like him: what is to be done with such a man? Human Nature calls him a Social Nuisance; needing to be handcuffed, gagged and abated. Human Nature, if it be in a terrified and imperilled state, with the sword of this fellow swashing round it, calls him "Infamous," and a Monster of Chaos. He is indeed the select Monster of that region; the Patriarch of all the Monsters, little as he dreams of being such. An Angel of Heaven the poor caitiff dreams himself rather, and in cheery moments is conscious of being: — Bedlam holds in it no madder article. And I often think he will again need to be tied up (feeble as he now is in comparison, disinclined though men are to manacling and tying); so many helpless infirm souls are wandering about, not knowing their right hand from their left, who fall a prey to him. "*L'Infâme*" I also name him, — knowing well enough how little he, in his poor muddled, drugged and stupefied mind, is conscious of deserving that name. More signal enemy to God, and friend of the Other Party, walks not the Earth in our day.

Anarchy in the shape of religious slavery was what Voltaire and Friedrich saw all round them. Anarchy in the shape of Revolt against Authorities was what Friedrich and Voltaire had never dreamed of as possible, and had not in their minds the least idea of. In one, or perhaps two places you may find in Voltaire a grim and rather glad forethought, not given out as prophecy, but felt as interior assurance in a moment of hope, How these Priestly Sham Hierarchies will be pulled to pieces, probably on the sudden, once people are awake to them. Yes, my much-suffering M. de Voltaire. be pulled to pieces; or

go aloft, like the awakening of Vesuvius, one day, — Vesuvius awakening after ten centuries of slumber, when his crater is all grown grassy, bushy, copiously “tenanted by wolves” I am told; which, after premonitory grumblings, heeded by no wolf or bush, he will hurl bodily aloft, ten acres at a time, in a very tremendous manner!¹ A thought like this, about the Priestly Sham-Hierarchies, I have found somewhere in Voltaire: but of the Social and Civic Sham-Hierarchies (which are likewise accursed, if they knew it, and indeed are junior co-partners of the Priestly; and, in a sense, sons and products of them, and cannot escape being partakers of their plagues), there is no hint in Voltaire, though Voltaire stood at last only fifteen years from the Fact (1778–1793); nor in Friedrich, though he lived almost to see the Fact beginning

Friedrich’s History being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the Biography of a distinguished fellow-man, Friedrich’s Biography, his Physiognomy as he grows old, quietly on his own harvest-field, among his own People: this has still an interest, and for any feature of this we shall be eager enough; but this withal is the most of what we now want. And not very much even of this; Friedrich the unique King not having as a man any such depth and singularity, tragic, humorous, devotionally pious, or other, as to authorize much painting in that aspect. Extreme brevity befits us in these circumstances: and indeed there are, — as has already happened in different parts of this Enterprise (Nature herself, in her silent way, being always something of an Artist in such things), — other circumstances, which leave us no choice as to that of detail. Available details, if we wished to give them, of Friedrich’s later Life, are not forthcoming: masses of incondite marine-stores, tumbled out on you, dry rubbish shot with uncommon diligence for a hundred years, till, for Rubbish-Pelion piled on Rubbish-Ossa, you lose sight of the stars and azimuths; whole mountain continents, seemingly all of cinders and sweepings (though fragments and remnants do lie

¹ First modern Eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 1631, after long interval of rest.

hidden, could you find them again):—these are not details that will be available! Anecdotes there are in quantity; but of uncertain quality; of doubtful authenticity, above all. One recollects hardly any Anecdote whatever that seems completely credible, or renders to us the Physiognomy of Friedrich in a convincing manner. So remiss a creature has the Prussian Clio been,—employed on all kinds of loose errands over the Earth and the Air; and as good as altogether negligent of this most pressing errand in her own House. Peace be with her, poor slut; why should we say one other hard word on taking leave of her to all eternity!—

The Practical fact is, what we have henceforth to produce is more of the nature of a loose Appendix of Papers, than of a finished Narrative. Loose Papers, — which, we will hope, the reader can, by industry, be made to understand and tolerate: more we cannot do for him. No continuous Narrative is henceforth possible to us. For the sake of Friedrich's closing Epoch, we will visit, for the last time, that dreary imbroglio under which the memory of Friedrich, which ought to have been, in all the epochs of it, bright and legible, lies buried; and will try to gather, as heretofore, and put under labels. What dwells with oneself as human may have some chance to be humanly interesting. In the wildest chaos of marine-stores and editorial shortcomings (provided only the editors speak truth, as these poor fellows do) *this* can be done. Part the living from the dead; pick out what has some meaning, leave carefully what has none; you will in some small measure pluck up the memory of a hero, like drowned honor by the locks, and rescue it into visibility.

That Friedrich, on reaching home, made haste to get out of the bustle of joyances and exclamations on the streets; proceeded straight to his music-chapel in Charlottenburg, summoning the Artists, or having them already summoned; and had there, all alone, sitting invisible wrapt in his cloak, Graun's or somebody's grand *Te-Deum* pealed out to him, in seas of melody, — soothing and salutary to the altered soul, revolving many things, — is a popular myth, of pretty and appropriate

character ; but a myth only, with no real foundation, though it has some loose and apparent.¹ No doubt, Friedrich had his own thoughts on entering Berlin again, after such a voyage through the deeps ; himself, his Country still here, though solitary and in a world of wild shipwrecks. He was not without piety ; but it did not take the devotional form, and his habits had nothing of the clerical.

What is perfectly known, and much better worth knowing, is the instantaneous practical alacrity with which he set about repairing that immense miscellany of ruin ; and the surprising success he had in dealing with it. His methods, his rapid inventions and procedures, in this matter, are still memorable to Prussia ; and perhaps might with advantage be better known than they are in some other Countries. To us, what is all we can do with them here, they will indicate that this is still the old Friedrich, with his old activities and promptitudes ; which indeed continue unabated, lively in Peace as in War, to the end of his life and reign.

The speed with which Prussia recovered was extraordinary. Within little more than a year (June 1st, 1764), the Coin was all in order again ; in 1765, the King had rebuilt, not to mention other things, “in Sillesia 8,000 Houses, in Pommern 6,500.”² Prussia has been a meritorious Nation ; and, however cut and ruined, is and was in a healthy state, capable of recovering soon. Prussia has defended itself against overwhelming odds, — brave Prussia ; but the real soul of its merit was that of having merited such a King to command it. Without this King, all its valors, disciplines, resources of war, would have availed Prussia little. No wonder Prussia has still a loyalty to its great Friedrich, to its Hohenzollern Sovereigns generally. Without these Hohenzollerns, Prussia had been, what we long ago saw it, the unluckiest of German Provinces ; and could never have had the pretension to exist as a Nation at all. Without this particular Hohenzollern, it had been trampled out again, after apparently succeeding. To have achieved a Friedrich the Second for King over it, was Prussia’s grand merit.

¹ In *Preuss*, ii. 46, all the details of it.

² Rödénbeck, ii. 234, 261.

An accidental merit, thinks the reader? No, reader, you may believe me, it is by no means altogether such. Nay, I rather think, could we look into the Account-Books of the Recording Angel for a course of centuries, no part of it is such! There are Nations in which a Friedrich is, or can be, possible; and again there are Nations in which he is not and cannot. To be practically reverent of Human Worth to the due extent, and abhorrent of Human Want of Worth in the like proportion, do you understand that art at all? I fear, not, — or that you are much forgetting it again! Human Merit, do you really love it *enough*, think you; — human Scoundrelism (brought to the dock for you, and branded as scoundrel), do you even abhor it enough? Without that reverence and its corresponding opposite-pole of abhorrence, there is simply no possibility left. That, my friend, is the outcome and summary of all virtues in this world, for a man or for a Nation of men. It is the supreme strength and glory of a Nation; — without which, indeed, all other strengths, and enormities of bullion and arsenals and warehouses, are no strength. None, I should say; — and are oftenest even the *reverse*.

Nations who have lost this quality, or who never had it, what Friedrich can they hope to be possible among them? Age after age they grind down their Friedrichs contentedly under the hoofs of cattle on their highways; and even find it an excellent practice, and pride themselves on Liberty and Equality. Most certain it is, there will no Friedrich come to rule there; by and by, there will none be born there. Such Nations cannot have a King to command them; can only have this or the other scandalous swindling Copper Captain, constitutional Gilt Mountebank, or other the like unsalutary entity by way of King; and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children in a frightful and tragical manner, little noticed in the Penny Newspapers and Periodical Literatures of this generation. Oh, my friends —! But there is plain Business waiting us at hand.

CHAPTER II.

REPAIRING OF A RUINED PRUSSIA.

THAT of Friedrich's sitting wrapt in a cloud of reflections Olympian-Abysmal, in the music-chapel at Charlottenburg, while he had the Ambrosian Song executed for him there, as the preliminary step, was a loose myth; but the fact lying under it is abundantly certain. Few Sons of Adam had more reason for a piously thankful feeling towards the Past, a piously valiant towards the Future. What king or man had seen himself delivered from such strangling imbroglios of destruction, such devouring rages of a hostile world? And the ruin worked by them lay monstrous and appalling all round. Friedrich is now Fifty-one gone; unusually old for his age; feels himself an old man, broken with years and toils; and here lies his Kingdom in haggard slashed condition, worn to skin and bone: How is the King, resourceless, to remedy it? That is now the seemingly impossible problem. "Begin it, — thereby alone will it ever cease to be impossible!" Friedrich begins, we may say, on the first morrow morning. Labors at his problem, as he did in the march to Leuthen; finds it to become more possible, day after day, month after month, the farther he strives with it.

"Why not leave it to Nature?" think many, with the Dismal Science at their elbow. Well; that was the easiest plan, but it was not Friedrich's. His remaining moneys, 25 million thalers ready for a Campaign which has not come, he distributes to the most necessitous: "all his artillery-horses" are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who can otherwise get none: think what a fine figure of rye and barley, instead of mere windlestraws, beggary and desolation, was realized by that act alone. Nature is ready to do much; will of herself cover, with some veil of grass and lichen, the naked-

ness of ruin: but her victorious act, when she can accomplish it, is that of getting *you* to go with her handsomely, and change disaster itself into new wealth. Into new wisdom and valor, which are wealth in all kinds; California mere zero to them, zero, or even a frightful *minus* quantity! Friedrich's proceedings in this matter I believe to be little less didactic than those other, which are so celebrated in War: but no Dryasdust, not even a Dryasdust of the Dismal Science, has gone into them, rendered men familiar with them in their details and results. His Silesian Land-Bank (joint-stock Moneys, lent on security of Land) was of itself, had I room to explain it, an immense furtherance.¹ Friedrich, many tell us, was as great in Peace as in War: and truly, in the economic and material provinces, my own impression, gathered painfully in darkness, and contradiction of the Dismal-Science Doctors, is much to that effect. A first-rate Husbandman (as his Father had been); who not only defended his Nation, but made it rich beyond what seemed possible; and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials which flourish aloft at this day.

Mirabeau's *Monarchie Prussienne*, in 8 thick Volumes 8vo, — composed, or hastily cobbled together, some Twenty years after this period, — contains the best tabular view one anywhere gets of Friedrich's economics, military and other practical methods and resources: — solid exact Tables these are, and intelligent intelligible descriptions, done by Mauvillon *Fils*, the same punctual Major Mauvillon who used to attend us in Duke Ferdinand's War; — and so far as Mirabeau is concerned, the Work consists farther of a certain small Essay done in big type, shoved into the belly of each Volume, and eloquently recommending, with respectful censures and regrets over Friedrich, the Gospel of Free Trade, dear to Papa Mirabeau. The Son is himself a convert; far above lying, even to please Papa: but one can see, the thought of Papa gives him new fire of expression. They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade: — they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach-horns, jews-harps and scran-

¹ Preuss, iii. 75; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 84.

nel-pipes, *pro* and *contra*, on the same sublime subject: "God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is his Prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest!" To which the afflicted human mind listens what it can; — and after seventy years, mournfully asks itself and Mirabeau, "M. le Comte, would there have been in Prussia, for example, any Trade at all, any Nation at all, had it always been left 'Free'?" There would have been mere sand and quagmire, and a community of wolves and bisons, M. le Comte. Have the goodness to terminate that Litany, and take up another!"

We said, Friedrich began his problem on the first morrow morning; and that is literally true, that or even *more*. Here is how Friedrich takes his stand amid the wreck, speedy enough to begin: this view of our old friend Nüssler and him is one of the Pieces we can give, — thanks to Herr Büsching and his *Beiträge* for the last time! Nüssler is now something of a Country Gentleman, so to speak; has a pleasant place out to east of Berlin; is *Landrath* (County Chairman) there, "Landrath of Nether-Barnim Circle;" where we heard of the Cossacks spoiling him: he, as who not, has suffered dreadfully in these tumults. Here is Büsching's welcome Account.

Landrath Nüssler and the King (30th March-3d April, 1763).

"*March 30th*, 1763, Friedrich, on his return to Berlin, came by the route of Tassdorf," — Tassdorf, in Nether-Barnim Circle (40 odd miles from Frankfurt, and above 15 from Berlin); — "and changed horses there. During this little pause, among a crowd assembled to see him, he was addressed by Nüssler, Landrath of the Circle, who had a very piteous story to tell. Nüssler wished the King joy of his noble victories, and of the glorious Peace at last achieved: 'May your Majesty reign in health and happiness over us many years, to the blessing of us all!' — and recommended to his gracious care the extremely ruined, and, especially by the Russians, uncommonly devastated Circle, for which," continues Büsching "this industrious Landrath had

not hitherto been able to extract any effective help." Generally for the Provinces wasted by the Russians there had already some poor 300,000 thalers (£45,000) been allowed by a helpful Majesty, not over-rich himself at the moment; and of this, Nether-Barnim no doubt gets its share: but what is this to such ruin as there is? A mere preliminary drop, instead of the bucket and buckets we need!—Büsching, a dull, though solid accurate kind of man, heavy-footed, and yet always in a hurry, always slipshod, has nothing of dramatic here; far from it; but the facts themselves fall naturally into that form,—in Three Scenes:—

I. *Tassdorf* (still two hours from Berlin), *King*, *Nüssler* and a *Crowd of People*, *Nüssler* alone daring to speak.

King (from his Carriage, ostlers making despatch). "What is your Circle most short of?"

Landrath Nüssler. "Of horses for ploughing the seedfields, of rye to sow them, and of bread till the crops come."

King. "Rye for bread, and to sow with, I will give; with horses I cannot assist."

Nüssler. "On representation of Privy-Councillor von Brenkenhof [the Minister concerned with such things], your Majesty has been pleased to give the Neumark and Pommern an allowance of Artillery and Commissariat Horses: but poor Nether-Barnim, nobody will speak for it; and unless your Majesty's gracious self please to take pity on it, Nether-Barnim is lost!" (A great many things more he said, in presence of a large crowd of men who had gathered round the King's Carriage as the horses were being changed; and spoke with such force and frankness that the King was surprised, and asked:—)

King. "Who are you?" (has forgotten the long-serviceable man!)

Nüssler. "I am the Nüssler who was lucky enough to manage the Fixing of the Silesian Boundaries for your Majesty!"

King. "*Ja, ja*, now I know you again! Bring me all the Landraths of the Kurmark [Mark of Brandenburg Proper, *Electoral Mark*] in a body; I will speak with them."

Nüssler. "All of them but two are in Berlin already."

King. "Send off estafettes for those two to come at once to Berlin; and on Thursday," day after to-morrow, "come yourself, with all the others, to the Schloss to me: I will then have some closer conversation, and say what I can and will do for helping of the country" (King's Carriage rolls away, with low bows and blessings from Nüssler and everybody).

II. *Thursday, April 1st, Nüssler and assembled Landraths at the Schloss of Berlin.* To them, enter *King.* . . .

Nüssler (whom they have appointed spokesman). . . . "Your Majesty has given us Peace; you will also give us Well-being in the Land again: we leave it to Highest-the-Same's gracious judgment [no limit to Highest-the-Same's power, it would seem] what you will vouchsafe to us as indemnification for the Russian plunderings."

King. "Be you quiet; let me speak. Have you got a pencil (*Hat Er crayon*)? Yes! Well then, write, and these Gentlemen shall dictate to you:—

"How much rye for bread; How much for seed; How many Horses, Oxen, Cows, their Circles do in an entirely pressing way require?"

"Consider all that to the bottom; and come to me again the day after to-morrow. But see that you fix everything with the utmost exactitude, for I cannot give much." (*Exit King.*)

Nüssler (to the Landraths). "*Meine Herren*, have the goodness to accompany me to our Landschaft House [we have a kind of County Hall, it seems]; there we will consider everything."

And Nüssler, guiding the deliberations, which are glad to follow him on every point, and writing as *Pro-Tempore* Secretary, has all things brought to luminous Protocol in the course of this day and next.

III. *Saturday, April 3d, in the Schloss again: Nüssler and Landraths.* To them, the *King.*

Nüssler. "We deliver to your Majesty the written Specification you were graciously pleased to command of us. It con

tains only the indispensablest things that the Circles are in need of. Moreover, it regards only the *Stände* [richer Nobility], who pay contribution; the Gentry [*Adel*], and other poor people, who have been utterly plundered out by the Russians, are not included in it:—the Gentry too have suffered very much by the War and the Plundering.”

King. “What *Edelleute* that are members of *Stände* have you [*Er*] got in your Circle?”

Nüssler (names them; and, as finis of the list, adds): . . . “I myself, too, your Majesty, I have suffered more than anybody: I absolutely could not furnish those 4,000 bushels of meal ordered of me by the Russians; upon which they —”

King. “I cannot give to all: but if you have poor Nobles in your Circle; who can in no way help themselves, I will give them something.”

Nüssler (has not any in Nether-Barnim who are altogether in that extreme predicament; but knows several in Lebus Circle, names them to the King;—and turning to the Landrath of Lebus, and to another who is mute): “Herr, you can name some more in Lebus; and you, in Teltow Circle, Herr Landrath, since his Majesty permits.” . . . In a word, the King having informed himself and declared his intention, *Nüssler* leads the Landraths to their old County Hall, and brings to Protocol what had taken place.

Next day, the Kammer President (Exchequer President), Von der Gröben, had *Nüssler*, with other Landraths, to dinner. During dinner, there came from Head Secretary Eichel (Majesty’s unwearied Clerk of the *Pells*, Sheepskins, or *Pappers*) an earnest request to Von der Gröben for help,—Eichel not being able to remember, with the requisite precision, everything his Majesty had bid him put down on this matter. “You will go, Herr von *Nüssler*; be so kind, won’t you?” And *Nüssler* went, and fully illuminated Eichel. . . .

To the poorest of the Nobility, *Büsching* tells us, what is otherwise well known, the King gave considerable sums: to one Circle £12,000, to another £9,000, £6,000, and so on. By help of which bounties, and of *Nüssler* laboring incessantly with all his strength, Nieder-Barnim Circle got on its

feet again, no subject having been entirely ruined, but all proving able to recover.¹

This Büsching Fragment is not in the style of the Elder Dramatists, or for the Bankside Theatre; but this represents a Fact which befell in God's Creation, and may have an interest of its own to the Practical Soul, especially in anarchic Countries, far advanced in the "Gold-nugget and Nothing to Buy with it" Career of unexampled Prosperities.

On these same errands the King is soon going on an Inspection Journey, where we mean to accompany. But first, one word, and one will suffice, on the debased Coin. The Peace was no sooner signed, than Friedrich proceeded on the Coin. The third week after his arrival home, there came out a salutary Edict on it, April 21st; King eager to do it without loss of time, yet with the deliberation requisite. Not at one big leap, which might shake, to danger of oversetting, much commercial arrangement; but at two leaps, with a half-way station intervening. Halfway station, with a new coinage ready, much purer of alloy (and marked *how* much, for the benefit of parties with accounts to settle), is to commence on *Trinitatis* (Whitsunday) instant; from and after Whitsunday the improved new coin to be sole legal tender, till farther notice. Farther notice comes accordingly, within a year, March 29th, 1764: "Pure money of the standard of 1750 [honest silver coinage: readers may remember Linsenbarth, the *Candidatus Theologiæ*, and his sack of Batzen, confiscated at the Packhof] shall be ready on the 1st of June instant;"² — from and after which day we hear no more of that sad matter. Finished off in about fourteen months. Here, meanwhile, is the Inspection Journey.

Kriegsrath Roden and the King (6th-13th June, 1763).

June 2d, 1763, Friedrich left Potsdam for Westphalia; got as far as Magdeburg that day. Intends seeing into matters

¹ Büsching, *Beiträge* (§ Nüssler), i. 401-405

² Rödenbeck, ii. 214, 234.

with his own eyes in that region, as in others, after so long and sad an absence. There are with him Friedrich Wilhelm Prince of Prussia, a tall young fellow of nineteen; General-Adjutant von Anhalt; and one or two Prussian military people. From Magdeburg and onwards the great Duke Ferdinand accompanies, — who is now again Governor of Magdeburg, and a quiet Prussian Officer as heretofore, though with excellent Pensions from England, and glory from all the world.

The Royal Party goes by Halberstadt, which suffered greatly in the War; thence by *Minden* (June 4th); and the first thing next day, Friedrich takes view of the *Battle-field* there, — under Ferdinand's own guidance, doubtless; and an interesting thing to both Friedrich and him, though left silent to us. This done, they start for Lippstadt, are received there under joyous clangorous outburst of all the bells and all the honors, that same afternoon; and towards sunset, Hamm being the Night-quarter ahead, are crossing *Vellinghausen Battle-ground*, — where doubtless Ferdinand again, like a dutiful apprentice, will explain matters to his old master, so far as needful or permissible. The conversation, I suppose, may have been lively and miscellaneous: Ferdinand mentions a clever business-person of the name of Roden, whom he has known in these parts; "Roden?" the King carefully makes note; — and, in fact, we shall see Roden presently; and his bit of *Dialogue* with the King (recorded by his own hand) is our chief errand on this Journey. From Hamm, next morning (June 6th), they get to Wesel by 11 A.M. (only sixty miles); Wesel all in gala, as Lippstadt was, or still more than Lippstadt; and for four days farther, they continue there very busy. As Roden is our chief errand, let us attend to Roden.

Wesel, Monday, June 6th, "Dinner being done," says an authentic Third-Party,¹ "the King had Kammer-Director Meyen summoned to him with his Register-Books, Schedules and Reports [what they call *États*]; and was but indifferently contented with Meyen and them." And in short, "ordering

¹ Rödenbeck, ii. 217.

Meyen to remodel these into a more distinct condition," — we may now introduce the Herr Kriegs-rath Roden, a subaltern in rank, but who has perhaps a better head than Meyen, to judge of these *États*. Roden himself shall now report. This is the Royal Dialogue with Roden; accurately preserved for us by him; — I wish it had been better worth the reader's trouble; but its perfect credibility in every point will be some recommendation to it.

"Monday, 6th June, 1763, about 11 A.M., his Majesty arrived in Wesel," says Roden (confirming to us the authentic Third-Party); "I waited on Adjutant-General Colonel von Anhalt to announce myself; who referred me to Kriegs-rath Cöper [*"mein Segreter Köper"* is a name we have heard before], who told me to be ready so soon as Dinner should be over. Dinner was no sooner over [2 P.M. or so], than the Herr Kammer-Direetor Meyen with his *États* was called in. His Majesty was not content with these, Herr Meyen was told; and they were to be remodelled into a more distinct condition. The instant Herr Meyen stepped out, I was called in. His Majesty was standing with his back to the fire; and said:—

King. "Come nearer [Roden comes nearer]. Prince Ferdinand [of Brunswick, whom we generally call *Duke* and great, to distinguish him from a little Prussian Prince Ferdinand] has told me much good of you: where do you come from?"

Roden. "'From Soest' [venerable 'stone-old' little Town, in Vellinghausen region].

King. "'Did you get my Letter?"

Roden. "'Yea, *Ihro Majestät*.'

King. "'I will give you some employment. Have you got a pencil?"

Roden. "'Yea' [and took out his Note-book and tools, which he had "bought in a shop a quarter of an hour before"].

King. "'Listen. By the War many Houses have got ruined: I mean that they shall be put in order again; for which end,—to those that cannot themselves help, particularly to Soest, Hamm, Lünen and in part Wesel, as places that have suffered most,—I intend to give the moneys. Now you must

make me an exact List of what is to be done in those places. Thus [King, lifting his finger, let us fancy, dictates; Roden, with brand-new pencil and tablets, writes:]

“‘1°. In each of those Towns, how many ruined Houses there are which the proprietors themselves can manage to rebuild. 2°. How many which the proprietors cannot. 3°. The vacant grounds or steadings of such proprietors as are perhaps dead, or gone else-whither, must be given to others that are willing to build: but in regard to this, Law also must do its part, and the absent and the heirs must be cited to say, Whether they will themselves build? and in case they won’t, the steadings can then be given to others.’” Roden having written, —

King. “‘In the course of six days you must be ready [what an expeditious King! Is to be at Cleve the sixth day hence: Meet me there, then], — longer I cannot give you.’

Roden (considering a moment). “‘If your Majesty will permit me to use *estafettes* [express messengers] for the Towns farthest off, — as I cannot myself, within the time, travel over all the Towns, — I hope to be ready.’

King. “‘That I permit; and will repay you the *estafette* moneys. — Tell me, How comes the decrease of population in these parts? Recruits I got none.’

Roden. “‘Under favor of your Majesty, Regiment Schenkendorf got, every year, for recompletion, what recruits were wanted, from its Canton in the Grafschaft Mark here.’

King. “‘There you may be right: but from Cleve Country we had no recruits; not we, though the Austrians had’ [with a slight sarcasm of tone].

Roden. “‘Out of Cleve, so far as I know, there were no recruits delivered to the Austrians.’

King. “‘You could not know; you were with the Allied Army’ [Duke Ferdinand’s, commissariating and the like, where Duke Ferdinand recognized you to have a head].

Roden. “‘There have been many epidemic diseases too; especially in Soest; — after the Battle of Vellinghausen all the wounded were brought thither, and the hospitals were established there.’

King. “‘Epidemic diseases they might have got without a Battle [dislikes hearing ill of the soldier trade]. I will have Order sent to the Cleve Kammer, Not to lay hindrance in your way, but the contrary. Now God keep you (*Gott bewahre Ihn*).’” — *Exit* Roden; — “*darauf retirirte mich*,” says he; — but will reappear shortly.

Sunday, 12th June, is the sixth day hence; later than the end of Sunday is not permissible to swift Roden; nor does he need it.

Friday, 10th, Friedrich left Wesel; crossed the Rhine, intending for Cleve; went by *Crefeld*, — at Crefeld had view of another *Battle-field*, under good ciceroneship; remarks or circumstances otherwise not given: — and, next day, Saturday, 11th, picked up D’Alembert, who, by appointment, is proceeding towards Potsdam, at a more leisurely rate. That same Saturday, after much business done, the King was at Kempen, thence at Geldern; speeding for Cleve itself, due there that night. At Geldern, we say, he picked up D’Alembert; — concerning whom, more by and by. And finally, “on Saturday night, about half-past 8, the King entered Cleve,” amid joy-anees extraordinary, but did not alight; drove direct through by the Nassau Gate, and took quarter “in the neighboring Country-house of Bellevue, with the Dutch General von Spaen there,” — an obliging acquaintance once, while *Lieutenant* Spaen, in our old Crown-Prince times of trouble! Had his year in Spandau for us there, while poor Katte lost his head! To whom, I have heard, the King talked charmingly on this occasion, but was silent as to old Potsdam matters.¹ —

By his set day, Roden is also in Cleve, punctual man, finished or just finishing; and ready for summons by his Majesty. And accordingly: —

“*Cleve, Monday, June 13th*, At 9 in the morning,” records he, “I had audience of the King’s Majesty. [In Spaen’s Villa of Bellevue, shall we still suppose? Duke Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia and the rest, have bestowed themselves in other fit houses; D’Alembert too, — who is to make direct for Potsdam

¹ *Suprà*, vii. 165.

6th-13th June, 1763.

henceforth, by his own route; and will meet us on arriving.]— I handed him my Report, with the Tabular Schedule. His Majesty read it carefully through, in my presence; and examined all of it with strictness. Was pleased to signify his satisfaction with my work. Resolved to allow 250,000 thalers (£37,500) for this business of Rebuilding; gave out the due Orders to his Kammer, in consequence, and commanded me to arrange with the Kammer what was necessary. This done, his Majesty said:—

King. “‘What you were described to me, I find you to be. You are a diligent laborious man; I must have you nearer to me;—in the Berlin Kammer you ought to be. You shall have a good, a right good Salary; your Patent I will give you gratis; also a *Vorspann-Pass* [Standing Order available at all Prussian Post-Stations] for two carriages [rapid Program of the thing, though yet distant, rising in the Royal fancy !]. Now serve on as faithfully as you have hitherto done.’”

Roden. “‘That is the object of all my endeavors.’”
(*Exit*:—I did not hear specially whitherward just now; but he comes to be supreme Kammer-President in those parts by and by.)

“The Herr Kriegsrath Cöper was present, and noted all the Orders to be expedited.”¹

These snatches of notice at first-hand, and what the reader's fancy may make of these, are all we can bestow on this Section of Friedrich's Labors; which is naturally more interesting to Prussian readers than to English. He has himself given lucid and eloquent account of it,—Two ample Chapters, “*Des Finances* ;” “*Du Militaire*,”²—altogether pleasant reading, should there still be curiosity upon it. There is something of flowingly eloquent in Friedrich's account of this Battlè waged against the inanimate Chaos; something of exultant and triumphant, not noticeable of him in regard to his other Victories. On the Leuthens, Rossbachs, he is always cold as water,

¹ Preuss, ii. 442; Rödenbeck, ii. 217, 218: in regard to D'Alembert, see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 190.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 73-90, 91-109.

and nobody could gather that he had the least pleasure in recording them. Not so here. And indeed here he is as beautiful as anywhere; and the reader, as a general son of Adam, — proud to see human intellect and heroism slaying that kind of lions, and doing what in certain sad epochs is unanimously voted to be impossible and unattemptable, — exults along with him; and perhaps whispers to his own poor heart, nearly choked by the immeasurable imbroglio of Blue-books and Parliamentary Eloquences which for the present encumber Heaven and Earth, “*Meliora spero.*” To Mirabeau, the following details, from first-hand, but already of twenty-three years distance, were not known,¹ while he sat penning those robust Essays on the Duty of *Leave-Alone*.

“To form an idea of the general subversion,” says the King, in regard to 1763, “and how great were the desolation and discouragement, you must represent to yourself Countries entirely ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable; Towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half destroyed by fire; — 13,000 Houses, of which the very vestiges were gone. No field in seed; no grain for the food of the inhabitants; 60,000 horses needed, if there was to be ploughing carried on: in the Provinces generally Half a Million Population (500,000) less than in 1756, — that is to say, upon only Four Millions and a Half, the ninth man was wanting. Noble and Peasant had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten out by so many different Armies; nothing now left them but life and miserable rags.

“There was no credit by trading people, even for the daily necessities of life.” And furthermore, what we were not prepared for, “No police in the Towns: to habits of equity and order had succeeded a vile greed of gain and an anarchic disorder. The Colleges of Justice and of Finance had, by these frequent invasions of so many enemies, been reduced to inaction:” no Judge, in many places not even a Tax-gatherer:

¹ Appeared first in Tome v of “*Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II.*” (are in Tome vi. of Preuss’s Edition of *Œuvres*), “Berlin, 1788;” — above a year after Mirabeau had left.

“the silence of the Laws had produced in the people a taste for license; boundless appetite for gain was their main rule of action: the noble, the merchant, the farmer, the laborer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavor only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the War ended, was the fatal spectacle over these Provinces, which had once been so flourishing: however pathetic the description may be, it will never approach the touching and sorrowful impression which the sight of it produced.”

Friedrich found that it would never do to trust to the mere aid of Time in such circumstances: at the end of the Thirty-Years War, “Time” had, owing to absolute want of money, been the one recipe of the Great Elector in a similar case; and Time was then found to mean “about a hundred Years.” Friedrich found that he must at once step in with active remedies, and on all hands strive to make the impossible possible. Luckily he had in readiness, as usual, the funds for an Eighth Campaign, had such been needed. Out of these moneys he proceeded to rebuild the Towns and Villages; “from the Corn-Stores (*granaries d’abondance*,” Government establishments gathered from plentiful harvests against scarce, according to old rule) “were taken the supplies for food of the people and sowing of the ground: the horses intended for the artillery, baggage and commissariat,” 60,000 horses we have heard, “were distributed among those who had none, to be employed in tillage of the land. Silesia was discharged from all taxes for six months; Pommern and the Neumark for two years. A sum of about Three Million sterling [in *thalers* 20,389,000] was given for relief of the Provinces, and as acquittance of the impositions the Enemy had wrung from them.

“Great as was this expense, it was necessary and indispensable. The condition of these Provinces after the Peace of Hubertsburg recalled what we know of them when the Peace of Münster closed the famous Thirty-Years War. On that occasion the State failed of help from want of means; which put it out of the Great Elector’s power to assist his people: and what happened? That a whole century elapsed before his Successors could restore the Towns and Champaigns to what

they were. This impressive example was admonitory to the King: that to repair the Public Calamities, assistance must be prompt and effective. Repeated gifts (*largesses*) restored courage to the poor Husbandmen, who began to despair of their lot; by the helps given, hope in all classes sprang up anew: encouragement of labor produced activity; love of Country rose again with fresh life: in a word [within the second year in a markedly hopeful manner, and within seven years altogether], the fields were cultivated again, manufacturers had resumed their work; and the Police, once more in vigor, corrected by degrees the vices that had taken root during the time of anarchy.”¹

To Friedrich's difficulties, which were not inconsiderable, mark only this last additament: “During this War, the elder of the Councillors, and all the Ministers of the Grand Directorium [centre of Prussian Administration], had successively died: and in such time of trouble it had been impossible to replace them. The embarrassment was, To find persons capable of filling these different employments [some would have very soon done it, your Majesty; but their haste would not have tended to speed!]—We searched the Provinces (*on fouilla*, sifted), where good heads were found as rare as in the Capital: at length five Chief Ministers were pitched upon,”—who prove to be tolerable, and even good. Three of them were, the *Vons* Blumenthal, Massow, Hagen, unknown to readers here: fourth and fifth were, the Von Wedell as War-Minister, once Dictator at Züllichau; and a Von der Horst, who had what we might partially call the Home Department, and who may by accident once or so be namable again.

Nor was War all, says the King: “accidental Fires in different places,” while we struggled to repair the ravagings of War, “were of unexampled frequency, and did immense farther damage. From 1765 to 1769, here is the list of places burnt: In East Preussen, the City of Königsberg twice over; in Silesia, the Towns of Freystadt, Ober-Glogau [do readers recollect Manteuffel of Foot and “*Wir wollen ihm was*”!],

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*. vi. 74, 75.

Parchwitz, Naumburg-on-Queiss, and Goldberg; in the Mark, Nauen; in the Neumark, Calies and a part of Lansberg; in Pommern, Belgard and Tempelburg. These accidents required incessantly new expenditures to repair them."

Friedrich was not the least of a Free Trader, except where it suited him: and his continual subventions and donations, guidances, encouragements, commandings and prohibitions, wise supervision and impulsion, — are a thing I should like to hear an intelligent Mirabeau (Junior or Senior) discourse upon, after he had well studied them! For example: "*On rendit les Prêtres utiles*, The Priests, Catholic Priests, were turned to use by obliging all the rich Abbeys to establish manufactures — here it was weavers making damasks and table-cloths; there oil-mills [oil from linseed]; or workers in copper, wire-drawers; as suited the localities and the natural products, — the flaxes and the metals, with water-power, markets, and so on." What a charming resuscitation of the rich Abbeys from their dormant condition!

I should like still better to explain how, in Lower Silesia, "we (*on*) managed to increase the number of Husbandmen by 4,000 families. You will be surprised how it was possible to multiply to this extent the people living by Agriculture in a Country where already not a field was waste. The reason was this. Many Lords of Land, to increase their Domain, had imperceptibly appropriated to themselves the holdings (*terres*) of their vassals. Had this abuse been suffered to go on, in time a great" — But the commentary needed would be too lengthy; we will give only the result: "In the long-run, every Village would have had its Lord, but there would have been no tax-paying Farmers left." The Landlord, ruler of these Landless, might himself (as Majesty well knows) have been made to *pay*, had that been all; but it was not. "To possess something; that is what makes the citizen attached to his Country; those who have no property, and have nothing to lose, what tie have they?" A weak one, in comparison! "All these things being represented to the Landlord Class, their own advantage made them consent to replace their Peasants on the old footing." . . .

"To make head against so many extraordinary demands," adds the King (looking over to a new Chapter, that of the *Military*, which Department, to his eyes, was not less shockingly dilapidated than the *Civil*, and equally or more needed instant repair), "new resources had to be devised. For, besides what was needed for re-establishment of the Provinces, new Fortifications were necessary; and all our Cannon, *évasés* (worn too wide in the bore), needed to be refounded; which occasioned considerable new expense. This led us to improvement of the Excises," — concerning which there will have to be a Section by itself.

Of Friedrich's new Excise System.

In his late Inspection-Journey to Cleve Country, D'Alembert, from Paris, by appointment waited for the King;¹ — picked up at Geldern (June 11th), as we saw above. D'Alembert got to Potsdam June 22d; stayed till middle of August. He had met the King once before, in 1755; who found him "a *bon garçon*," as we then saw. D'Alembert was always, since that time, an agreeable, estimable little man to Friedrich. Age now about forty-six; has lately refused the fine Russian post of "Tutor to the Czarowitsh" (Czarowitsh Paul, poor little Boy of eight or nine, whom we, or Herr Büsching for us, saw galloping about, not long since, "in his dressing-gown," under Panin's Tutorage); refuses now, in a delicate gradual manner, the fine Prussian post of Perpetual President, or Successor to Maupertuis; — definitely preferring his frugal pensions at Paris, and garret all his own there. Continues, especially after this two months' visit of 1763, one of the King's chief correspondents for the next twenty years.² A man of much clear intellect; a thought *shrieky* in his ways sometimes; but always prudent, rational, polite, and loyally

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 377-380 (D'Alembert's fine bits of Letters in prospect of Potsdam, "Paris, 7th March-29th April, 1763;" and two small Notes while there, "Sans-Souci, 6th July-15th August, 1763").

² "29th October, 1783," D'Alembert died: "born 16th November, 1717;" — a Foundling, as is well known; "Mother a Sister of Cardinal Tencin's; Father," accidental, "an Officer in the Artillery."

recognizing Friedrich as a precious article in this world. Here is a word of D'Alembert's to Madame du Deffand, at Paris, some ten or twelve days after the Cleve meeting, and the third day after his arrival here : —

“*Potsdam, 25th June, 1763.* MADAME, — . . . I will not go into the praises of this Prince,” King Friedrich, my now Host ; “in my mouth it might be suspicious : I will merely send you two traits of him, which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling. When I spoke to him [at Geldern, probably, on our first meeting] of the glory he had acquired, he answered, with the greatest simplicity, That there was a furious discount to be deducted from said glory ; that chance came in for almost the whole of it ; and that he would far rather have done Racine's *Athalie* than all this War : — *Athalie* is the work he likes, and re-reads oftenest ; I believe you won't disapprove his taste there. The other trait I have to give you is, That on the day [15th February last] of concluding this Peace, which is so glorious to him, some one saying, ‘It is the finest day of your Majesty's life :’ ‘The finest day of life,’ answered he, ‘is the day on which one quits it.’ . . . — Adieu, Madame.”¹

The meeting in Cleve Country was, no doubt, a very pretty passage, with Two pretty Months following ; — and if it be true that *Helvetius* was a consequence, the 11th of June, 1763, may almost claim to be a kind of epoch in Friedrich's later history. The opulent and ingenious M. Helvetius, who wrote *De l'Esprit*, and has got banished for that feat (lost in the gloom of London in those months), had been a mighty Tax-gatherer as well ; D'Alembert, as brother Philosophe, was familiar with Helvetius. It is certain, also, King Friedrich, at this time, found he would require annually two million thalers more ; — where to get them, seemed the impossibility. A General Kroekow, who had long been in French Service, and is much about the King, was often recommending the French Excise system ; — he is the Kroekow of *Domstüdtl*, and

¹ “ (*Œuvres Posthumes de D'Alembert* (Paris, 1799), i. 197 : ” cited in *Preuss.* ii. 348.

that *Siege of Olmütz*, memorable to some of us : — “ A wonderful Excise system,” Krockow is often saying, in this time of straits. “ Who completely understands it ? ” the King might ask. “ Helvetius, against the world ! ” D’Alembert could justly answer. “ Invite Helvetius to leave his London exile, and accept an asylum here, where he may be of vital use to me ! ” concludes Friedrich.

Helvetius came in March, 1765 ; stayed till June, 1766 : ¹ — within which time a French Excise system, which he had been devising and putting together, had just got in gear, and been in action for a month, to Helvetius’s satisfaction. Who thereupon went his way, and never returned ; — taking with him, as man and tax-gatherer, the King’s lasting gratitude ; but by no means that of the Prussian Nation, in his tax-gathering capacity ! All Prussia, or all of it that fell under this Helvetius Excise system, united to condemn it, in all manner of dialects, louder and louder : here, for instance, is the utterance of Herr Hamann, himself a kind of Custom-house Clerk (at Königsberg, in East Prussen), and on modest terms a Literary man of real merit and originality, who may be supposed to understand this subject : “ And so,” says Hamann, “ the State has declared its own subjects incapable of managing its Finance system ; and in this way has intrusted its heart, that is the purse of its subjects, to a company of Foreign Scoundrels, ignorant of everything relating to it ! ” ²

This lasted all Friedrich’s lifetime ; and gave rise to not a little buzzing, especially in its primary or incipient stages. It seems to have been one of the unsuccessfullest Finance adventures Friedrich ever engaged in. It cost his subjects infinite small trouble ; awakened very great complaining ; and, for the first time, real discontent, — skin-deep but sincere and universal, — against the misguided Vater Fritz. Much noisy absurdity there was upon it, at home, and especially abroad : “ Griping miser,” “ greedy tyrant,” and so forth ! Deducting all which, everybody now admits that Friedrich’s aim was

¹ Rördenbeck, ii. 254 ; Preuss, iii. 11.

² “ Hamann to Jacobi ” (see Preuss, iii. 1-35), “ Königsberg, 18th January 1786.”

excellent and proper; but nobody denies withal that the means were inconsiderate, of no profit in proportion to the trouble they gave, and improper to adopt unless the necessity compelled.

Friedrich is forbidden, or forbids himself, as we have often mentioned, to impose new taxes: and nevertheless now, on calculations deep, minute and no doubt exact, he judges That for meeting new attacks of War (or being ready to meet, which will oftenest mean averting them), — a thing which, as he has just seen, may concern the very existence of the State, — it is necessary that there should be on foot such and such quantities and kinds of Soldiery and War-furniture, visible to all neighbors; and privately in the Treasury never less than such and such a sum. To which end Arithmetic declares that there is required about Two Million thalers more of yearly revenue than we now have. And where, in these circumstances, are the means of raising such a sum?

Friedrich imposes no new taxes; but there may be stricter methods of levying the old; — there may, and in fact there must, be means found! Friedrich has consulted his Finance Ministers; put the question *seriatim* to these wise heads: they answer with one voice, “There are no means.”¹ Friedrich, therefore, has recourse to Helvetius; who, on due consideration, and after survey of much documentary and tabulary raw-material, is of opinion, That the Prussian Excises would, if levied with the punctuality, precision and vigilant exactitude of French methods, actually yield the required overplus. “Organize me the methods, then; get them put in action here; under French hands, if that be indispensable.” Helvetius bethought him of what fittest French hands there were to his knowledge, — in France there are a great many hands flung idle in the present downbreak of finance there: — Helvetius appears to have selected, arranged and contrived in this matter with his best diligence. De Launay, the Head-engineer of the thing, was admitted by all Prussia, after Twenty-two years unfriendly experience of him, to have been a suitable and estimable person; a man of judicious ways, of

¹ Rödénbeck, ii. 256.

no small intelligence, prudence, and of very great skill in administering business.

Head-engineer De Launay, one may guess, would be consulted by Helvetius in choice of the subaltern Officials, the stokers and steerers in this new Steam-Machinery, which had all to be manned from France. There were Four heads of departments immediately under De Launay, or scarcely under him, junior brothers rather:—who chose these I did not hear; but these latter, it is evident, were not a superior quality of people. Of these Four, — all at very high salaries, from De Launay downwards; “higher than a Prussian Minister of State!” murmured the public, — two, within the first year, got into quarrel; fought a duel, fatal to one of them; so that there were now only Three left. “Three, with De Launay, will do,” opined Friedrich; and divided the vacant salary among the survivors: in which form they had at least no more duelling.

As to the subaltern working-parties, the *Visitateurs*, *Controlleurs*, *Jaugeurs* (Gaugers), *Plombeurs* (Lead-stampers), or the strangest kind of all, called “Cellar-Rats (*Commis Rats-de-Cave*),” they were so detested and exclaimed against, by a Public impatient of the work itself, there is no knowing what their degree of scoundrelism was, nor even, within amazingly wide limits, what the arithmetical number of them was. About 500 in the whole of Prussia, says a quiet Prussian, who has made some inquiry;¹ 1,500 says Mirabeau; 3,000 say other exaggerative persons, or even 5,000; De Launay’s account is, Not at any time above 200. But we can all imagine how vexatious they and their business were. Nobody now is privileged with exemption: from one and all of you, Nobles, Clergy, People, strict account is required, about your beers and liquors; your coffee, salt; your consumptions and your purchases of all excisable articles:—nay, I think in coffee and salt, in salt for certain, what you will require, according to your station and domestic numbers, is computed for you, to save trouble; such and such quantities you will please to buy in our presence, or to pay duty for, whether you buy them or not. Into all houses, at any hour of the day or of the night,

¹ “Beguelin, *Accise- und Zoll-Verfassung*, s. 138” (Preuss. iii. 18).

1766.

these cellar-rats had liberty, — (on warrant from some higher rat of their own type, I know not how much higher; and no sure appeal for you, except to the King; tolerably sure there, if you be *innocent*, but evidently perilous if you be only *not-convicted*!) — had liberty, I say, to search for contraband; all your presses, drawers, repositories, you must open to these beautiful creatures; watch in nightcap, and candle in hand, while your things get all tumbled hither and thither, in the search for what perhaps is not there; nay, it was said and suspected, but I never knew it for certain, that these poisonous French are capable of slipping in something contraband, on purpose to have you fined whether or not.

Readers can conceive, though apparently Friedrich did not, what a world of vexation all this occasioned; and how, in the continual annoyance to all mankind, the irritation, provocation and querulous eloquence spread among high and low. Of which the King knew something; but far from the whole. His object was one of vital importance; and his plan once fixed, he went on with it, according to his custom, regardless of little rubs. The Anecdote Books are full of details, come mostly, on this subject: How the French rats pounced down upon good harmless people, innocent frugal parsonages, farm-houses; and were comically flung prostrate by native ready wit, or by direct appeal to the King. Details, never so authentic, could not be advisable in this place. Perhaps there are not more than Two authentic Passages, known to me, which can now have the least interest, even of a momentary sort, to English readers. The first is, Of King Friedrich caricatured as a Miser grinding Coffee. I give it, without essential alteration of any kind, in Herr Preuss's words, copied from those of one who saw it:—the second, which relates to a Princess or Ex-Princess of the Royal House, I must reserve for a little while. Herr Preuss says:—

“Once during the time of the ‘Régie’ [which lasted from 1766 to 1786 and the King's death: no other date assignable, though 1768, or so, may be imaginable for our purpose], as the King came riding along the Jäger Strasse, there was visible near what is called the Fürstenhaus,” kind of Berlin

Somerset House,¹ “a great erowd of people. ‘See what it is!’ the King sent his one attendant, a heiduc or groom, into it, to learn what it was. ‘They have something posted up about your Majesty,’ reported the groom; and Friedrich, who by this time had ridden forward, took a look at the thing; which was a Caricature figure of himself: King in very melancholy guise, seated on a Stool, a Coffee-mill between his knees; diligently grinding with the one hand, and with the other picking up any bean that might have fallen. ‘Hang it lower,’ said the King, beckoning his groom with a wave of the finger: ‘Lower, that they may not have to hurt their necks about it!’ No sooner were the words spoken, which spread instantly, than there rose from the whole crowd one universal huzza of joy. They tore the Caricature into a thousand pieces, and rolled after the King with loud ‘*Lebe hoch*, Our Friedrich forever!’ as he rode slowly away.”² That is their Friedrich’s method with the Caricature Department. Heffner, Kapellmeister in Upsala, reports this bit of memorability; he was then of the King’s Music-Chapel in Berlin, and saw this with his eyes.

The King’s tendency at all times, and his practice generally, when we hear of it, was to take the people’s side; so that gradually these French procedures were a great deal mitigated; and *die Regie*—so they called this hateful new-fangled system of Excise machinery—became much more supportable, “the sorrows of it nothing but a tradition to the younger sort,” reports Dohm, who is extremely ample on this subject.³ De Launay was honorably dismissed, and the whole *Regie* abolished, a month or two after Friedrich’s death.

With a splenetie satisfaction authentic Dohm, who sufficiently eodemns the *Regie*, adds that it was not even successful; and shows by evidence, and computation to the uttermost farthing, that instead of two million thalers annually, it yielded on the average rather less than one. The

¹ Nicolai, i. 155.

² Preuss, iii. 275 (“from *Berlin Conversationsblatt* &c. of 1827, No. 253”).

³ Christian Wilhelm von Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1819), iv. 500 et seq.

desired overplus of two millions, and a good deal more did indeed come in, says he: but it was owing to the great prosperity of Prussia at large, after the Seven-Years War; to the manifold industries awakening, which have gone on progressive ever since. Dohm declares farther, that the very object was in a sort fanciful, nugatory; arguing that nobody did attack Friedrich;—but omitting to prove that nobody would have done so, had Friedrich *not* stood ready to receive him. We will remark only, what is very indisputable, that Friedrich, owing to the Regie, or to other causes, did get the humble overplus necessary for him; and did stand ready for any war which might have come (and which did in a sort come); that he more and more relaxed the Regie, as it became less indispensable to him; and was willing, if he found the Caricatures and Opposition Placards too high posted, to save the poor reading people any trouble that was possible.

A French eye-witness testifies: "They had no talent, these Regie fellows, but that of writing and ciphering; extremely conceited too, and were capable of the most ridiculous follies. Once, for instance, they condemned a common soldier, who had hidden some pounds of tobacco, to a fine of 200 thalers. The King, on reviewing it for confirmation, wrote on the margin: 'Before confirming this sentence, I should wish to know where the Soldier, who gets 8 groschen [ninepence halfpenny] in the 5 days, will find the 200 crowns for paying this Fine!'"¹ Innumerable instances of a constant disposition that way, on the King's part, stand on record. "A crown a head on the import of fat cattle, Tax on butcher's-meat?" writes he once to De Launay: "No, that would fall on the poorer classes: to that I must say No. I am, by office, Procurator of the Poor (*l'Avocat du pauvre*)."² Elsewhere it is "*Avocat du pauvre et du soldat* (of the working-man and of the soldier); and have to plead their cause."²

We will now give our Second Anecdote; which has less of memorability to us strangers at present, though doubtless it

¹ Laveaux (2d edition). iii. 228.

² Preuss, iii. 20.

was then, in Berlin society, the more celebrated of the two ; relating, as it did, to a high Court-Lady, almost the highest, and who was herself only too celebrated in those years. The heroine is Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, King's own Niece and a pretty woman ; who for four years (14th July, 1765–18th April, 1769) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia, — Wife of that tall young Gentleman whom we used to see dancing about, whom we last saw at Schweidnitz getting flung from his horse, on the day of Pirch's saddle there : — his Wife for four years, but in the fourth year ceased to be so¹ (for excellent reasons, on both sides), and lived thenceforth in a divorced eclipsed state at Stettin, where is laid the scene of our Anecdote. I understand it to be perfectly true ; but cannot ascertain from any of the witnesses in what year the thing happened ; or whether it was at Stettin or Berlin, — though my author has guessed, “Stettin, in the Lady's divorced state,” as appears.

“This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very beautiful dress ; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. As this kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the *Douanier*, head Custom-house Personage of the Town, had the impertinence to detain the dress till payment were made. The Princess, in a lofty indignation, sent word to this person, To bring the dress instantly, and she would pay the dues on it. He obeyed : but,” — mark the result, — “scarcely had the Princess got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon Dress ; and, giving the *Douanier* a couple of good slaps on the face, ordered him out of her apartment and house.

“The *Douanier*, thinking himself one and somewhat, withdrew in high choler ; had a long *Procès-verbal* of the thing drawn out ; and sent it to the King with eloquent complaint, ‘That he had been dishonored in doing the function appointed him.’ Friedrich replied as follows : *To the Douanier at Stettin* : ‘The loss of the Excise-dues shall fall to my score ; the Dress shall remain with the Princess ; the slaps to him who has received them. As to the pretended Dishonor, I entirely relieve

¹ Rödénbeck, ii. 241, 257.

the complainant from that : never can the appliance of a beautiful hand dishonor the face of an Officer of Customs. — F.' ”¹

Northern Tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this Princess, down to recent times, as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of Lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and indeed into our own. Died 18th February, 1840 : at the age of ninety-six. Threescore and eleven years of that eclipsed Stettin Existence ; this of the Lyon gown, and caitiff of a Custom-houser slapped on the face, her one adventure put on record for us ! —

She was signally blamable in that of the Divorce ; but not she alone, nor first of the Two. Her Crown-Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, called afterwards, as King, “*der Dicke* (the Fat, or the Big),” and held in little esteem by Posterity, — a headlong, rather dark and physical kind of creature, though not ill-meaning or dishonest, — was himself a dreadful sinner in that department of things ; and had *begun* the bad game against his poor Cousin and Spouse ! Readers of discursive turn are perhaps acquainted with a certain “Gräfin von Lichtenau,” and her *Memoirs* so called : — not willingly, but driven, I fish up one specimen, and one only, from that record of human puddles and perversities : —

“From the first year of our attachment,” says this precious Gräfin, “I was already the confidant of his,” the Prince of Prussia’s, “most secret thoughts. One day [in 1767, second year of his married life, I then fifteen, slim Daughter of a Player on the French Horn, in his Majesty’s pay], the Prince happened to be very serious ; and was owing to me with frankness that he had some wrongs towards my sex to reproach himself with,” — alas, yes, some few : — “and he swore that he would never forsake *me* ; and that if Heaven disposed of my life before his, none but he should close my eyes. He was fingering with a penknife at the time ; he struck the point of

¹ Laveaux (abridged), iii. 229.

it into the palm of his left hand, and wrote with his blood [the unelean creature], on a little bit of paper, the Oath which his lips had just pronounced in so solemn a tone. Vainly should I undertake to paint my emotion on this action of his ! The Prince saw what I felt ; and took advantage of it to beg that I would follow his example. I hastened to satisfy him ; and traced, as he had done, with my blood, the promise to remain his friend to the tomb, and never to forsake him. This Promise must have been found among his Papers after his death [still in the Archives ? we will hope not !] — Both of us stood faithful to this Oath. The tie of love, it is true, we broke : but that was by mutual consent, and the better to fix ourselves in the bonds of an inviolable friendship. Other mistresses reigned over his senses ; but I ” — *Ach Gott*, no more of that.¹

The King's own account of the affair is sufficiently explicit. His words are : “ Not long ago [about two years before this of the penknife] we mentioned the Prince of Prussia's marriage with Elizabeth of Brunswick [his Cousin twice over, her Mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, being his Father's Sister and mine, and her Father *his* Mother's Brother, — if you like to count it]. This engagement, from which everybody had expected happy consequences, did not correspond to the wishes of the Royal House.” Only one Princess could be realized (subsequently Wife to the late Duke of York), — she came this same year of the penknife, — and bad outlooks for more. “ The Husband, young and dissolute (*sans mœurs*), given up to a erapulous life, from which his relatives could not correct him, was continually committing infidelities to his Wife. The Princess, who was in the flower of her beauty, felt outraged by such neglect of her charms ; her vivacity, and the good opinion she had of herself, brought her upon the thought of avenging her wrongs by retaliation. Speedily she gave in to excesses, scarcely inferior to those of her Husband. Family quarrels broke out, and were soon publicly known. The antipathy that ensued took away all hope of succession [had it

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau* (à Londres, chez Colburn Libraire, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 2 tomes, small 8vo, 1809), i. 129.

been desirable in these sad circumstances!]. Prince Henri [*Junior*, this hopeful Prince of Prussia's Brother], who was gifted with all the qualities to be wished in a young man [witness my tears for him], had been carried off by small-pox.¹ The King's Brothers, Princes Henri and Ferdinand, avowed frankly that they would never consent to have, by some accidental bastard, their rights of succession to the crown carried off. In the end, there was nothing for it but proceeding to a divorce."²

Divorce was done in a beautiful private manner; case tried with strictly shut doors; all the five judges under oath to carry into the grave whatever they came to know of it:³ divorce completed 18th April, 1769; and, within three months, a new marriage was accomplished, Princess Frederika Luisa of Hessen-Darmstadt the happy woman. By means of whom there was duly realized a Friedrich Wilhelm, who became "King Friedrich Wilhelm III." (a much-enduring, excellent, though inarticulate man), as well as various other Princes and Princesses, in spite of interruptions from the Lichtenau Sisterhood. High-souled Elizabeth was relegated to Stettin; her amount of Pension is not mentioned; her Family, after the unhappy proofs communicated to them, had given their consent and sanction;—and she stayed there, idle, or her own mistress of work, for the next seventy-one years.—Enough of *her* Lyon Dress, surely, and of the Excise system altogether!—

The Neue Palais, in Sans-Souci Neighborhood, is founded and finished (1763–1770).

If D'Alembert's Visit was the germ of the Excise system, it will be curious to note, — and indeed whether or not, it will be chronologically serviceable to us here, and worth noting, — that there went on a small synchronous affair, still visible to everybody: namely, That in the very hours while Friedrich

¹ "26th May, 1767," age 19 gone; *éloge* of him by Friedrich ("MS. still stained with tears"), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 37 et seq.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23.

³ Preuss, iv. 180–186.

and D'Alembert were saluting mutually at Geldern (11th June, 1763), there was laid the foundation of what they call the *Neue Palais*; New Palace of Sans-Souci:¹ a sumptuous Edifice, in the curious *Louis-Quinze* or what is called "Rococo" style of the time; Palace never much inhabited by Friedrich or his successors, which still stands in those ornamental Potsdam regions. Why built, especially in the then down-pressed financial circumstances, some have had their difficulties to imagine. It appears, this New Palace had been determined on before the War broke out; and Friedrich said to himself: "We will build it now, to help the mechanical classes in Berlin, — perhaps also, in part [think some, and why should not they, a little?] to show mankind that we have still ready money; and are nothing like so ruined as they fancy."

"This *Neue Palais*," says one recent Tourist, "is a pleasant quaint object, nowadays, to the stranger. It has the air *dégagé*, *pococurante*; pleasantly fine in aspect and in posture; — spacious expanses round it, not in a waste, but still less in a strict condition; and (in its deserted state) has a silence, especially a total absence of needless flunkies and of gaping fellow-loungers, which is charming. Stands mute there, in its solitude, in its stately silence and negligence, like some Tadmor of the Wilderness in small. The big square of Stables, Coach-houses, near by, was locked up, — probably one sleeping groom in it. The very *Custos* of the grand Edifice (such the rarity of fees to him) I could not awaken without difficulty. In the gray autumn zephyrs, no sound whatever about this New Palace of King Friedrich's, except the rustle of the crisp brown leaves, and of any faded or fading memories you may have.

"I should say," continues he, "it somehow reminds you of the City of Bath. It has the cut of a battered Beau of old date; Beau still extant, though in strangely other circumstances; something in him of pathetic dignity in that kind. It shows excellent sound masonries; which have an over-tendency to jerk themselves into pinnacles, curvatures and graciosities; many statues atop, — three there are, in a kind of grouped or partnership attitude; 'These,' said diligent

¹ Rödénbeck, ii. 219.

scandal, 'note them; these mean Maria Theresa, Pompadour and *Catin du Nord*' (mere Muses, I believe, or of the Nymph or Hamadryad kind, nothing of harm in them). In short, you may call it the stone Apotheosis of an old French Beau. Considerably weather-beaten (the brown of lichens spreading visibly here and there, the firm-set ashlar telling you, 'I have stood a hundred years'); — Beau old and weather-beaten, with his cocked-hat not in the fresh condition, all his gold-laces tarnished; and generally looking strange, and in a sort tragical, to find himself, fleeting creature, become a denizen of the Architectural Fixities and earnest Eternities!" —

From Potsdam Palace to the New Palace of Sans-Souci may be a mile distance; flat ground, parallel to the foot of Hills; all through arbors, parterres, water-works, and ornamental gardenings and cottagings or villa-ings, — Cottage-Villa for Lord Marischal is one of them. This mile of distance, taking the *Cottage Royal* of Sans-Souci on its hill-top as vertex, will be the base of an isosceles or nearly isosceles triangle, flatter than equilateral. To the Cottage Royal of Sans-Souci may be about three-quarters of a mile northeast from this New Palace, and from Potsdam Palace to it rather less. And the whole square-mile or so of space is continuously a Garden, not in the English sense, though it has its own beauties of the more artificial kind; and, at any rate, has memories for you, and footsteps of persons still unforgotten by mankind. — Here is a Notice of Lord Marischal; which readers will not grudge; the chronology of the worthy man, in these his later epochs, being in so hazy a state: —

Lord Marischal, we know well and Pitt knows, was in England in 1761, — ostensibly on the Kintore Heritage; and in part, perhaps, really on that errand. But he went and came, at dates now uncertain; was back in Spain after that, had difficult voyagings about;¹ — and did not get to rest again, in his Government of Neuchâtel, till April, 1762. There is a Letter of the King's, which at least fixes that point: —

"*Breslau, 10th April, 1762.* My nose is the most impertinent

¹ King's Letters to him, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 282–285.

nose in the universe, *mon cher Mylord* [Queen-Dowager snuff, *Spaniol* from the fountain-head, of Marischal's providing; quality exquisite, but difficult to get transmitted in the Storms of War]; I am ashamed of the trouble it costs you! I beg many pardons; — and should be quite abashed, did I not know how you compassionate the weak points of your friends, and that, for a long time past, you have a singular indulgence for my nose. I am very glad to know you happily returned to your Government, safe at Colombier (*Dove-cote*) in Neufchâtel again." This is 10th April, 1762. There, as I gather, quiet in his Dove-cote, Marischal continued, though rather weary of the business, for about a year more; or till the King got home, — who delights in companionship, and is willing to let an old man demit for good.

It was in Summer, 1762 (about three months after the above Letter from the King), that Rousseau made his celebrated exodus into Neufchâtel Country, and found the old Governor so good to him, — glad to be allowed to shelter the poor skinless creature. And, mark as curious, it must have been on two of those mornings, towards the end of the Siege of Schweidnitz, when things were getting so intolerable, and at times breaking out into electricity, into "rebuke all round," that Friedrich received that singular pair of Laconic Notes from Rousseau in Neufchâtel: forwarded, successively, by Lord Marischal; *Note First*, of date, "Motier-Travers, Neufchâtel, September," nobody can guess what day, "1762:" "I have said much ill of you, and don't repent it. Now everybody has banished me; and it is on your threshold that I sit down. Kill me, if you have a mind!" And then (after, not death, but the gift of 100 crowns), *Note Second*, "October, 1762:" . . . "Take out of my sight that sword, which dazzles and pains me; *it* has only too well done its duty, while the sceptre is abandoned:" "Make Peace, can't you!"¹ — What curious reading, for a King in such posture, among the miscellaneous arrivals overnight! Above six weeks before either of these *Notes*, Friedrich, hearing of him from Lord Marischal, had answered: "An asylum? Yes, by all means: the unlucky cynic!" It is on September 1st,

¹ *Œuvres complètes de Rousseau* (à Genève, 1782-1789), xx.xiii. 64, 65.

that he sends, by the same channel, 100 crowns for his use, with advice to "give them *in naturâ*, lest he refuse otherwise;" as Friedrich knows to be possible. In words, the Rousseau Notes got nothing of Answer. "*A garçon singulier*," says Friedrich: odd fellow, yes indeed, your Majesty;—and has such a pungency of flattery in him too, presented in the way of snarl! His Majesty might take him, I suppose, with a kind of relish, like Queen-Dowager snuff.

There was still another shift of place, shift which proved temporary, in old Marischal's life: Home to native Aberdeenshire. The two childless Brothers, Earls of Kintore, had died successively, the last of them November 22d, 1761: title and heritage, not considerable the latter, fell duly, by what preparatives we know, to old Marischal; but his Keith kinsfolk, furthermore, would have him personally among them,—nay, after that, would have him to wed and produce new Keiths. At the age of 78; decidedly an inconvenient thing! Old Marischal left Potsdam "August, 1763,"¹—*New-Palace* scaffoldings and big stone blocks conspicuous in those localities; pleasant D'Alembert now just about leaving in the other direction;—much to Friedrich's regret, the old Marischal especially, as is still finely evident.

Friedrich to Lord Marischal (in Scotland for the last six months).

"SANS-SOUCI, 16th February, 1764.

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among them; and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your bones. You have in your lifetime the lot of Homer after death: Cities arguing which is your birthplace;—I myself would dispute it with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my

¹ Letter of his to the King ("*Londres, 14 Août, 1763*"), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 293. — In *Letters of Eminent Persons to David Hume* (Edinburgh, 1849), pp. 57–71, are some Nine from the Old Marischal; in curiously mixed dialect, cheerful, but in distinct; the two chief dates of which are: "Touch" (guttural Tuck, in Aberdeenshire), "28 October, 1763," and "Potsdam, 20 February. 1765"

cher Mylord, and bring him hither. Alas, our Elbe Boats can't do it. But you give me hopes ; — which I seize with avidity ! I was your late Brother's friend, and had obligations to him ; I am yours with heart and soul. These are my titles, these are my rights : — you sha'n't be forced in the matter of progeny here (*faire l'étalon ici*), neither priests nor attorneys shall meddle with you ; you shall live here in the bosom of friendship, liberty and philosophy." Come to me ! . . . — F.¹

Old Marischal did come ; and before long. I know not the precise month : but "his Villa-Cottage was built for him," the Books say, "in 1764." He had left D'Alembert just going ; next year he will find Helvetius coming. He lived here, a great treasure to Friedrich, till his death, 25th May, 1778, age 92.

The New Palace was not finished till 1770 ; — in which year, also, Friedrich reckons that the general Problem of Repairing Prussia was victoriously over. New Palace, growing or complete, looks down on all these operations and occurrences. In its cradle, it sees D'Alembert go, Lord Marischal go ; Helvetius come, Lord Marischal come ; in its boyhood or maturity, the Excise, and French *Rats-de-Cave*, spring up ; Crown-Prince Friedrich Wilhelm prick his hand for a fit kind of ink ; Friedrich Wilhelm's Divorced Wife give her Douanier two slaps in the face, by way of payment. Nay, the same Friedrich Wilhelm, become "Friedrich Wilhelm II., or *der Dicke*," died in it, — his Lichtenau *and* his second Wife, jewel of women, nursing him in his last sickness there.²

The violent stress of effort for repairing Prussia, Friedrich intimates, was mostly over in 1766 : till which date specifically, and in a looser sense till 1770, that may be considered as his main business. But it was not at any time his sole business ; nor latterly at all equal in interest to some others that had risen on him, as the next Chapter will now show. Here, first, is a little Fraction of *Necrology*, which may be

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 295.

² "Died 16th November, 1797."

worth taking with us. Readers can spread these fateful specialties over the Period in question; and know that each of them came with a kind of knell upon Friedrich's heart, whatever he might be employed about. Hour striking after hour on the Horologe of Time; intimating how the Afternoon wore, and that Night was coming. Various meanings there would be to Friedrich in these footfalls of departing guests, the dear, the less dear, and the indifferent or hostile; but each of them would mean: "Gone, then, gone; thus we all go!"

"Obituary in Friedrich's Circle till 1771."

Of Polish Majesty's death (5th October, 1763), and then (2d December following) of his Kurprinz or Successor's, with whom we dined at Moritzburg so recently, there will be mention by and by. November 28th, 1763, in the interval between these two, the wretched Brühl had died. April 14th, 1764, died the wretched Pompadour; — "To us not known, *Je ne la connais pas*:" — hapless Butterfly, she had been twenty years in the winged condition; age now forty-four: dull Louis, they say, looked out of window as her hearse departed, "*froide-ment*," without emotion of any visible kind. These little concern Friedrich or us; we will restrict ourselves to Friends.

"*Died in 1764.* At Pisa, Algarotti (23d May, 1764, age fifty-two); with whom Friedrich has always had some correspondence hitherto (to himself interesting, though not to us), and will never henceforth have more. Friedrich raised a Monument to him; Monument still to be seen in the Campo-Santo of Pisa: '*Hic jacet Ovidii amulus et Newtoni discipulus*;' friends have added '*Fredericus Magnus poni fecit*;' and on another part of the Monument, '*Algarottus non omnis*.'¹

"— *in 1765.* At the age of eighty, November 18th, Gräfin Camas, '*Ma bonne Maman*' (widow since 1741); excellent old Lady, — once brilliantly young, German by birth, her name Brandt; — to whom the King's *Letters* used to be so pretty." This same year, too, Kaiser Franz died; but him we will reserve, as not belonging to this Select List.

"— *in 1766.* At Nanci, 23d February, age eighty-six, King

¹ Preuss, iv. 188.

Stanislaus Leczinsky: 'his clothes caught fire' (accidental spark or sputter on some damask dressing-gown or the like); and the much-enduring innocent old soul ended painfully his Titular career.

"*Died in 1767.* October 22d, the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha, age fifty-seven; a sad stroke this also, among one's narrowing List of Friends. — I doubt if Friedrich ever saw this high Lady after the Visit we lately witnessed. His *Letters* to her are still in the Archives of Gotha: not hers to him; all lost, these latter, but an accidental Two, which are still beautiful in their kind.¹

"—*in 1770.* Bielfeld, the fantastic individual of old days. Had long been out of Friedrich's circle, — in Altenburg Country, I think; — without importance to Friedrich or us: the *year* of him will do, without search for day or month.

"—*in 1771.* Two heavy deaths come this year. January 28th, 1771, at Berlin, dies our valuable old friend Excellency Mitchell, — still here on the part of England, in cordial esteem as a man and companion; though as Minister, I suppose, with function more and more imaginary. This painfully ushers in the year. To usher it out, there is still worse: faithful D'Argens dies, 26th December, 1771, on a visit in his native Provence, — leaving, as is still visible,² a big and sad blank behind him at Potsdam." But we need not continue; at least not at present.

Long before all these, Friedrich had lost friends; with a sad but quiet emotion he often alludes to this tragic fact, that all the souls he loved most are gone. His Winterfelds, his Keiths, many loved faces, the War has snatched: at Monbijou, at Baireuth, it was not War; but they too are gone. Is the world becoming all a Mausoleum, then; nothing of divine in it but the Tombs of vanished loved ones? Friedrich makes no noise on such subjects: loved and unloved alike must go.

We have still to mark Kaiser Franz's sudden death; a thing politically interesting, if not otherwise. August, 1765, at Innspruck, during the Marriage-festivities of his Second Son,

¹ Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 165, 256.

² Friedrich's two Letters to the Widow (*Ib.* xix. 427–429).

Leopold (Duke of Florence, who afterwards, on Joseph's death, was Kaiser), — Kaiser Franz, sauntering about in the evening gala, "18th August, about 9 P.M.," suddenly tottered, staggered as falling; fell into Son Joseph's arms; and was dead. Above a year before, this same Joseph, his Eldest Son, had been made King of the Romans: "elected 26th March; crowned 3d April, 1764;" — Friedrich furthering it, wishful to be friendly with his late enemies.¹

On this Innsbruck Tragedy, Joseph naturally became Kaiser, — Part-Kaiser; his Dowager-Mother, on whom alone it depends, having decided that way. The poor Lady was at first quite overwhelmed with her grief. She had the death-room of her Husband made into a Chapel; she founded furthermore a Monastery in Innsbruck, "Twelve Canonesses to pray there for the repose of Franz;" was herself about to become Abbess there, and quit the secular world; but in the end was got persuaded to continue, and take Son Joseph as Coadjutor.² In which capacity we shall meet the young man again.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES IN POLAND.

APRIL 11th, 1764, one year after his Seven-Years labor of Hercules, Friedrich made Treaty of Alliance with the new Czarina Catharine. England had deserted him; France was his enemy, especially Pompadour and Choiseul, and refused reconciliation, though privately solicited: he was without an Ally anywhere. The Russians had done him frightful damage in the last War, and were most of all to be dreaded in the case of any new one. The Treaty was a matter of necessity as well as choice. Agreement for mutual good neighborhood and friendly offices; guarantee of each other against intrusive

¹ Rödenbeck, ii. 234.

² Hormayr, *Österreichischer Plutarch* (§ Maria Theresa), iv (2tes Bändchen) 6-124; *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 30.

third parties : should either get engaged in war with any neighbor, practical aid to the length of 12,000 men, or else money in lieu. Treaty was for eight years from day of date.

As Friedrich did not get into war, and Catharine did, with the Turks and certain loose Polacks, the burden of fulfilment happened to fall wholly on Friedrich ; and he was extremely punctual in performance, — eager now, and all his life after, to keep well with such a Country under such a Czarina. Which proved to be the whole rule of his policy on that Russian side. “ Good that Country cannot bring me by any quarrel with it ; evil it can, to a frightful extent, in case of my quarrelling with others ! Be wary, be punctual, magnanimously polite, with that grandiose Czarina and her huge territories and notions : ” this was Friedrich’s constant rule in public and in private. Nor is it thought his *Correspondence with the Empress Catharine*, when future generations see it in print, will disclose the least ground of offence to that high-flying Female Potentate of the North. Nor will it ever be known what the silently observant Friedrich thought of her, except indeed what we already know, or as good as know, That he, if anybody did, saw her clearly enough for what she was ; and found good to repress into absolute zero whatever had no bearing upon business, and might by possibility give offence in that quarter. For we are an old King, and have learned by bitter experiences ! No more nicknames, biting verses, or words which a bird of the air could carry ; though this poor Lady too has her liabilities, were not we old and prudent ; — and is entirely as weak on certain points (deducting the devotions and the brandy-and-water) as some others were ! The Treaty was renewed when necessary ; and continued valid and vital in every particular, so long as Friedrich ruled.

By the end of the first eight years, by strictly following this passive rule, Friedrich, in counterbalance of his losses, unexpectedly found himself invested with a very singular bit of gain, — “ unjust gain ! ” cried all men, making it of the nature of gain and loss to him, — which is still practically his, and which has made, and makes to this day, an immense noise in the world. Everybody knows we mean West-Prussen ;

Partition of Poland; bloodiest picture in the Book of Time, Sarmatia's fall unwept without a crime; — and that we have come upon a very intricate part of our poor History.

No prudent man — especially if to himself, as is my own poor case in regard to it, the subject have long been altogether dead and indifferent — would wish to write of the Polish Question. For almost a hundred years the Polish Question has been very loud in the world; and ever and anon rises again into vocality among Able Editors, as a thing pretending not to be dead and buried, but capable of rising again, and setting itself right, by good effort at home and abroad. Not advisable, beyond the strict limits of compulsion, to write of it at present! The rather as the History of it, any History we have, is not an intelligible series of events, but a series of vociferous execrations, filling all Nature, with nothing left to the reader but darkness, and such remedies against despair as he himself can summon or contrive.

“Rulhière's on that subject,” says a Note which I may cite, “is the only articulate-speaking Book to which mankind as yet can apply;¹ and they will by no means find that a sufficient one. Rulhière's Book has its considerable merits; but it absolutely wants those of a History; and can be recognized by no mind as an intelligible cosmic Portraiture of that chaotic Mass of Occurrences: chronology, topography, precision of detail by time and place; scene, and actors on scene, remain unintelligible. Rulhière himself knew Poland, at least had looked on it from Warsaw outwards, year after year, and knew of it what an inquiring Secretary of Legation could pick up on those terms, which perhaps, after all, is not very much. His Narrative is drowned in beautiful seas of description and reflection; has neither dates nor references; and advances at an intolerable rate of slowness; in fact, rather turns on its axis than advances; produces on you the effect of a melodious Sonata, not of a lucid and comfortably instructive History.

“I forget for how long Rulhière had been in Poland, as Ambassador's Assistant: but the Country, the King and leading

¹ Cl. Rulhière, *Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne* (Paris, 1807), 4 vols. 12mo.

Personages were personally known to him, more or less; Events with all details of them were known: 'Why not write a History of the Anarchy and Wreck they fell into?' said the Official people to him, on his return home: 'For behoof of the Dauphin [who is to be Louis XVI. shortly]; may not he perhaps draw profit from it? At the top of the Universe, experience is sometimes wanted. Here are the Archives, here is Salary, here are what appliances you like to name: Write!' It is well known he was appointed, on a Pension of £250 a year, with access to all archives, documents and appliances in possession of the French Government, and express charge to delineate this subject for benefit of the Dauphin's young mind. Nor can I wonder, considering everything, that the process on Rulhière's part, being so full of difficulties, was extremely deliberate; that this Book did not grow so steadily or fast as the Dauphin did; and that in fact the poor Dauphin never got the least benefit from it, — being guillotined, he, in 1793, and the Book intended for him never coming to light for fourteen years afterwards, it too in a posthumous and still unfinished condition.

"Rulhière has heard the voices of rumor, knows an infinitude of events that were talked of; but has not discriminated which were the vital, which were the insignificant; treats the vital and the insignificant alike; seldom with satisfactory precision; mournfully seldom giving any date, and by no chance any voucher or authority; — and instead of practical terrestrial scene of action, with distances, milestones, definite sequence of occurrences, and of causes and effects, paints us a rosy cloudland, which if true at all, as he well intends it to be, is little more than symbolically or allegorically so; and can satisfy no clear-headed Dauphin or man. Rulhière strives to be authentic, too; gives you no suspicion of his fairness. There is really fine high-colored painting in Rulhière! and you hope always he will let you into the secret of the matter: but the sad fact is, he never does. He merely loses himself in picturesque details, philosophic eloquences, elegancies; takes you to a Castle of Choczim, a Monastery of Czenstochow, a Bay of Tschesme, and lets off extensive fire-works that

contain little or no shot; leads you on trackless marches, inroads or outroads, through the Lithuanian Peat-bogs, on daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes of mere Pulawski, Potocki and the like;—had not got to understand the matter himself, you perceive: how hopeless to make you understand it!”

English readers, however, have no other shift; the rest of the Books I have seen, — *Histoire des Révolutions de Pologne*; ¹ *Histoire des Trois Démembrements de la Pologne*; ² *Letters on Poland*; ³ and many more, —are not worth mentioning at all. Comfortable in the mad dance of these is Hermann's recent dull volume; ⁴—commonplace, dull, but steady and faithful; yielding us at least dates, and an immunity from noise. By help of Hermann and the others, distilled to *caput mortuum*, a few dated facts (cardinal we dare not call them) may be extracted;—dimly out of these, to the meditating mind, some outline of the phenomenon may begin to become conceivable.

*King of Poland dies; and there ensue huge Anarchies
in that Country.*

The poor old King of Poland — whom we saw, on that fall of the curtain at Pirna seven years ago, rush off for Warsaw with his Brühl, with expressive speed and expressive silence, and who has been waiting there ever since, sublimely confident that his powerful terrestrial friends, Austria, Russia, France, not to speak of Heaven's justice at all, would exact due penalty, of signal and tremendous nature, on the Prussian Aggres-

¹ 1778 (à *Warsovie*, et se trouve à *Paris*), 2 vols. 8vo.

² Anonymous (by one *Ferrand*, otherwise unknown to me), *Paris*, 1820, 3 vols. 8vo.

³ Anonymous (by a “Reverend Mr. Lindsey,” it would seem), *Letters concerning the Present State of Poland, together with &c.* (London, 1773; 1 vol. 8vo): of these *Letters*, or at least of Reverend Lindsey, Author of them, “Tutor to King Stanislaus's Nephew,” and a man of painfully loud loose tongue, there may perhaps be mention afterwards.

⁴ Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, vol. v. (already cited in regard to the Peter-Catharine tragedy); seems to be compiled mainly from the Saxo» Archives, from *Despatches* written on the spot and at the time.

sor — has again been disappointed. The poor old Gentleman got no compensation for his manifold losses and woes at Pirna or elsewhere; not the least mention of such a thing, on the final winding-up of that War of Seven Years, in which his share had been so tragical; no alleviation was provided for him in this world. His sorrows in Poland have been manifold; nothing but anarchy, confusions and contradictions had been his Royal portion there: in about Forty different Diets he had tried to get some business done, — no use asking what; for the Diets, one and all, exploded in *Nie pozwalam*; and could do no business, good, bad or indifferent, for him or anybody. An unwise, most idle Country; following as chief employment perpetual discrepancy with its idle unwise King and self; Russia the virtual head of it this long while, so far as it has any head.

February–August, 1763, just while the Treaty of Hubertsbourg was blessing everybody with the return of Peace, and for long months after Peace had returned to everybody, Polish Majesty was in sore trouble. Trouble in regard to Courland, to his poor Son Karl, who fancied himself elected, under favor and permission of the late Czarina our gracious Protectress and Ally, to the difficult post of Duke in Courland; and had proceeded, three or four years ago, to take possession, — but was now interrupted by Russian encroachments and violence. Not at all well disposed to him, these new Peters, new Catharines. They have recalled their Bieren from Siberia; declare that old Bieren is again Duke, or at least that young Bieren is, and not Saxon Karl at all; and have proceeded, Czarina Catharine has, to install him forcibly with Russian soldiers. Karl declares, “You shall kill *me* before you or he get into this Palace of Mietau!” — and by Domestic merely, and armed private Gentlemen, he does maintain himself in said Palatial Mansion; valiantly indignant, for about six months; the Russian Battalions girdling him on all sides, minatory more and more, but loath to begin actual bloodshed.¹ A transaction very famed in those parts, and still giving loud voice in the Polish Books, which indeed get ever noisier from this point

¹ *Rulhière*, ii. (livre v.) 81 et antea; *Hermann*, v. 348 et seq.

onward, till they end in inarticulate shrieks, as we shall too well hear.

Empress Catharine, after the lapse of six months, sends an Ambassador to Warsaw (Kayserling by name), who declares, in tone altogether imperative, that Czarish Majesty feels herself weary of such contumacy, weary generally of Polish Majesty's and Polish Republic's multifarious contumacies; and, in fine, cruelest of all, that she has troops on the frontier; that Courland is not the only place where she has troops. What a stab to the poor old man! "Contumacies?" Has not he been Russia's patient stepping-stone, all along; his anarchic Poland and he accordant in that, if in nothing else? "Let us to Saxony," decides he passionately, "and leave all this." In Saxony his poor old Queen is dead long since; much is dead: Saxony and Life generally, what a Golgotha! He immediately sends word to Karl, "Give up Courland; I am going home!" — and did hastily make his packages, and bid adieu to Warsaw, and, in a few weeks after to this anarchic world altogether. Died at Dresden, 5th October, 1763.

Polish Majesty had been elected 5th October, 1733; died, you observe, 5th October, 1763; — was King of Poland ("King," save the mark!) for 30 years to a day. Was elected — do readers still remember how? Leaves a ruined Saxony lying round him; a ruined life mutely asking him, "Couldst thou have done no better, then?" Wretched Brühl followed him in four or five weeks. Nay, in about two months, his Son and Successor, "Friedrich Christian" (with whom we dined at Moritzburg), had followed him;¹ leaving a small Boy, age 13, as new Kurfürst, "Friedrich August" the name of him, with guardians to manage the Minority; especially with his Mother as chief guardian, — of whom, for two reasons, we are now to say something. Reason *first* is, That she is really a rather brilliant, distinguished creature, distinguished more especially in Friedrich's world; whose *Letters* to her are numerous, and, in their kind, among the notablist he wrote; — of which we would gladly give some specimen, better or worse; and reason *second*, That in so doing, we may con-

¹ Prince died 17th December (Brühl, 18th November), 1763.

trive to look, for a moment or two, into the preliminary Polish Anarchies at first-hand; and, transiently and far off, see something of them as if with our own eyes.

Marie-Antoine, or Marie-Antoinette, Electress of Saxony, is still a bright Lady, and among the busiest living; now in her 40th year: "born 17th July, 1724; second child of Kaiser Karl VII.;" — a living memento to us of those old times of trouble. Papa, when she came to him, was in his 27th year; this was his second daughter; three years afterwards he had a son (born 1727; died 1777), who made the "Peace of Füssen," to Friedrich's disgust, in 1745, if readers recollect; — and who, dying childless, will give rise to another War (the "Potato War" so called), for Friedrich's behoof and ours. This little creature would be in her teens during that fatal Kaisership (1742-1745, her age then 18-21), — during those triumphs, flights and furnished-lodging intricacies. Her Mamma, whom we have seen, a little fat bullet given to devotion, was four years younger than Papa. Mamma died "11th December, 1756," Germany all blazing out in War again; she had been a Widow eleven years.

Marie-Antoine was wedded to Friedrich Christian, Saxon Kurprinz, "20th June, 1747;" her age 23, his 25. — Chronology itself is something, if one will attend to it, in the absence of all else! The young pair were Cousins, their Mothers being Sisters; Polish Majesty one's Uncle, age now 51, — who was very fond of us, poor indolent soul, and glad of our company on an afternoon, "being always in his dressing-gown by 2 o'clock." Concerning which the tongue of Court scandal was not entirely idle, — Hanbury chronicling, as we once noticed. All which I believe to be mere lying wind. The young Princess was beautiful; extremely clever, graceful and lively, we can still see for ourselves: no wonder poor Polish Majesty, always in his dressing-gown by 2, was charmed to have her company, — the rather as I hope she permitted him a little smoking withal.

Her husband was crook-backed; and, except those slight, always perfectly polite little passages, in Schmettau's Siege

(1759), in the Hubertsburg Treaty affair, in the dinner at Moritzburg, I never heard much history of him. He became Elector 5th October, 1763; but enjoyed the dignity little more than two months. Our Princess had borne him seven children, — three boys, four girls, — the eldest about 13, a Boy, who succeeded; the youngest a girl, hardly 3. The Boy is he who sent Gellert the caparisoned Horse, and had estafettes on the road while Gellert lay dying. This Boy lived to be 77, and saw strange things in the world; had seen Napoleon and the French Revolution; was the first “King of Saxony” so called; saw Jena, retreat of Moscow; saw the “Battle of the Nations” (Leipzig, 15th–18th October, 1813), and his great Napoleon terminate in bankruptcy. He left no Son. A Brother, age 72, succeeded him as King for a few years; whom again a Brother would have succeeded, had not he (this third Brother, age now 66) renounced, in favor of *his* Son, the present King of Saxony. Enough, enough! —

August 28th, 1763, while afflicted Polish Majesty is making his packages at Warsaw, far away, — Marie-Antoinette, in Dresden, had sent Friedrich an Opera of her composing, just brought out by her on her Court-theatre there. Here is Friedrich’s Answer, — to what kind of *Opera* I know not, but to a Letter accompanying it which is extremely pretty.

Friedrich to the Electoral Princess (at Dresden).

“POTSDAM, 5th September, 1763.

“MADAM MY SISTER, — The remembrance your Royal Highness sends is the more flattering to me, as I regret infinitely not to have been spectator and hearer of the fine things [Opera *Thalestris*, words and music entirely lost to us] which I have admired for myself in the silent state.

“I wish I could send you things as pleasant out of these parts: but, Madam, I am obliged to give you a hint, which may be useful if you can have it followed. In Saxony, however, my Letters get opened; — which obliges me to send this by a special Messenger; and him, that he may cause no suspicion, I have charged with fruits from my garden. You will have the goodness to say [if anybody is eavesdropping] that

you asked them of me at Moritzburg, when I was happy enough to see you there [six months ago, coming home from the Seven-Years War]. The hint I had to give was this:—

“In Petersburg people’s minds are getting angry at the stubbornness your friends show in refusing to recognize Duke Bieren [home from Siberia, again Duke of Courland, by Russian appointment, as if Russia had that right; Polish Majesty and his Prince Karl resisting to the uttermost]. I counsel you to induce the powerful in your circle to have this condescension [they have had it, been obliged to have it, though Friedrich does not yet know]; for it will turn out ill to them, if they persist in being obstinately stiff. It begins already to be said That there are more than a million Russian subjects at this time refugees in Poland; whom, by I forget what cartel, the Republic was bound to deliver up. Orders have been given to Detachments of Military to enter certain places, and bring away these Russians by force. In a word, you will ruin your affairs forever, unless you find means to produce a change of conduct on the part of him they complain of. Take, Madam, what I now say as a mark of the esteem and profound regard with which —” — F.¹

This hint, if the King knew, had been given, in a less kind shape, by Necessity itself; and had sent Polish Majesty, and his. Brühls and “powerful people,” bodily home, and out of that Polish Russian welter, in a headlong and tragically passionate condition. Electoral Princess, next time she writes, is become Electress all at once.

Electress Marie-Antoine to Friedrich.

“DRESDEN, 5th October, 1763.

“SIRE, — Your Majesty has given me such assurance of your goodness and your friendship, that I will now appeal to that promise. You have assured us, too, that you would with pleasure contribute to secure Poland for us. The moment is come for accomplishing that promise. The King is dead [died this very day; see if *I* lose time in sentimental lamentations!] — with him these grievances of Russia [our stiffness

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 46.

on Courland and the like] must be extinct; the rather as we [the now reigning] will lend ourselves willingly to everything that can be required of us for perfect reconciliation with that Power.

"You can do all, if you will it; you can contribute to this reconciliation. You can render it favorable to us. You will give me that proof of the flattering sentiments I have been so proud of hitherto,"—won't you, now? "Russia cannot disapprove the mediation you might deign to offer on that behalf;—our intentions being so honestly amicable, and all ground of controversy having died with the late King. Russia reconciled, our views on the Polish Crown might at once be declared (*éclater*)."
Oh, do it, your Majesty;—"my gratitude shall only end with life!—M. A."¹

Friedrich, who is busy negotiating his Treaty with Russia (perfected 11th April next), and understands that they will mean *not* to have a Saxon, but to have a Piast, and perhaps dimly even what Piast (Stanislaus Poniatowski, the *emeritus* Lover), who will be their own, and not Saxony's at all,—must have been a little embarrassed by such an appeal from his fair friend at this moment. "Wait a little; don't answer yet," would have occurred to the common mind. But that was not Friedrich's resource: he answers by return of post, as always in such cases;—and in the following adroit manner brushes off, without hurt to it, with kisses to it rather, the beautiful hand that has him by the button:—

To the Electress Marie-Antoine (at Dresden).

"BERLIN, 8th October, 1763.

"MADAM MY SISTER, —I begin by making my condolences and my congratulations to your Electoral Highness on the death of the King your Father-in-law, and on your Accession to the Electorate.

"Your Electoral Highness will remember what I wrote, not long since, on the affairs of Poland. I am afraid, Madam, that Russia will be more contrary to you than you think. M. de Woronzow [famous Grand-Chancellor of Russia; saved

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 47.

himself dexterously in the late Peter-Catharine overturn; has since fallen into disfavor for his notions about our Gregory Orlof, and is now on his way to Italy, "for health's sake," in consequence], who is just arrived here,¹ told me, too, of some things which raise an ill augury of this affair. If you do not disapprove of my speaking frankly to you, it seems to me that it would be suitable in you to send some discreet Diplomatist to that Court to notify the King's death; and you would learn by him what you have to expect from her Czarish Majesty [the Empress, he always calls her, knowing she prefers that title]. It seems to me, Madam, that it would be precipitate procedure should I wish to engage you in an Enterprise, which appears to myself absolutely dubious (*hasardée*), unless approved by that Princess. As to me, Madam, I have not the ascendant there which you suppose: I act under rule of all the delicacies and discretions with a Court which separated itself from my Enemies when all Europe wished to crush me: but I am far from being able to regulate the Empress's way of thinking.

"It is the same with the quarrels about the Duke of Courland; one cannot attempt mediation except by consent of both parties. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that the Court of Russia does not mean to terminate that business by foreign mediation. What I have heard about it (what, however, is founded only on vague news) is, That the Empress might prevail upon herself (*pourrait se résoudre*) to purchase from Brühl the Principality of Zips [Zips, on the edge of Hungary; let readers take note of that Principality, at present in the hand of Brühl,—who has much disgusted Poland by his voracity for Lands; and is disgorging them all again, poor soul!], to give it to Prince Karl in compensation: but that would lead to a negotiation with the Court of Vienna, which might involve the affair in other contentions.

"I conjure you, Madam, I repeat it, Be not precipitate in anything; lest, as my fear is, you replunge Europe into the troubles it has only just escaped from! As to me, I have found, since the Peace, so much to do within my own borders,

¹ "Had his audience 7th October" (yesterday): Rödenbeck, ii. 224

that I have not, I assure you, had time, Madam, to think of going abroad. I confine myself to forming a thousand wishes for the prosperity of your Electoral Highness, assuring you of the high esteem with which I am, — F.”¹

After some farther Letters, of eloquently pressing solicitation on the part of the Lady, and earnest advising, as well as polite fencing, on the part of Friedrich, the latter writes : —

Friedrich to Electress.

“POTSDAM, 3d November, 1763.

“MADAM MY SISTER, — At this moment I receive a Letter from the Empress of Russia, the contents of which do not appear to me favorable, Madam, to your hopes. She requires (*exige*) that I should instruct my Minister in Poland to act entirely in concert with the Count Kayserling; and she adds these very words: ‘I expect, from the friendship of your Majesty, that you will not allow a passage through your territory, nor the entry into Poland, to Saxon troops, who are to be regarded there absolutely as strangers.’

“Unless your Letters, Madam [Madam had said that she had written to the Empress, assuring her &c.] change the sentiments of the Empress, I do not see in what way the Elector could arrive at the throne of Poland; and consequently, whether I deferred to the wishes of the Empress in this point, or refused to do so, you would not the more become Queen; and I might commit myself against a Power which I ought to keep well with (*ménager*). I am persuaded, Madam, that your Electoral Highness enters into my embarrassment; and that, unless you find yourself successful in changing the Empress’s own ideas on this matter, you will not require of me that I should embroil myself fruitlessly with a neighbor who deserves the greatest consideration from me.

“All this is one consequence of the course which Count Brühl induced his late Polish Majesty to take with regard to the interests of Prince Karl in Courland; and your Electoral Highness will remember, that I often represented to you the injury which would arise to him from it.

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 48.

"I will wish, Madam, that other opportunities may occur, where it may be in my power to prove to your Electoral Highness the profound esteem and consideration with which I am —" — F.¹

Electress to Friedrich.

"DRESDEN, 11th November, 1763:

"SIRE, — I am not yet disheartened. I love to flatter myself with your friendship, Sire, and I will not easily renounce the hope that you will give me a real mark of it in an affair which interests me so strongly. Nobody has greater ascendancy over the mind of the Empress of Russia than your Majesty; use it, Sire, to incline it to our favor. Our obligation will be infinite. . . . Why should she be absolutely against us? What has she to fear from us? The Courland business, if that sticks with her, could be terminated in a suitable manner." — Troops into Poland, Sire? "My Husband so little thinks of sending troops thither, that he has given orders for the return of those already there. He does not wish the Crown except from the free suffrages of the Nation: if the Empress absolutely refuse to help him with her good offices, let her, at least, not be against him. Do try, Sire." ² — Friedrich answers, after four days, or by return of post — But we will give the rest in the form of Dialogue.

Friedrich (after four days). . . . "If, Madam, I had Crowns to give away, I would place the first on your head, as most worthy to bear it. But I am far from such a position. I have just got out of a horrible War, which my enemies made upon me with a rage almost beyond example; I endeavor to cultivate friendship with all my neighbors, and to get embroiled with nobody. With regard to the affairs of Poland, an Empress whom I ought to be well with, and to whom I owe great obligations, requires me to enter into her measures; you, Madam, whom I would fain please if I could, you want me to change the sentiments of this Empress. Do but enter into my embarrassment! . . . According to all I hear from Russia, it appears to me that every resolution is taken there;

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 52.

² *Ib.* xxiv. 53.

and that the Empress is resolved even to sustain the party of her partisans in Poland with the forces she has all in readiness at the borders. As for me, Madam, I wish, if possible, not to meddle at all with this business, which hitherto is not complicated, but which may, any day, become so by the neighbors of Poland taking a too lively part in it. Ready, otherwise, on all occasions, to give to your Electoral Highness proofs of my —”¹

Electress (after ten days). . . . “Why should the Empress be so much against us? We have not deserved her hatred. On the contrary, we seek her friendship. She declares, however, that she will uphold the freedom of the Poles in the election of their King. You, Sire” —² But we must cut short, though it lasts long months after this. Great is the Electress’s persistence, — “My poor Husband being dead, cannot our poor Boy, cannot his uncle Prince Xavier try? O Sire!” Our last word shall be this of Friedrich’s; actual Election-time now drawing nigh: —

Friedrich. “I am doing like the dogs who have fought bitterly till they are worn down: I sit licking my wounds. I notice most European Powers doing the same; too happy if, whilst Kings are being manufactured to right and left, public tranquillity is not disturbed thereby, and if every one may continue to dwell in peace beside his hearth and his household gods.”³ Adieu, bright Madam.

No reader who has made acquaintance with Polish History can well doubt but Poland was now dead or moribund, and had well deserved to die. Anarchies are not permitted in this world. Under fine names, they are grateful to the Populaces, and to the Editors of Newspapers; but to the Maker of this Universe they are eternally abhorrent; and from the beginning have been forbidden to be. They go their course, applauded or not applauded by self and neighbors, — for what lengths of time none of us can know; for a long term some-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 54: “Potsdam, 16th November, 1763.”

² *Ib.* xxiv. 55: “Dresden, 26th November, 1763.”

³ “*Sans-Souci*, 26th June, 1764” (*Ib.* p. 69).

times, but always for a fixed term; and at last their day comes. Poland had got to great lengths, two centuries ago, when poor John Casimir abdicated his Crown of Poland, after a trial of twenty years, and took leave of the Republic in that remarkable *Speech* to the Diet of 1667.

This John is "Casimir V.," last Scion of the Swedish House of Vasa, — with whom, in the Great Elector's time, we had some slight acquaintance; and saw at least the three days' beating he got (Warsaw, 28th-30th July, 1656) from Karl Gustav of Sweden and the Great Elector,¹ ancestors respectively of Karl XII. and of our present Friedrich. He is not "Casimir the Great" of Polish Kings; but he is, in our day, Casimir the alone Remarkable. It seems to me I once had *in extenso* this Valedictory Speech of his; but it has lapsed again into the general Mother of Dead Dogs, and I will not spend a week in fishing for it. The gist of the Speech, innumerable Books and Dead Dogs tell you,² is "lamentation over the Polish Anarchies," and "a Prophecy," which is very easily remembered. The poor old Gentleman had no doubt eaten his peck of dirt among those Polacks, and swallowed chagrins till he felt his stomach could no more, and determined to have done with it. To one's fancy, in abridged form, the Valediction must have run essentially as follows:—

"Magnanimous Polack Gentlemen, you are a glorious Republic, and have *Nie pozwalam*, and strange methods of business, and of behavior to your Kings and others. We have often fought together, been beaten together, by our enemies and by ourselves; and at last I, for my share, have enough of it. I intend for Paris; religious-literary pursuits, and the society of Ninon de l'Enclos. I wished to say before going, That according to all record, ancient and modern, of the ways of God Almighty in this world, there was not heretofore, nor do I expect there can henceforth be, a Human Society that would stick together on those terms. Believe me, ye Polish Chivalries, without superior except in Heaven, if your glorious

¹ Suprà, v. 284-286.

² *Histoire des Trois Démembrements* does, and many others do; — copied in *Biographie Universelle*, vii. 278 (§ Casimir).

Republic continue to be managed in such manner, not good will come of it, but evil. The day will arrive [this is the Prophecy, almost *in ipsissimis verbis*], the day perhaps is not so far off, when this glorious Republic will get torn into shreds, hither, thither; be stuffed into the pockets of covetous neighbors, Brandenburg, Muscovy, Austria; and find itself reduced to zero, and abolished from the face of the world.

"I speak these words in sorrow of soul; words which probably you will not believe. Which only Fate can compel you to believe, one day, if they are true words: — you think, probably, they are not? Me at least, or interest of mine, they do not regard. I speak them from the fulness of my heart, and on behest of friendship and conviction alone; having the honor at this moment to bid you and your Republic a very long farewell. Good-morning, for the last time!" and so *exit*: to Rome (had been Cardinal once); to Paris and the society of Ninon's Circle for the few years left him of life.¹

This poor John had had his bitter experiences: think only of one instance. In 1652, the incredible Law of *Liberum Veto* had been introduced, in spite of John and his endeavors. *Liberum Veto*; the power of one man to stop the proceedings of Polish Parliament by pronouncing audibly "*Nie pozwalam*, I don't permit!" — never before or since among mortals was so incredible a Law. Law standing indisputable, nevertheless, on the Polish Statute-Book for above two hundred years: like an ever-flowing fountain of Anarchy, joyful to the Polish Nation. How they got any business done at all, under such a Law? Truly they did but little; and for the last thirty years as good as none. But if Polish Parliament was universally in earnest to do some business, and Veto came upon it, Honorable Members, I observe, gathered passionately round the vetoing Brother; conjured, obtested, menaced, wept, prayed; and, if the case was too urgent and insoluble otherwise, the *Nie pozwalam* Gentleman still obstinate, they plunged their swords through him, and in that way brought consent. The commoner course was to dissolve and go home again, in a tempest of shrieks and curses.

¹ "Died 16th December, 1672, age 63."

The Right of Confederation, too, is very curious : do readers know it ? A free Polack gentleman, aggrieved by anything that has occurred or been enacted in his Nation, has the right of swearing, whether absolutely by himself I know not, but certainly with two or three others of like mind, that he will not accept said occurrence or enactment, and is hereby got into arms against its abettors and it. The brightest jewel in the eestus of Polish Liberty is this right of confederating ; and it has been, till of late, and will be now again practised to all lengths : right of every Polish gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good ; and to assert their particular view of the case by fighting for it against all comers, King and Diet included. It must be owned, there never was in Nature such a Form of Government before ; such a mode of social existence, rendering “government” impossible for some generations past.

On the strength of Saxony and its resources and connections, the two Augusts had contrived to exist with the name of Kings ; with the name, but with little or nothing more. Under this last August, as we heard, there have been about forty Diets, and in not one of them the least thing of business done ; all the forty, after trying their best, have stumbled on *Nie pozwalam*, and been obliged to vanish in shrieks and curses.¹ As to August the Physically Strong, such treatment had he met with, — poor August, if readers remember, had made up his mind to partition Poland ; to give away large sections of it in purchase of the consent of neighbors, and plant himself hereditarily in the central part ; — and would have done so, had not Grumkow and he drunk so deep, and death by inflammation of the foot suddenly come upon the poor man. Some Partition of Poland has been more than once thought of by practical people concerned. Poland, as “a house chronically smoking through the slates,” which usually brings a new European War every time it changes King, does require to be taken charge of by its neighbors.

Latterly, as we observed, there has been little of confeder-

¹ Buchholz (*Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, ii. 133, 154, &c. &c.) gives various samples, and this enumeration.

ating ; indeed, for the last thirty years, as Rulhière copiously informs us, there has been no Government, consequently no mutiny needed ; little or no National business of any kind, — the Forty Diets having all gone the road we saw. Electing of the Judges, — that, says Rulhière, and wearisomely teaches by example again and ever again, has always been an interesting act, in the various Provinces of Poland ; not with the hope of getting fair or upright Judges, but Judges that will lean in the desirable direction. In a country overrun with endless lawsuits, debts, credits, feudal intricacies, claims, liabilities, how important to get Judges with the proper bias ! And these once got, or lost till next term, — what is there to hope or to fear ? Russia does our Politics, fights her Seven-Years War across us ; and we, happy we, have no fighting ; — never till this of Courland was there the least ill-nature from Russia ! We are become latterly the peaceable stepping-stone of Russia into Europe and out of it ; — what may be called the door-mat of Russia, useful to her feet, when she is about paying visits or receiving them ! That is not a glorious fact, if it be a safe and “ lucky ” one ; nor do the Polish Notabilities at all phrase it in that manner. But a fact it is ; which has shown itself complete in the late Czarina’s and late August’s time, and which had been on the growing hand ever since Peter the Great gained his Battle of Pultawa, and rose to the ascendancy, instead of Karl and Sweden.

The Poles put fine colors on all this ; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people ; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain : “ Still barbarian, sir ; no culture, no literature,” — inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours ! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide : but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end, got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it.

Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. "Polite Polish Society for the last thirty years has felt itself to be in a most halcyon condition," says Rulhière:¹ "given up to the agreeable, and to that only;" charming evening-parties, and a great deal of flirting; full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas, — given up especially to the pleasing idea of "*Laissez-faire*, and everything will come right of itself." "What a discovery!" said every liberal Polish mind: "for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, To let go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!"

To this condition of beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts; — the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called "Religion" in Poland. Dissenterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that day. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially one at Thorn, forty years ago, which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world.² Polish Orthodoxy, in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest, of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, "Polack, Catholik!" I am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities! — In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms, at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is specialty of blame due to them on any score; it was "like People, like King," all along; — and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time.

¹ Rulhière, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).

² See *suprà*, vi. 64 (and many old Pamphlets on it).

The Saxon Electors are again aspirants for this enviable Throne. We have seen the beautiful Electress zealously soliciting Friedrich for help in that project; Friedrich, in a dexterously graceful manner, altogether declining. Hereditary Saxons are not to be the expedient this time, it would seem; a grandiose Czarina has decided otherwise. Why should not she? She and all the world are well aware, Russia has been virtual lord of Poland this long time. Credible enough that Russia intends to continue so; and also that it will be able, without very much expenditure of new contrivance for that object.

So far as can be guessed and assiduously deduced from *Rulhière*, with your best attention, Russian Catharine's interference seems first of all to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind; yet to appearance true. *Rulhière* nowhere says so; but that is gradually one's own perception of the matter; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that Epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory: "O ye Kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then?" Catharine, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze, was equal to such a thing. To put one's cast Lover into a throne, — poor soul, console him in that manner; — and reduce the long-dissentient Country to blessed composure under him: what a thing! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer sensibilities of the heart: him she did make King of Poland; but to reduce the long-dissentient Country to composure, — that was what she could not do. Countries in that predicament are sometimes very difficult to compose. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina, after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was farther from success than ever. With astonishment; and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation.

There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set forth with wearisome loud reit-

eration in those distracted Books; playing with the poor Country as cat does with mouse; now lifting her fell paw, letting the poor mouse go loose in floods of celestial joy and hope without limit; and always clutching the hapless creature back into the blackness of death, before eating and ending it. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a Cat or a Devil, but a mere Woman; already virtual proprietress of Poland, and needing little contrivance to keep it virtually hers. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years, much less shape them out beforehand, and preside over them, like a Devil or otherwise, in the way supposed.

My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of those *Rulhières* and distracted Books, that the Czarina, — who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and aquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that Royal Gentleman, and put him into pettieoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males), — that the Czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened Philosophic classes and with her own proud heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter. “On the one hand,” thinks she, or let us fancy she thinks, “here is Poland; a Country fallen bedrid amid Anarchies, curable or incurable; much tormented with religious intolerance at this time, hateful to the philosophic mind; a hateful fanaticism growing upon it for forty years past [though it is quite against Polish Law]; and the cries of oppressed Dissidents [Dissenters, chiefly of the Protestant and of the Greek persuasion] becoming more and more distressing to hear. And, on the other hand, here is Poniatski who, who — !”

Readers have not forgotten the handsome, otherwise extremely paltry, young Polack, Stanislaus Poniatski, whom Excellency Williams took with him 8 or 9 years ago, osten-

sibly as "Secretary of Legation," unostensibly as something very different? Handsome Stanislaus did duly become Lover of the Grand-Duchess; and has duly, in the course of Nature, some time ago (date uncertain to me), become discarded Lover; the question rising, What is to be done with that elegant inane creature, and his vaporous sentimentalisms and sublime sorrows and disappointments? "Let us make him King of Poland!" said the Czarina, who was always much the gentleman with her discarded Lovers (more so, I should say, than Louis Quatorze with his;—and indeed it is computed they cost her in direct moneys about twenty millions sterling,—being numerous and greedy; but never the least tiff of scolding or ill language):¹—"King of Poland, with furnishings, and set him handsomely up in the world! We will close the Dissident Business for him, cure many a curable Anarchy of Poland, to the satisfaction of Voltaire and all leading spirits of mankind. He shall have outfit of Russian troops, poor creature; and be able to put down Anarchies, and show himself a useful and grateful Viceroy for us there. Outfit of 10,000 troops, a wise Russian Manager: and the Question of the Dissidents to be settled as the first glory of his reign!"

Ingenuous readers are invited to try, in their diffuse vague *Rulhières*, and unintelligible shrieky Polish Histories, whether this notion does not rise on them as a possible human explanation, more credible than the feline-diabolic one, which needs withal such a foreknowledge, *unattainable* by cat or devil? Poland must not rise to be too strong a Country, and turn its back on Russia. No, truly; nor, except by miraculous suspension of the Laws of Nature, is there danger of that. But neither need Poland lie utterly lame and prostrate, useless to Russia; and be tortured on its sick-bed with Dissident Questions and Anarchies, curable by a strong Sovereign, of whom much is expected by Voltaire and the leading spirits of mankind.

What we shall have to say with perfect certainty, and what

¹ Castéra (*Vie de Catharine II.*) has an elaborate Appendix on this part of his subject.

alone concerns us in our own affair, is, *first*, that Catharine did proceed by this method, of crowning, fitting out and otherwise setting up Stanislaus; did attempt settlement (and at one time thought she had settled) the Dissident Question and some curable Anarchies, — but stirred up such legions of incurable, waxing on her hands, day after day, year after year, as were abundantly provoking and astonishing: — and that within the next eight years she had arrived, with Poland and her cargo of anarchies, at results which struck the whole world dumb. Dumb with astonishment, for some time; and then into tempests of vociferation more or less delirious, which have never yet quite ended, though sinking gradually to lower and lower stages of human vocality. Fact *first* is abundantly manifest. Nor is fact *second* any longer doubtful, That King Friedrich, in regard to all this, till a real crisis elsewhere had risen, took little or no visible interest whatever; had one unvarying course of conduct, that of punctually following Czarish Majesty in every respect; instructing his Minister at Warsaw always to second and reinforce the Russian one, as his one rule of policy in that Country, — whose distracted proceedings, imbecilities and anarchies, are, beyond this point of keeping well with a grandiose Czarina concerned in it, of no apparent practical interest to Prussia or its King.

Friedrich, for a long time, passed with the Public for contriver of the Catastrophe of Poland, — “felonious mortal,” “monster of maleficence,” and what not, in consequence. Rulhière, whose notion of him is none of the friendliest nor correctest, acquits him of this atrocity; declares him, till the very end, mainly or altogether passive in it. Which I think is a little more than the truth, — and only a little, as perhaps may appear by and by. Beyond dispute, these Polish events did at last grow interesting enough to Prussia and its King; — and it will be our task, sufficient in this place, to extricate and riddle out what few of these had any cardinal or notable quality, and put them down (dated, if possible, and in intelligible form), as pertinent to throwing light on this distressing matter, with careful exclusion of the immense mass which can throw only darkness.

*Ex-Lover Poniatowski becomes King of Poland (7th Sept. 1764),
and is crowned without Loss of his Hair.*

Warsaw, 7th September 1764, Stanislaus Poniatowski, by what management of an Imperial Catharine upon an anarchic Nation readers shall imagine *ad libitum*, was elected, what they call elected, King of Poland. Of course there had been preliminary Diets of Convocation, much dieting, demonstrating and electing of imaginary members of Diet, — only “ten persons massacred” in the business. There was a Saxon Party; but no counter-candidate of that or any other nation. King Friedrich, solicited by a charming Electress-Dowager, decides to remain accurately passive. Polish emissaries came entreating him. A certain Mockranowski, who had been a soldier under him (never of much mark in that capacity, though now a flamingly conspicuous “General” and Politician, in the new scene he has got into), came passionately entreating (Potsdam, Summer of 1764, is all the date), “*Donnez nous le Prince Henri, Give us Prince Henri for a King!*” the sound of which almost made Friedrich turn pale: “Have you spoken or hinted of this to the Prince?” “No, your Majesty.” “Home, then, instantly; and not a whisper of it again to any mortal!”¹ which, they say, greatly irritated Prince Henri, and left a permanent sore-place in his mind, when he came to hear of it long after.

“A question rises here,” says one of my Notes, which perhaps I had better have burnt: “At or about what dates did this glorious Poniatowski become Lover of the Grand-Duchess, and then become Ex-Lover? Nobody will say; or perhaps can?”² Would have been a small satisfaction to us, and it is denied! ‘Ritter Williams’ (that is, Hanbury) must have produced him at Petersburg some time in 1756; ‘11th January, 1757,’ finding it would suit, Poniatowski appeared there on his own footing as ‘Ambassador from Warsaw,’ — (easy to get that kind of credential from a devoted Warsaw,

¹ Rulhière, ii. 268; Hermann, vi. 355–364.

² Preuss (iv. 12) seems to try, but does not succeed.

if you are succeeding at the Court of Petersburg; "Warsaw watchfully makes that the rule of distributing its honors; and, from freezing-point upwards, is the most delicate thermometer," says Hermann somewhere). And this is our one date, "Poniatowski in business, *Spring, 1757*;" of "Poniatowski fallen bankrupt," date is totally wanting.

"Poniatowski's age is 32 gone;—how long out of Russia, readers have to guess. Made his first public appearance on the streets of Warsaw, in the late Election time, as a Captain of Patriot Volunteers, — 'Independence of Poland! Shall Poland be dictated to!' cried Stanislaus and an indignant Public at one stage of the affair. His Uncles Czartoryski were piloting him in; and in that mad element, the cries, and shiftings of tack, had to be many.¹ He is Nephew, by his mother, of these Czartoryskis; but is not by the father of very high family. 'Ought he to be King of Poland?' argued some Polish Emissary at Petersburg: 'His Grandfather was Land-steward to the Sapiehas.' 'And if he himself had been it!' said the Empress, inflexible, though with a blush. — It seems the family was really good, though fallen poor; and, since that Land-steward phasis, had bloomed well out again. His Father was conspicuous as a busy, shifting kind of man, in the Charles-Twelfth and other troubles; had died two years ago, as 'Castellan of Craeow;' always a dear friend of Stanislaus Leczinski, who gets his death two years hence [in 1766, as we have seen].

"King Stanislaus Poniatowski had five Brothers: two of them dead long before this time; a third, still alive, was Bishop of Something, Abbot of Something; ate his revenues in peace, and demands silence from us. The other two, Casimir and Andreas, are better worth naming, — especially the Son of one of them is. Casimir, the eldest, is 'Grand Crown-Chamberlain' in the days now coming, is also 'Starost of Zips [a Country you may note the name of!]' — and has a Son, who is *not* the remarkable one. Andreas, the second Brother (died 1773), was in the Austrian Service, 'Ordnanee-Master,'

¹ In *Hermann*, v. 362–380 (still more in *Rulhière*, ii. 119–289), wearisome account of every particular.

and a man of parts and weight;—who has been here at Warsaw, ardently helping, in the late Election time. He too had a Son (at this time a child in arms),—who is really the remarkable ‘Nephew of King Stanislaus,’ and still deserves a word from us.

“This Nephew, bred as an Austrian soldier, like his Father, is the *Joseph Poniatowski*, who was very famous in the Newspapers fifty years ago. By all appearance, a man of some real patriotism, energy and worth. He had tried to believe (though, I think, never rightly able) what his omnipotent Napoleon had promised him, that extinct Poland should be resuscitated; and he fought and strove very fiercely, his Poles and he, in that faith or half-faith. And perished, fiercely fighting for Napoleon, fiercely covering Napoleon’s retreat when his game was lost: horse and man plunged into the Elster River (Leipzig Country, October 19th, 1813, evening of the ‘Battle of the Nations’ there), and sank forever;—and the last gleam of Poland along with him.¹ Not even a momentary gleam of hope for her, in the sane or half-sane kind, since that,—though she now and then still tries it in the insane: the more to my regret, for her and others!

“Besides these three Brothers, King Stanislaus had two Sisters still living: one of them Wife of a very high Zamoisiki; the other of a ditto Branicki (pronounce Branitzki)—him whom our German Books call *Kron-Grossfeldherr*, ‘Grand Crown-General,’ if the Crown have any soldiers at all; the sublime, debauched old Branicki, of whom Rulhière is continually talking, and never reports anything but futilities in a futile manner. So much is futile, and not worth reporting, in this Polish element!—King Stanislaus himself was born 17th January, 1732; played King of shreds and patches till 1790,—or even farther (not till 1795 did Catharine pluck the paper tabard quite off him); he died in Petersburg, February 11th or 12th, 1798.” After such a life!—

Stanislaus was crowned 25th November, 1764. He needs, as preliminary, to be anointed, on the bare scalp of him, with

¹ *Biographie Universelle* (§ Poniatowski, Joseph), xxxv. 349–359.

holy oil before crowning; ought to have his head close-shaved with that view. Stanislaus, having an uncommonly fine head of hair, shuddered at the barbarous idea; absolutely would not: whereupon delay, consultation; and at length some artificial scalp, or second skull, of pasteboard or dyed leather, was contrived for the poor man, which comfortably took the oiling in a vicarious way, with the ambrosial locks well packed out of sight under it, and capable of flowing out again next day, as if nothing had happened.¹ Not a sublime specimen of Ornamental Human Nature, this poor Stanislaus! Ornamental wholly: the body of him, and the mind of him, got up for representation; and terribly plucked to pieces on the stage of the world. You may try to drop a tear over him, but will find mostly that you cannot.

For several Years the Dissident Question cannot be got settled; Confederation of Radom (23d June, 1767-5th March, 1768) pushes it into Settlement.

For several years after this feat of the false scalp, through long volumes, wearisome even in *Rulhière*, there turns up nothing which can now be called memorable. The settling of the Dissident Question proves extremely tedious to an impatient Czarina; as to curing of the other curable Anarchies, there is absolutely nothing but a knitting up by A, with a ravelling-out again by B, and no progress discernible whatever. Impatient Czarina ardently pushes on some Dissident settlement, — seconded by King Friedrich and the chief Protestant Courts, London included, and by the European leading spirits everywhere, — through endless difficulties: finds native Orthodoxy an unexpectedly stiff matter; Bishops generally having a fanaticism which is wonderful to think of, and which keeps mounting higher and higher. Till at length there will Images of the Virgin take to weeping, — as they generally do in such cases, when in the vicinity of brew-houses and conveniences;²

¹ Rulhière.

² Nicolai, in his *Travels over Germany*, doggedly undertook to overhaul one of those weeping Virgins (somewhere in Austria, I think); and found her, he says, to depend on subterranean percolation of steam from a Brewery not far off.

— a Carmélite Monk go about the country working miracles; and, in short, an extremely ugly phasis of religious human nature disclose itself to the afflicted reader. King Friedrich thinks, had it not been for this Dissident Question, things would have taken their old Saxon complexion, and Poland might have rotted on as heretofore, perhaps a good while longer.

As to the knitting-up and ravelling-out again, which is called curing of the other anarchies, no reader can or need say anything: it seems to be a most painful knitting-up, by the Czartoryskis chiefly, then an instant ravelling out by malignant Opposition parties of various indistinct complexion; the knitting, the ravelling, and the malignant Opposition parties, alike indistinct and without interest to mankind. A certain drunken, rather brutal Phantasm of a Prince Radzivil, who hates the Czartoryskis, and is dreadfully given to drink, to wasteful ambitions and debaucheries, figures much in these businesses; is got banished and confiscated, by some Confederation formed; then, by new Confederations, is recalled and reinstated, — worse if possible than ever. The thing is reality; but it reads like a Phantasmagory produced by Lapland Witches, under presidency of Diabolus (very certainly the Devil presiding, as you see at all turns), — and is not worth understanding, were it even easy.

Much semi-intelligible, wholly forgettable stuff about King Stanislaus and his difficulties, and his duplicities and treacherous imbecilities,¹ now of interest to no mortal. Stanislaus is at one time out with the uncles Czartoryski, at another in with these worthy gentlemen: a man not likely to cure Anarchies, unless wishing would do it. On the Dissident Question itself he needs spurring: a King of liberal ideas, yes; but with such flames of fanaticism under the nose of him. In regard to the Dissident and all other curative processes he is languid, evasive, for moments recalcitrant to Russian suggestions; a lost imbecile, — forget him, with or without a tear. He has still a good deal of so-called gallantry on his hands; flies to his harem when outside things go contradictory.² Think of malignant Journalists

¹ Hermann, v. 400, &c.; Rulhière *passim*.

² Hermann, v. 402, &c.

printing this bit of Letter at one time, to do him ill in a certain quarter: "Oh, come to me, my Princess! Dearer than all Empresses:—imperial charms, what were they to thine for a heart that has —" with more of the like stuff, for a Czarina's behoof.

Winter of 1766, Imperial Majesty, whether after or before that miraculous Carmelite Monk, I do not remember, became impatient of these tedious languors and tortuosities about the Dissident Question, and gave express order, "Settle it straight-way!" To which end, Confederations and the other machinery were set agoing: Confederations among the Protestants and Dissidents themselves, about Thorn and such places (got up by Russian engineering), and much more extensively in the Lithuanian parts; Confederations of great extent, imperative, minatory; ostensibly for reinstating these poor people in their rights (which, by old Polish Law, they quite expressly were, if that were any matter), but in reality for bringing back drunken Radzivil, who has covenanted to carry that measure. And so,

June 23d, 1767, These multiplex Polish-Lithuanian Confederations, twenty-four of them in all, with their sublime marshals and officials, and above 80,000 noblemen in them, meet by deputies at Radom, a convenient little Town within wind of Warsaw (lies 60 miles to south of Warsaw); and there coalesce into one general "Confederation of Radom,"¹ with drunken Radzivil atop, who, glad to be reinstated in his ample Domains and Wine-cellars, and willing at any rate to spite the Czartoryskis and others, has pledged himself to carry that great measure in Diet, and quash any *Nie pozwalam*s and difficulties there may be. This is the once world-famous, now dimly discoverable, *Confederation of Radom*, which — by preparatory declaring, under its hand and seal, That the Law of the Land must again become valid, and "Free Polacks of Dissident opinions concerning Religion (*Nos dissidentes de religione*)," as the old Law phrases it, "shall have equal rights of citizenship" — was beautifully instrumental in achieving that bit of Human Progress, and pushing it through the Diet, and its difficulties shortly ensuing.

¹ Hermann, v. 420.

Not that the Diet did not need other vigorous treatment as well, the flame of fanaticism being frightfully ardent; many of the poor Bishops having run nearly frantic at this open spoliation of Mother Church, and snatching of the sword from Peter. So that Imperial Majesty had to decide on picking out a dozen, or baker's dozen, of the hottest Bishops; and carrying them quietly into Russia under lock and key, till the thing were done. Done it was, surely to the infinite relief of mankind; — I cannot say precisely on what day: October 13th-14th (locking up of the dozen Bishops), was one vital epoch of it; November 19th, 1767 (report of Committee on it, under Radzivil's and Russia's coercion), was another: first and last it took about five months basking in Diet. Diet met Oct. 4th, 1767, Radzivil controlling as Grand-Marshal, and Russia as minatory Phantom controlling Radzivil; Diet, after adjournments, after one long adjournment, disappeared 5th March, 1768; and of work mentionable it had done this of the Dissidents only. That of contributing to "the sovereign contempt with which King Stanislaus is regarded by all ranks of men," is hardly to be called peculiar work or peculiarly mentionable.

At this point, to relieve the reader's mind, and, at any rate, as the date is fully come, we will introduce a small *Newspaper Article* from a very high hand, little guessed till long afterwards as the writer, — namely, from King Friedrich's own. It does not touch on the Dissident Question, or the Polish troubles; but does, in a back-handed way, on Prussian Rumors rising about them; and may obliquely show more of the King's feeling on that subject than we quite suppose. It seems the King had heard that the Berlin people were talking and rumor-ing of "a War being just at hand;" whereupon — "*March 5th, 1767, in the Vossische Zeitung* (Voss's Chronicle), No. 28," an inquisitive Berlin public read as follows: —

"We are advised from Potsdam, that, on the 27th of February, towards evening, the sky began to get overcast; black clouds, presaging a tempest of unexampled fury, covered all the horizon: the thunder, with its lightnings, forked bolts of amazing brilliancy, burst out; and, under its redoubled peals,

there descended such a torrent of hail as within man's memory had not been seen. Of two bullocks yoked in their plough, with which a peasant was hastening home, one was struck on the head by a piece of it, and killed outright. Many of the common people were wounded in the streets; a br  wer had his arm broken. Roofs are destroyed by the weight of this hail; all the windows that looked windward while it fell were broken. In the streets, hailstones were found of the size of pumpkins (*citrouilles*), which had not quite melted two hours after the storm ceased. This singular phenomenon has made a very great impression. Scientific people say, the air had not buoyancy enough to support these solid masses when congealed to ice; that the small hailstones in these clouds getting so lashed about in the impetuosity of the winds, had united the more the farther they fell, and had not acquired that enormous magnitude till comparatively near the earth. Whatever way it may have happened, it is certain that occurrences of that kind are rare, and almost without example."¹

Another singularity is, "Professor Johann Daniel Titius of Wittenberg," who teaches *Natural Philosophy* in that famous University, one may judge with what effect, wrote a Monograph on this unusual Phenomenon!²

Confederation of Bar ensues, on the per-contra side (March 28th, 1768); and, as first Result of its Achievements (October 6th, 1768), a *Turk-Russian War*.

The Confederation of Radom, and its victorious Diet, had hardly begun their Song of Triumph, when there ensued on the per-contra side a flaming *Confederation of Bar*; — which, by successive stages, does at last burn out the Anarchies of Poland, and reduce them to ashes. Confederation of Bar; and then, as progeny of that, for and against, such a brood of Confederations, orthodox, heterodox, big, little, short-lived, long-lived, of all complexions and degrees of noisy fury, potent, at any rate, each of them for murder and arson, within

¹ *Vossische Zeitung*, ubi suprà: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 204.

² R  denbeck (ii. 285) gives the Title of it, "*Considerations on the Potsdam Hail of Last Year* (Wittenberg, 1768)."

28th March-6th Oct. 1768.

a certain radius, as the Earth never saw before. Now was the time of those inextricable marchings (as inroads and outroads) through the Lithuanian Bogs, of those death-defiant, unparalleled exploits, skirmishings, scaladings, riding by the edge of precipices, of Pulawski, Potocki and others, — in which Rulhière loses himself and turns on his axis, amid impatient readers.

For the Russian troops (summoned by a trembling Stanislaus and his Senate, in terms of Treaty 1764), and in more languid manner, the Stanislaus soldiery, as per law of the case, proceeded to strike in, — generally, my impression was, with an eye to maintain the King's Peace and keep down murder and arson: — and sure enough, the small bodies of drilled Russians blew an infuriated orthodox Polack chivalry to right and left at a short notice; but as to the Constable's Peace or King's, made no improvement upon that, far the reverse. It is certain the Confederate chivalry were driven about, at a terrible rate, — over the Turk frontier for shelter; began to appeal to the Grand Turk, in desperate terms: "Brother of the Sun and Moon, saw you ever such a chance for finishing Russia? Polack chivalry is Orthodox Catholic, but also it is Anti-Russian!" The Turk beginning to give ear to it, made the matter pressing and serious. Here, more specifically, are some features and successive phases, — unless the reader prefer to skip.

"*Bar, March, 1768.* The Confederation of Radom, as efficient preliminary, and chief agent in that Diet of emancipation to the Dissident human mind, might long have been famous over Poland and the world; but there instantly followed as corollary to it a *Confederation of Bar*, which quite dimmed the fame of Radom, and indeed of all Confederations prior or posterior! As the Confederation of Bar and its Doings, or rather sufferings and tragical misdoings and undoings, still hang like fitful spectralities, or historical shadows, of a vague ghastly complexion, in the human memory, one asks at least: Since they were on this Planet, tell us where? Bar is in the Waiwodship Podol (what we call Podolia), some 400 miles southeast of Warsaw; not far from the Dniester River:

—not far very from that mystery of the Dniester, the Zaporavian Cossacks, —from those rapids or cataracts (quasi-cataracts of the Dniester, with Islands in them, where those Cossack robbers live unassailable): —across the Dniester lies Turkey, and its famed Fortress of Choezim. This is a commodious station for Polish Gentlemen intending mutiny by law.

“*March 8th*, 1768, Three short days after the Diet of Radom had done its fine feat, and retired to privacy, news came to Warsaw, That Podolia and the Southern parts are all up, confederating with the highest animation; in hot rage against such decision of a Diet, contrary to Holy Religion and to much else; and that the said decision will have to fight for itself, now that it has done voting. This interesting news is true; and goes on intensifying and enlarging itself, one dreadful Confederation springing up, and then another and ever another, day after day; till at last we hear that on the 27th of the month, *March 27th*, 1768, at Bar, a little Town on the Southern or Turkish Frontier, all these more or less dreadful Confederations have met by delegates, and coalesced into one ‘Confederation of Bar,’ — which did surely prove dreadful enough, to itself especially, in the months now ensuing!”

No history of Bar Confederation shall we dream of; far be such an attempt from us. It consists of many Confederations, and out of each, *pro* and *contra*, spring many. Like the Lernean Hydra, or even Hydras in a plural condition. A many-headed dog: and how many whelps it had, — I cannot give even the cipher of them, or I would! One whelp Confederation, that of Cracow, is distinguished by having frequently or generally been “drunk;” and of course its proceedings had often a vinous character.¹ I fancy to have read somewhere that the number of them was one hundred and twenty-five. The rumor and the furious barking of Bar and its whelps goes into all lands: such rabid loud baying at mankind and the moon; and then, under Russia’s treatment, such

¹ In *Hermann* (v. 431-448); and especially in *Rulhière* (ii. livre 8 et seq.), details in superabundance.

shrill yelping and shrieking, was not heard in the world before, though perhaps it has since.

Poor *Bar's* exploits in the fighting way were highly considerable; all on the same scale; and spread over such a surface of country, mostly unknown, as renders it impossible to give them head-room, were you never so unfurnished. They can be read in eloquent *Rulhière*; but by no mortal held in memory. Anarchy is not a thing to be written of; a Lernean Hydra, several Lernean Hydras, in chaotic genesis, getting their heads lopped off, and at the same time sprouting new ones in such ratio, where is the Zoölogist that will give account of it? There was not anything considerable of fighting; but of bullying, plundering, murdering and being murdered, a frightful amount. There are seizures of castles, convents, defensible houses; marches at a rate like that of antelopes, through the Lithuanian parts, boggy, hungry, boundless, opening to the fancy the Infinitude of Peat, in the solid and the fluid state. This, perhaps, is the finest species of feats, though they never lead to anything. There are heroes famed for these marches.

The Pulawskis, for example, — four of them, Lawyer people, — showed much activity, and a talent for impromptu soldiering, in that kind. The Magnates of the Confederation, I was surprised to learn, had all quitted it, the instant it came to strokes: “You Lawyer people, with your priests and orthodox peasantries, you do the fighting part; ours is the consulting!” And except *Potocki* (and he worse than none), there is presently not a Magnate of them left in Poland, — the rest all gone across the Austrian Border, to *Teschen*, to *Bilitz*, a handy little town and domain in that Duchy of *Teschen*; — and sit there as “Committee of Government:” much at their ease in comparison, could they but agree among themselves, which they cannot. *Bilitz* is one of the many domains of Magnate *Sulkowski*: — do readers recollect the *Sulkowski* who at one time “declared War” on King *Friedrich*; and was picked up, both War and he, so compendiously by General *Goltz*, and locked in *Glogau* to cool? This is the same *Sulkowski*; much concerned now in these matters; a rich Magnate, glad to see his friends about him as Governing Committee; but gets, and

gives, a great deal of vexation in it, the element proving again too hot! —

I said there were four famed Pulawskis; ¹ a father, once Advocate in Warsaw, with three sons and a nephew; who, though extremely active people, could do no good whatever. The father Pulawski had the fine idea of introducing the British Constitution; clothing Poland wholly in British tailorage, and so making it a new Poland: but he never could get it done. This poor gentleman died in Turkish prison, flung into jail at Constantinople, on calumnious accusation and contrivance by a rival countryman; his sons and nephew, poor fellows, all had their fame, more or less, in the Cause of Freedom so called; but no other profit in this world, that I could hear of. Casimir, the eldest son, went to America; died there, still in the Cause of Freedom so called; Fort Pulawski, in the harbor of Charleston (which is at present, on very singular terms, *re-engaged* in the same so-called Cause!), was named in memory of this Casimir. He had defended Czenstochow (if anybody knew what Czenstochow was, or could find it in the Polish map); and it was also he that contrived that wonderful plan of suddenly snapping up King Stanislaus from the streets of Warsaw one night, ² and of locking him away (by no means killing him), as the source of all our woes. O my Pulawskis, men not without manhood, what a bedlam of a Time have you and I fallen into, and what Causes of Freedom it has got in hand!

Bar, a poor place, with no defences but a dry ditch and some miserable earthworks, the Confederates had not the least chance to maintain; Kaminić, the only fortress of the Province, they never even got into, finding some fraction of royal soldiery who stood for King Stanislaus there, and who fired on the Confederates when applied to. Bar a small Russian division, with certain Stanislaus soldieries conjoined, took by capitulation; and (date not given) entered in a victorious manner. The War-Epic of the Confederates, which Rulhière sings at such length, is blank of meaning.

Of “Cloister Czenstochow,” a famed feat of Pulawski’s, also

¹ Hermann, v. 465.

² “3d November, 1771.”

28th March-6th Oct. 1768.

without result, I could not from my Rulhière discover (what was altogether an illuminative fact to me!) that the date of Czenstochow was not till 1771. A feat of "*Cloister Berdiczow*," almost an exact fac-simile by the same Pulawski, also resultless, I did, under Hermann's guidance, at once find; — and hope the reader will be satisfied to accept it instead: *Cloister Berdiczow*, which lies in the Palatinate of Kiow; and which has a miraculous Holy Virgin, not less venerated far and wide in those eastern parts, than she of *Cloister Czenstochow* in the western: *this* *Cloister Berdiczow* and its salutary Virgin, Pulawski (the Casimir, now of Charleston Harbor) did defend, with about 1,000 men, in a really obstinate way. The Monastery itself had in it gifts of the faithful, accumulated for ages; and all the richest people in those Provinces, Confederate or not, had lodged their preciosities there, as in an impregnable and sure place, in those times of trouble. Intensely desirous, accordingly, the Russians were to take it, but had no cannon; desperately resolute Pulawski and his 1,000 to defend. Pulawski and his 1,000 fired intensely, till their cannon-balls were quite done; then took to firing with iron-work, and hard miscellanies of every sort, especially glad when they could get a haul of glass to load with; — and absolutely would not yield till famine came; though the terms offered were good, — had they been kept.

So that Pulawski, it would appear, did Two *Cloister Defences*? Two, each with a miraculous Holy Virgin; an eastern, and then a westerly. This of *Berdiczow*, not dated to me farther, is for certain of the year 1768; and Pulawski, owing to famine, did yield here. In 1771, at miraculous *Cloister Czenstochow*, in the western parts, Pulawski did an external feat, or consented to see it done, — that of trying to snuff out poor King Stanislaus on the streets (3d November, 10 P.M., "miraculously" in vain, as most readers know), — which brought its obloquies and troubles on the Defender of *Czenstochow*. Obloquies and troubles: but as to surrendering *Czenstochow* on call of obloquy, or of famine itself, Pulawski would not, not he for his own part; but solemnly left his men to do it, and walked away by circuitous uncertain paths, which end in

Charleston Harbor, as we have seen.¹ Defence of Czenstochow in 1771 shall not concern us farther. Truly these two small defences of monasteries by Pulawski are almost all, I do not say of glorious, but even of creditable or human, that reward the poor wanderer in that Polish Valley of Jehoshaphat, much of it peat-country; wherefore I have, as before, marked the approximate localities, approximate dates, for behoof of ingenious readers.

The Russians, ever since 1764, from the beginnings of those Stanislaus times, are pledged to maintain peace in Poland; and it is they that have to deal with this affair, — they especially, or almost wholly, poor Stanislaus having scarcely any power, military or other, and perhaps being loath withal. There was more of investigating and parleying, bargaining and intriguing, than of fighting, on Stanislaus's part. "June 11th, 1768," says a Saxon Note from Warsaw, "Mokranowski, Stanislaus's General [the same that was with Friedrich], has been sent down to Bar to look into those Confederates. Mokranowski does not think there are above 8,000 of them; about 3,000 have got their death from Russian eastigation. The 8,000 might be treated with, only Russians are so dreadfully severe, especially so intent on wringing money from them. Confederates have been complaining to the Turk; Turk ambiguous; gives them no definite ground of hope. 'What then, is your hope?' I inquired. 'Little or none, except in Heaven,' several answered: 'it is for our religion and our liberty:' religion cut to pieces by this Dissident Toleration-blasphemy; liberty ditto by the Russian guarantee of peace among us: 'what can we do but trust in God and our own despair?'"² "Prave worts, Aneient Pistol," — but much destitute of sense, and not to be realized in present circumstances. Here is something much more critical: —

June-July, 1768. "The peasants in the Southern regions,

¹ At Savannah, in a stricter sense. "Perished at the Siege [futile attempt to storm, by the French, which they called a Siege] of Savannah, 9th October, 1779."

² "Essen's Report, 11th June, 1768" (in *Hermann*, v. 441).

28th March-6th Oct. 1768.

Palatinates Podol, Kiow, Braclaw, called *Ukraine* or Border-Country by the Poles, are mostly of Greek and other schismatic creeds. Their Lords are of an orthodox religion, and not distinguished by mild treatment of such Peasantry, upon whom civil war and plunder have been latterly a sore visitation. To complete the matter, the Confederates in certain quarters, blown upon by fanatical priests, set about converting these poor peasants, or forcing them, at the point of the bayonet, to swear that they adopt the 'Greek united rite,' which I suppose to be a kind of half-way house towards perfect orthodoxy. In one Village, which was getting converted in this manner, the military party seemed to be small; the Village boiled over upon it; trampled orthodoxy and military both under foot, in a violent and sanguinary manner; and was extremely frightened when it had done. Extremely frightened, not the Village only, but the schismatic mind generally in those parts, dreading vengeance for such a paroxysm. But the atrocious Russians whispered them, 'We are here to protect you in your religions and rights, in your poor consciences and skins.' Upon which hint of the atrocious Russians, the schismatic mind and population one and all rose; and, 'with the cannibal's ferocity, gave way to their appetite for plunder!' . . .

"Nay, the Russian Government [certain Russian Officials hard pressed] had invited the Zaporavian Cossacks to step over from their Islands in the Dniester, and assist in defending their Religion [true Greek, of course]; who at once did so; and not only extinguished the last glimmer of Confederation there, but overwhelmed the Country, thousands on thousands of them, attended by revolted peasants,—say a 20,000 of peasants under command of these Zaporavians,—who went about plundering and burning. That they plundered the Jew pot-houses of their brandy, and drank it, was a small matter. Very furious upon Jews, upon Noblemen, Landlords, upon Catholic Priests. 'On one tree [tree should have been noted] was found hanged a specimen of each of those classes, with a Dog adjoined, as fit company.' In one little Town, Town of *Human* [so called in that foreign dialect], getting some provocation or other, they set to massacring; and if brandy were

plentiful, we can suppose they made short work. By the lowest computation the number of slain Jews and Catholics amounted to 10,000 odd¹—Rulhière says ‘50,000, by some accounts 200,000.’” This I guess to have been at its height about the end of June; this leads direct to the Catastrophe, as will presently be seen.

Foreign States don’t seem to pay much attention, — indeed, what sane person would like to interfere, or hope to do it with profit? France, Austria, both wish well to Poland, at least ill to Russia; Choiseul has no finance, can do nothing but intrigue, and stir up trouble everywhere: a devout Kaiserinn goes with Holy Church, and disapproves of these Dissident Tolerations: it is remarked that all through 1768 the Confederates of Bar are permitted to retire over the Austrian Frontier into Austrian Silesia, and find themselves there in safety. Permitted to buy arms, to make preparations, issue orders: at Sulkowski’s Bilitz, in the Duchy of Teschen, supreme Managing Committee sits there; no Kaunitz or Official person meddling with it. About the beginning of next year (1769), it is, ostensibly, a little discountenanced; and obliged to go to Eperjes, on the Hungarian Frontier² (as a more decent or less conspicuous place), — such trouble now rising; a Turk War having broken out, momentous not to the Confederation alone. March, 1769, the ever-intriguing Choiseul — fancy with what rapturous effect — had sent some kind of Agent or Visitor to Teschen; Vergennes in Turkey, from the beginning of these things, has been plying night and day his diplomatic bellows upon every live-coal (“I who myself kindled this Turk-War!” brags he afterwards); — not till next year (1770) did Choiseul send his Dumouriez to the Bilitz neighborhoods; not till next again, when Choiseul was himself out,³ did his Vioménil come:⁴ neither of whom, by their own head alone, without

¹ Hermann, v. 444; Rulhière, iii. 93.

² See Büsching: for Eperjes, ii. 1427; for Bilitz, viii. 885.

³ Thrown out “2d December, 1770,” — by Louis’s *new* Pompadour.

⁴ Hermann, v. 469-471; in *Rulhière* (iv. 241-289) account of Dumouriez and his fencings and spyings, still more of Vioménil, who had “French Volunteers,” and did some bits of real fighting on the small scale.

28th March-6th Oct. 1768.

funds, without troops, could do other than with fine effort make bad worse.

It is needless continuing such a subject. Here is one glimpse two years later, and it shall be our last: "*Near Lublin, 25th September, 1770.* It is frightful, all this that is passing in these parts, — about the Town of Labun, for example. The dead bodies remain without burial; they are devoured by the dogs and the pigs. . . . Everywhere reigns Pestilence; nor do we fear contagion so much as famine. Offer 100 ducats for a fowl or for a bit of bread, I swear you won't get it. General von Essen [Russian, we will hope] has had to escape from Laticzew, then from" some other place, "Pestilence chasing him everywhere."

To apply to the Turks, — afflicted Polish Patriots prostrating themselves with the hope of despair, "Save us, your sublime Clemency; throw a ray of pity on us, Brother of the Sun and Moon: oh, chastise our diabolic oppressors!" — this was one of the first resources of the Bar Confederates. The Turks did give ear; not inattentive, though pretending to be rather deaf. M. de Vergennes, — of whose "diplomatic bellows" we just heard (in fact, for diligence in this Turk element, in this young time, the like of him was seldom seen; we knew him long afterwards as a diligent old gentleman, in French-Revolution days), — M. de Vergennes zealously supports; zealous to let loose the Turk upon Anti-French parties. The Turks seem to wag their heads, for some time; and their responses are ambiguous. For some time, not for long. Here, fast enough, comes, in disguised shape, the Catastrophe itself, ye poor plaintive Poles!

July-October, 1768. Those Zaporavian and other Cossacks, with 20,000 peasants plundering about on both sides of the Dniester, had set fire to the little Town of Balta, which is on the south side, and belongs to the Turks: a very grave accident, think all political people, think especially the Foreign Excellencies at Warsaw, when news of it arrives. Burning of Balta, not to be quenched by the amplest Russian apologies, proved a live-coal at Constantinople; and Vergennes says, he set population and Divan on fire by it: a proof that the popu-

lation and Divan had already been in a very inflammable state. Not a wise Divan, though a zealous. Plenty of fury in these people; but a sad deficiency of every other faculty. They made haste, in their hot humor, to declare War (6th October, 1768);¹ not considering much how they would carry it on. Declared themselves in late Autumn, — as if to give the Russians ample time for preparing; those poor Turks themselves being as yet ready with nothing, and even the season for field-operations being over.

King Friedrich, who has still a Minister at the Porte, endeavored to dissuade his old Turk friends, in this rash crisis; but to no purpose; they would listen to nothing but Vergennes and their own fury. Friedrich finds this War a very mad one on the part of his old Turk friends; their promptitude to go into it (he has known them backward enough when their chances were better!), and their way of carrying it on, are alike surprising to him. He says: "Catharine's Generals were unacquainted with the first elements of Castrametation and Tactics; but the Generals of the Sultan had a still more prodigious depth of ignorance; so that to form a correct idea of this War, you must figure a set of purblind people, who, by constantly beating a set of altogether blind, end by gaining over them a complete mastery."² This, as Friedrich knows, is what Austria cannot suffer; this is what will involve Austria and Russia, and Friedrich along with them, in — Friedrich, as the matter gradually unfolds itself, shudders to think what. The beginnings of this War were perhaps almost comical to the old Soldier-King; but as it gradually developed itself into complete shattering to pieces of the stupid Blind by the ambitious Purblind, he grew abundantly serious upon it.

It is but six months since Polish Patriotism, so effulgent to its own eyes in Orthodoxy, in Love of glorious Liberty, confederated at Bar, and got into that extraordinary whirlpool, or cesspool, of miseries and deliriums we have been looking at; and now it has issued on a broad highway of progress, — broad and precipitous, — and will rapidly arrive at the goal set before

¹ Hermann, v. 608–611.² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23, 24.

it. All was so rapid, on the Polish and on the Turkish part. The blind Turks, out of mere fanaticism and heat of humor, have rushed into this adventure;—and go rushing forward into a series of chaotic platitudes on the huge scale, and mere tragical disasters, year after year, which would have been comical, had they not been so hideous and sanguinary: constant and enormous blunders on the Turk part, issuing in disasters of like magnitude; which in the course of Two Campaigns had quite finished off their Polish friends, in a very unexpected way; and had like to have finished themselves off, had not drowned Poland served as a stepping-stone.

Not till March 26th, 1769, six months after declaring in such haste, did the blind Turks “display their Banner of Mahomet,” that is, begin in earnest to assemble and make ready. Nor were the Russians shiningly strategic, though sooner in the field,—a Prince Galitzin commanding them (an extremely purblind person); till replaced by Romanzow, our old Colberg acquaintance, who saw considerably better. Galitzin, early in the season, made a rush on Choczim (Chotzim), the first Turk Fort beyond the Dniester; and altogether failed,—not by Turk prowess, but by his own purblind mal-arrangements (want of ammunition, want of bread, or I will forget what);—which occasioned mighty grumblings in Russia: till in a month or two, by favor of Fortune and blindness of the Turk, matters had come well round again; and Galitzin, walking up to Choczim the second time, found there was not a Turk in the place, and that Choczim was now his on those uncommonly easy terms!

Instead of farther details on such a War,—the *shadow* or reflex of which, as mirrored in the Austrian mind, has an importance to Friedrich and us; but the self or substance of which has otherwise little or none,—we will close here with a bit of Russian satire on it, which is still worth reading. The date is evidently Spring, 1769; the scene what we are now treating of: Galitzin obliged to fall back from Choczim; great rumor — “What a Galitzin; what a Turk War his, in contrast to the last we had!”¹—no Romanzow yet appointed in his

¹ Turk War of 1736–1739, under Münnich (suprà, vii. 81–126).

room.* And here is a small Manuscript, which was then circulating fresh and new in Russian Society; and has since gone over all the world (though mostly in an uncertain condition, in old Jest-Books and the like), as a genuine bit of *caviare* from those Northern parts: —

Manuscript circulating in Russian Society. Galitzin, much grieved about Choczim, could not sleep; and, wandering about in his tent, overheard, one night, a common soldier recounting his dream to the sentry outside the door.

“A curious dream,” said the soldier: “I dreamt I was in a battle; that I got my head cut off; that I died; and, of course, went to Heaven. I knocked at the door: Peter came with a bunch of Keys; and made such rattling that he awoke God; who started up in haste, asking, ‘What is the matter?’ ‘Why,’ says Peter, ‘there is a great War on earth between the Russians and the Turks.’ ‘And who commands my Russians?’ said the Supreme Being. ‘Count Münnich,’ answered Peter. ‘Very well; I may go to sleep again!’ — But this was not the end of my dream,” continued the soldier; “I fell asleep and dreamt again, the very same as before, except that the War was not Count Münnich’s, but the one we are now in. Accordingly, when God asked, ‘Who commands my Russians?’ Peter answered, ‘Prince Galitzin.’ ‘Galitzin? Then get me my boots!’ said the [Russian] Supreme Being.”¹

¹ W. Richardson (then at Petersburg, Tutor to Excellency Cathcart’s Children; afterwards Professor at Glasgow, and a man of some reputation in his old age), *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire, in a Series of Letters written a few Years ago from St. Petersburg* (London, 1784), p. 110: date of this Letter is “17th October, 1769.”

CHAPTER IV.

PARTITION OF POLAND.

THESE Polish phenomena were beginning to awaken a good deal of attention, not all of it pleasant, on the part of Friedrich. From the first he had, as usual, been a most clear-eyed observer of everything; and found the business, as appears, not of tragical nature, but of expensive-farcical, capable to shake the diaphragm rather than touch the heart of a reflective on-looker. He has a considerable Poem on it, — *War of the Confederates* by title (in the old style of the *Palladion*, imitating an unattainable *Jeanne d'Arc*), — considerable Poem, now forming itself at leisure in his thoughts,¹ which decidedly takes that turn; and laughs quite loud at the rabid fanaticisms, blustering inanities and imbecilities of these noisy unfortunate neighbors: — old unpleasant style of the *Palladion* and *Pucelle*; but much better worth reading; having a great deal of sharp sense in its laughing guise, and more of real Historical Discernment than you will find in any other Book on that delirious subject.

Much a laughing-stock to this King hitherto, such a “War of the Confederates,” — consisting of the noisiest, emptiest bedlam tumults, seasoned by a proportion of homicide, and a great deal of battery and arson. But now, with a Russian-Turk War springing from it, or already sprung, there are quite serious aspects rising amid the laughable. By Treaty, this War is to cost the King either a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to the Czarina, or a £72,000 (480,000 thalers) annually;² — which latter he prefers to pay her, as the alternative: not an agreeable feature at

¹ “*La Guerre des Confédérés* [*Œuvres*, xiv. 183 et seq.], finished in November, 1771.”

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 13.

all; but by no means the worst feature. Suppose it lead to Russian conquests on the Turk, to Austrian complicacies, to one knows not what, and kindle the world round one again! In short, we can believe Friedrich was very willing to stand well with next-door neighbors at present, and be civil to Austria and its young Kaiser's civilities.

First Interview between Friedrich and Kaiser Joseph
(Neisse, 25th-28th August, 1769).

In 1766, the young Kaiser, who has charge of the Military Department, and of little else in the Government, and is already a great traveller, and enthusiastic soldier, made a pilgrimage over the Bohemian and Saxon Battle-fields of the Seven-Years War. On some of them, whether on all I do not know, he set up memorial-stones; one of which you still see on the field of Lobositz;—of another on Prag field, and of reverent salutation by Artillery to the memory of Schwerin there, we heard long ago. Coming to Torgau on this errand, the Kaiser, through his Berlin Minister, had signified his “particular desire to make acquaintance with the King in returning;” to which the King was ready with the readiest;—only that Kaunitz and the Kaiserinn, in the interim, judged it improper, and stopped it. “The reported Interview is not to take place,” Friedrich warns the Newspapers; “having been given up, though only from courtesy, on some points of ceremonial.”¹

The young Kaiser felt a little huffed; and signified to Friedrich that he would find a time to make good this bit of uncivility, which his pedagogues had forced upon him. And now, after three years, August, 1769, on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, the Kaiser is to come across from his Bohemian businesses, and actually visit him: Interview to be at Neisse, 25th August, 1769, for three days. Of course the King was punctual, everybody was punctual, glad and cordial after a sort,—no ceremony, the Kaiser, officially

¹ “*Friedrich to One of his Foreign Ambassadors*” (the common way of announcing in Newspapers): Preuss, iv. 22 n.

incognito, is a mere Graf von Falkenstein, come to see his Majesty's Reviews. There came with him four or five Generals, Loudon one of them; Lacy had preceded. Friedrich is in the Palace of the place, ready and expectant. With Friedrich are: Prince Henri; Prince of Prussia; Margraf of Anspach: Friedrich's Nephew (Lady Craven's Margraf, the one remnant now left there); and some Generals and Military functionaries, Seidlitz the notablest figure of these. And so, *Friday, August 25th*, shortly after noon — But the following Two Letters, by an Eye-witness, will be preferable; and indeed are the only real Narrative that can be given: —

No. 1. *Engineer Lefebvre to Perpetual Secretary Formey*
(at Berlin).

“NEISSE, 26th [partly 25th] August, 1769.

“MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, — I make haste to inform you of the Kaiser's arrival here at Neisse, this day, 25th August, 1769, at one in the afternoon. The King had spent the morning in a proof Manœuvre, making rehearsal of the Manœuvre that was to be. When the Kaiser was reported just coming, the King went to the window of the grand Episcopal Saloon, and seeing him alight from his carriage, turned round and said, ‘*Je l'ai vu* (I have seen him).’ His Majesty then went to receive him on the grand staircase [had hardly descended three or four steps], where they embraced; and then his Majesty led by the hand his august Guest into the Apartments designed for him, which were all standing open and ready,” — which, however, the august Guest will not occupy except with a grateful imagination, being for the present incognito, mere Graf von Falkenstein, and judging that *The Three-Kings Inn* will be suitabler.

“Arrived in the Apartments, they embraced anew; and sat talking together for an hour and half. —

[The talk, unknown to Lefebvre, began in this strain. *Kaiser*: “Now are my wishes fulfilled, since I have the honor to embrace the greatest of Kings and Soldiers.” *King*: “I look upon this day as the

fairest of my life ; for it will become the epoch of uniting Two Houses which have been enemies too long, and whose mutual interests require that they should strengthen, not weaken one another." *Kaiser* : "For Austria there is no Silesia farther." ¹ Talk, it appears, lasted an hour and half.]

— "The Kaiser [continues our Engineer] had brought with him the Prince of Sachsen-Teschen [his august Brother-in-law, Duke of Teschen, son of the late Polish Majesty of famous memory] : afterwards there came Feldmarschall Lacy, Graf von Dietrichstein, General von Loudon," and three others of no account to us. "At the King's table were the Kaiser, the Prince of Prussia [dissolute young Heir-Apparent, of the polygamous tendency], Prince Henri, the Margraf of Anspach [King's Nephew, unfortunate Lady-Craven Margraf, ultimately of Hammersmith vicinity] ; the above Generals of the Austrian suite, and Generals Seidlitz and Tauentzien. The rest of the Court was at two other tables." Of the dinner itself an Outside Individual will say nothing.

"The Kaiser, having expressly requested the King to let him lodge in an Inn (*Three Kings*), under the name of Graf von Falkenstein, would not go into the carriage which had stood expressly ready to conduct him thither. He preferred walking on foot [the loftily scornful Incognito] in spite of the rain ; it was like a lieutenant of infantry stepping out of his quarters. Some moments after, the King went to visit him ; and they remained together from 5 in the evening till 8. It was thought they would be present (*assister*) at a Comic Opera which was to be played : but after waiting till 7 o'clock, the people received orders to go on with the Piece ;" — both Majesties did afterwards look in ; but finding it bad, soon went their way again. (*Major Lefebvre stops writing for the night.*)

"This morning, 26th, the Manœuvre [rehearsed yesterday] has been performed before both their Majesties ; the troops, by way of finish, filing past them in the highest order. The Kaiser accompanied the King to his abode ; after which he

¹ Preuss, v. 23 ; *Œuvres de Frédéric* vi. 25, 26.

returned to his own. This is all the news I have to-day : the sequel by next Post [apparently a week hence]. I am, and shall ever be, — your true Friend,
LEFEBVRE.”

No. 2. *Same to Same.*

“ NEISSE, 2d September, 1769.

“MONSIEUR AND DEAREST FRIEND, — We had, as you heard, our first Manœuvre on Saturday, 26th, in presence of the Kaiser and the King, and of the whole Court of each. That evening there was Opera; which their Majesties honored by attending. Sunday was our Second Manœuvre; *Operette* in the evening. Monday, 28th, was our last Manœuvre; at the end of which the two Majesties, without alighting from horseback, embraced each other; and parted, protesting mutually the most constant and inviolable friendship. One took the road for Breslau; the other that of Königsgrätz. All the time the Kaiser was here, they have been continually talking together, and exhibiting the tenderest friendship, — from which I cannot but think there will benefit result.

“I am almost in the mind of coming to pass this Winter at Berlin; that I may have the pleasure of embracing you, — perhaps as cordially as King and Kaiser here. I am, and shall always be, with all my heart, — your very good Friend,

“LEFEBVRE.”¹

The Lefebvre that writes here is the same who was set to manage the last Siege of Schweidnitz, by Globes of Compression and other fine inventions; and almost went out of his wits because he could not do it. An expert ingenious creature; skilful as an engineer; had been brought into Friedrich's service by the late Balbi, during Balbi's ascendancy (which ended at Olmütz long ago). At Schweidnitz, and often elsewhere, Friedrich, who had an esteem for poor Lefebvre, was good to him; and treated his excitabilities with a soft hand, not a rough. Once at Neisse (1771, second year after these Letters), on looking round at the works done since last review, in sight of all the Garrison he embraced Lefebvre, while commending his

¹ Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, ii. 145-148.

excellent performance ; which filled the poor soul with a now unimaginable joy.

“*Hélas*,” says Formey, “the poor Gentleman wrote to me of his endless satisfaction ; and how he hoped to get through his building, and retire on half-pay this very season, thenceforth to belong to the Academy and me ; he had been Member for twenty years past.” With this view, thinks Formey, he most likely hastened on his buildings too fast : certain it is, a barrack he was building tumbled suddenly, and some workmen perished in the ruins. “Enemies at Court suggested,” or the accident itself suggested without any enemy, “Has not he been playing false, using cheap bad materials ?” — and Friedrich ordered him arrest in his own Apartments, till the question were investigated. Excitable Lefebvre was like to lose his wits, almost to leap out of his skin. “One evening at supper, he managed to smuggle away a knife ; and, in the course of the night, gave himself sixteen stabs with it ; which at length sufficed. The King said, ‘He has used himself worse than I should have done ;’ and was very sorry.” Of Lefebvre’s scientific structures, globes of compression and the rest, I know not whether anything is left ; the above Two Notes, thrown off to Formey, were accidentally a hit, and, in the great blank, may last a long while.

The King found this young Kaiser a very pretty man ; and could have liked him considerably, had their mutual positions permitted. “He had a frankness of manner which seemed natural to him,” says the King ; “in his amiable character, gayety and great vivacity were prominent features.” By accidental chinks, however, one saw “an ambition beyond measure” burning in the interior of this young man,¹ — let an old King be wary. A three days, clearly, to be marked in chalk ; radiant outwardly to both ; to a certain depth, sincere ; and uncommonly pleasant for the time. King and Kaiser were seen walking about arm in arm. At one of the

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in *Mémoires de 1763 jusqu’à 1775*, a Chapter which yields the briefest, and the one completely intelligible account we yet have of those affairs), vi. 25.

Reviews a Note was brought to Friedrich : he read it, a Note from her Imperial Majesty ; and handing it to Kaiser Joseph, kissed it first. At parting, he had given Joseph, by way of keepsake, a copy of Maréchal de Saxe's *Réveries* (a strange Military Farrago, dictated, I should think, under opium¹) : this Book lay continually thereafter on the Kaiser's night-table ; and was found there at his death, Twenty-one years hence, — not a page of it read, the leaves all sticking together under their bright gilding.²

It was long believed, by persons capable of seeing into mill-stones, that, under cover of this Neisse Interview, there were important Political negotiations and consultings carried on ; — that here, and in a Second Interview or Return-Visit, of which presently, lay the real foundation of the Polish Catastrophe. What of Political passed at the Second Interview readers shall see for themselves, from an excellent Authority. As to what passed at the present ("mutual word-of-honor : should England and France quarrel, we will stand neutral"³), it is too insignificant for being shown to readers. Dialogues there were, delicately holding wide of the mark, and at length coming close enough ; but, at neither the one Interview nor the other, was Poland at all a party concerned, — though, beyond doubt, the Turk War was ; silently this first time, and with clear vocality on the second occasion.

In spite of Galitzin's blunders, the Turk War is going on at a fine rate in these months ; Turks, by the hundred thousand, getting scattered in panic rout : — but we will say nothing of it just yet. Polish Confederation — horror-struck, as may be imagined, at its auxiliary Brother of the Sun and Moon and his performances — is weltering in violently impotent spasms into deeper and ever deeper wretchedness, Friedrich sometimes thinking of a Burlesque Poem on the subject ; — though the Russian successes, and the Austrian grudgings and gloomings, are rising on him as a very serious consideration. "Is there no method, then, of allowing Russia to prosecute its Turk War

¹ "*Mes Réveries ; Ouvrage Posthume, par*" &c. (2 vols. 4to : Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1757).

² Preuss, iv. 24 n.

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ubi suprà.

in spite of Austria and its umbrages?" thinks Friedrich sometimes, in his anxieties about Peace in Europe:—"If the Ukraine, and its meal for the Armies, were but Russia's! At present, Austria can strike in there, cut off the provisions, and at once put a spoke in Russia's wheel." Friedrich tells us, "he (*on*," the King himself, what I do not find in any other Book) "sent to Petersburg, under the name of Count Lynar, the seraphic Danish Gentleman, who, in 1757, had brought about the Convention of Kloster-Zeven, a Project, or Sketch of Plan, for Partitioning certain Provinces of Poland, in that view;"—the Lynar opining, so far as I can see, somewhat as follows: "Russia to lay hold of the essential bit of Polish Territory for provisioning itself against the Turk, and allow to Austria and Prussia certain other bits; which would content everybody, and enable Russia and Christendom to extrude and suppress *ad libitum* that abominable mass of Mahometan Sensualism, Darkness and Fanaticism from the fairest part of God's Creation." An excellent Project, though not successful! "To which Petersburg, intoxicated with its own outlooks on Turkey, paid not the least attention," says the King.¹ He gives no date to this curious statement; nor does anybody else mention it at all; but we may fancy it to have been of Winter, 1769-1770, —and leave it with the curious, or the idly curious, since nothing came of it now or afterwards.

Potsdam, 20th-29th October, 1769. Only two months after Neisse, what kindles Potsdam into sudden splendor, Electress Marie-Antoine makes a Visit of nine days to the King. "In July last," says a certain Note of ours, "the Electress was invited to Berlin, to a Wedding; 'would have been delighted to come, but letter of invitation arrived too late. Will, however, not give up the plan of seeing the great Friedrich.' Comes to Potsdam 20th-29th October. Stays nine days; much delighted, both, with the visit. 'Magnificent palaces, pleasant gardens, ravishing concerts, charming Princes and Princesses: the pleasantest nine days I ever had in my life,' says the Electress. Friedrich grants, to her intercession, par-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 26.

don for some culprit. '*Diva Antonia*' he calls her henceforth for some time; she him, '*Plus grand des mortels*,' '*Salomon du Nord*,' and the like names."¹ Next year too (September 26th-October 5th, 1770), the bright Lady made a second visit;² no third, — the times growing too political, perhaps; the times not suiting. The *Correspondence* continues to the end; and is really pretty. And would be instructive withal, were it well edited. For example, — if we might look backwards, and shoot a momentary spark into the vacant darkness of the Past, — Friedrich wrote (the year before this): —

Potsdam, 3d May, 1768. . . . "Jesuits have got all cut adrift: A dim rumor spreads that his Holiness will not rest with that first anathema, but that a fulminating Bull is coming out against the Most Christian, the Most Catholic and the Most Faithful. If that be so, my notion is, Madam, that the Holy Father, to fill his table, will admit the Defender of the Faith [poor George III.] and your Servant; for it does not suit a Pope to sit solitary. . . .

"A pity for the human race, Madam, that men cannot be tranquil, — but they never and nowhere can! Not even the little Town of Neufchâtel but has had its troubles; your Royal Highness will be astonished to learn how. A Parson there [this was above seven years ago, in old Marischal's reign³] had set forth in a sermon, That considering the immense mercy of God, the pains of Hell could not last forever. The Synod shouted murder at such scandal; and has been struggling, ever since, to get the Parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction; for your Royal Highness must know that I am Pope in that Country; — here is my decision: Let the parsons, who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally damned, as they desire, and deserve; and let those parsons, who conceive God gentle and merciful, enjoy the plenitude of his mercy! However, Madam, my

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric (Correspondance avec l'Electrice Marie-Antoine)*, xxiv. 179-186.

² Rödenbeck, iii. 24.

³ See Letters to Marischal, "Leipzig, 9th March, 1761," "Breslau, 14th May, 1762:" in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 282. 287.

sentence has failed to calm men's minds; the schism continues; and the number of the damnatory theologians prevails over the others."¹ — Or again: —

Potsdam, 1st December, 1766. "At present I have with me my Niece [Sister's Daughter, of Schwedt], the Duchess of Würtemberg; who remembers with pleasure to have had the happiness of seeing your Royal Highness in former times. She is very unhappy and much to be pitied; her Husband [Eugen of Würtemberg, whom we heard much of, and last at Colberg] gives her a deal of trouble: he is a violent man, from whom she has everything to fear; who gives her chagrins, and makes her no allowances. I try my best to bring him to reason;" — but am little successful. Three years after this, "May 3d, 1769," we find Eugen, who once talked of running his august Reigning Brother through the body, has ended by returning to Stuttgart and him; where, or at Mümpelgard, his Apanage, he continued thenceforth. And was Reigning Duke himself, long afterwards, for two years, at the very end of his life.² At this date of 1766, "my poor Niece and he" have been married thirteen years, and have half a score of children; — the eldest of them Czar Paul's Second Wife that is to be, and Mother of the now Czars.

December 17th, 1765. . . . "I have had 12,360 houses and barns to rebuild, and am nearly through with that. But how many other wounds remain yet to be healed!"

July 22d, 1765. . . . "Wedding festivities of Prince of Prussia. Duchess of Kingston tipsy on the occasion!" — But we must not be tempted farther.³

¹ "April 2d, 1768" (a month before this Letter to Madam), there is "riot at Neuchâtel; and Avocat Gardot [heterodox Parson's *Advocate*] killed in it" (Rödenbeck, ii. 303).

² "Succeeded," on his Brother Karl's death, "20th May, 1795; died 23d December, 1797, age 75."

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 90-155.

Next Year there is a Second Interview; Friedrich making a Return-Visit during the Kaiser's Moravian Reviews (Camp of Mährisch-Neustadt, 3d-7th September, 1770).

The Russian-Turk War, especially in this Second Campaign of it, — "Liberation of Greece," or, failing that, total destruction of the Turk Fleet in Greek waters; conquest of Wallachia, as of Moldavia; in a word, imminency of total ruin to the Turk by land and sea, — all this is blazing aloft at such a pitch, in Summer, 1770, that a new Interview upon it may well, to neighbors so much interested, seem more desirable than ever. Interview accordingly there is to be: 3d September, and for four days following.

Kaunitz himself attends, this time; something of real business privately probable to Kaunitz. Prince Henri is not there; Prince Henri is gone to Sweden; on visit to his Sister, whom he has not seen since boyhood: of which Visit there will be farther mention. Present with the King were: ¹ the Prince of Prussia (luckier somewhat in his second wedding, little red-colored Son and Heir born to him just a month ago); ² Prince Ferdinand; two Brunswick Nephews, *Erbprinz* whom we used to hear of, and Leopold a junior, of whom we shall once or so. No Seidlitz this time. Except Lentulus, no General to name. But better for us than all Generals, in the Kaiser's suite, besides Kaunitz, was Prince de Ligne, — who holds a *pen*, as will appear.

"Liberation of the Greeks" had kindled many people, Voltaire among the number, who is still intermittently in correspondence with Friedrich: "A magnificent Czarina about to revivify that true Temple of Mankind, or at least to sweep the blockhead Turks out of it; what a prospect!" Friedrich is quite cool on Greece; not too hot on any part of this subject, though intensely concerned about it. Besides his ingenious Count-Lynar Project, and many other businesses, Friedrich

¹ Rödénbeck, iii. 21.

² Friedrich Wilhelm III., "born 3d August, 1770"

has just been confuting Baron d'Holbach's *Système de la Nature*; ¹—writing to Voltaire, *Potsdam*, 18th August, 1770, on this subject among others, he adds: "I am going for Silesia, on the Reviews. I am to see the Kaiser, who has invited me to his Camp in Mähren. That is an amiable and meritorious Prince; he values your Works, reads them as diligently as he can; is anything but superstitious: in brief, a Kaiser such as Germany has not for a great while had. Neither he nor I have any love for the blockhead and barbaric sort;—but that is no reason for extirpating them: if it were, your Turks [oppressors of Greece] would not be the only victims!" ²

In a lengthy *Letter*, written by request, *To Stanislaus, King of Poland*, in 1785, or at a distance of fifteen years from this Interview at Neustadt, Prince de Ligne, who was present there, has left us some record or loose lively reminiscence of it; ³—sputtering, effervescing, epigrammatic creature, had he confined himself to a faithful description, and burnt off for us, not like a pretty fire-work, but like an innocent candle, or thing for seeing by! But we must take what we have, and endeavor to be thankful. By great luck, the one topic he insists on is Friedrich and his aspect and behavior on the occasion: which is what, of all else in it, we are most concerned with.

"You have ordered me, Sire [this was written for him in 1785], to speak to you of one of the greatest men of this Age. You admire him, though his neighborhood has done you mischief enough; and, placing yourself at the impartial distance of History, feel a noble curiosity on all that belongs to this extraordinary genius. I will, therefore, give you an exact account of the smallest words that I myself heard the great Friedrich speak. . . . The I (*le je*) is odious to me; but nothing is indifferent when"—Well, your account, then, your

¹ "*Examen Critique du Système de la Nature* [in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 153 et seq.], finished July, 1770."

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 165, 166.

³ Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires et Mélanges Historiques* (Par. 1827), i. 3-21.

account, without farther preambling, and in a more exact way than you are wont! —

“By a singular chance, in 1770 [3d-7th September, if you would but date], the Kaiser was [for the second time] enabled to deliver himself to the personal admiration which he had conceived for the King of Prussia; and these Two great Sovereigns were so well together, that they could pay visits. The Kaiser permitted me to accompany; and introduced me to the King: it was at Neustadt in Moravia [*Mährisch-Neustadt*, short way from *Austerlitz*, which is since become a celebrated place]. I can't recollect if I had, or had assumed, an air of embarrassment; but what I do well remember is, that the Kaiser, who noticed my look, said to the King, ‘He has a timid expression, which I never observed in him before; he will recover presently.’ This he said in a graceful merry way; and the two went out, to go, I believe, to the Play. On the way thither, the King for an instant quitting his Imperial Friend, asked me if my *Letter to Jean Jacques* [now an entirely forgotten Piece], which had been printed in the Papers, was really by me? I answered, ‘Sire, I am not famous enough to have my name forged’ [as a certain Other name has been, on this same unproductive topic]. He felt what I meant. It is known that Horace Walpole took the King's name to write his famous *Lettre à Jean Jacques* [impossible to attend to the like of it at present], which contributed the most to drive mad that eloquent and unreasonable man of genius.

“Coming out of the Play, the Kaiser said to the King of Prussia: ‘There is Noverre, the famous Composer of Ballets; he has been in Berlin, I believe.’ Noverre made thereupon a beautiful dancing-master bow. ‘Ah, I know him,’ said the King: ‘we saw him at Berlin; he was very droll; mimicked all the world, especially our chief Dancing Women, to make you split with laughing.’ Noverre, ill content with this way of remembering him, made another beautiful third-position bow; and hoped possibly the King would say something farther, and offer him the opportunity of a small revenge. ‘Your Ballets are beautiful,’ said the King to him; ‘your Dancing Girls have grace; but it is grace in a squattish form

(*de la grâce engoncée*). I think you make them raise their shoulders and their arms too much. For, Monsieur Noverre, if you remember, our principal Dancing Girl at Berlin was n't so.' 'That is why she was at Berlin, Sire,' replied Noverre [satirically, all he could].

"I was every day asked to sup with the King; too often the conversation addressed itself to me. In spite of my attachment to the Kaiser, whose General I like to be, but not whose D'Argens or Algarotti, I had not beyond reason abandoned myself to that feeling. When urged by the King's often speaking to me, I had to answer, and go on talking. Besides, the Kaiser took a main share in the conversation; and was perhaps more at his ease with the King than the King with him. One day, they got talking of what one would wish to be in this world; and they asked my opinion. I said, I should like to be 'a Pretty Woman till thirty; then, till sixty, a fortunate and skilful General;'—and not knowing what more to say, but for the sake of adding something, whatever it might be, 'a Cardinal till eighty.' The King, who likes to banter the Sacred College, made himself merry on this; and the Kaiser gave him a cheap bargain of Rome and its upholders (*suppôts*). That supper was one of the gayest and pleasantest I have ever seen. The Two Sovereigns were without pretension and without reserve; what did not always happen on other days; and the amiability of two men so superior, and often so astonished to see themselves together, was the agreeablest thing you can imagine. The King bade me come and see him the first time he and I should have three or four hours to ourselves.

"A storm such as there never was, a deluge compared with which that of Deucalion was a summer shower, covered our Hills with water [cannot say *which* day of the four], and almost drowned our Army while attempting to manœuvre. The morrow was a rest-day for that reason. At nine in the morning, I went to the King, and stayed till one. He spoke to me of our Generals; I let him say, of his own accord, the things I think of Marshals Lacy and Loudon; and I hinted that, as to the others it was better to speak of the dead than

of the living ; and that one never can well judge of a General who has not in his lifetime actually played high parts in War. He spoke to me of Feldmarschall Daun : I said, ‘ that against the French I believed he might have proved a great man ; but that against him [you], he had never quite been all he was ; seeing always his opponent as a Jupiter, thunder-bolt in hand, ready to pulverize his Army.’ That appeared to give the King pleasure : he signified to me a feeling of esteem for Daun ; he spoke favorably of General Brentano [one of the Maxen gentlemen]. I asked his reason for the praises I knew he had given to General Beck. ‘ Why (*mais*), I thought him a man of merit,’ said the King. ‘ I do not think so, Sire ; he didn’t do you much mischief.’ ‘ He sometimes took Magazines from me.’ ‘ And sometimes let your Generals escape.’ (Bevern at *Reichenbach*, for instance, do you reckon that his blame ?) — ‘ I have never beaten him,’ said the King. ‘ He never came near enough for that : and I always thought your Majesty was only appearing to respect him, in order that we might have more confidence in him, and that you might give him the better slap some day, with interest for all arrears.’

King. “ ‘ Do you know who taught me the little I know ? It was your old Marshal Traun : that was a man, that one. — You spoke of the French : do they make progress ? ’

Ego. “ ‘ They are capable of everything in time of war, Sire : but in Peace, — their chiefs want them to be what they are not, what they are not capable of being.’

King. “ ‘ How, then ; disciplined ? They were so in the time of M. de Turenne.’

Ego. “ ‘ Oh, it is n’t that. They were not so in the time of M. de Vendôme, and they went on gaining battles. But it is now wished that they become your Apes and ours ; and that does n’t suit them.’

King. “ ‘ Perhaps so : I have said of their busy people (*faiseurs*,’ St. Germain and Army-Reformers), ‘ that they would fain sing without knowing music.’

Ego. “ ‘ Oh, that is true ! But leave them their natural notes ; profit by their bravery, their alertness (*légèreté*), by

their very faults, — I believe their confusion might confuse their enemies sometimes.'

King. "Well, yes, doubtless, if you have something to support them with.'

Ego. "Just so, Sire, — some Swiss and Germans.'

King. " 'Tis a brave and amiable nation, the French; one can't help loving them: — but, *mon Dieu*, what have they made of their Men of Letters; and what a tone has now come up among them! Voltaire, for example, had an excellent tone. D'Alembert, whom I esteem in many respects, is too noisy, and insists too much on producing effect in society: — was it the Men of Letters that gave the Court of Louis XIV. its grace, or did they themselves acquire it from the many amiable persons they found there? He was the Patriarch of Kings, that one [in a certain sense, your Majesty!]. In his lifetime a little too much good was said of him; but a great deal too much ill after his death.'

Ego. " 'A King of France, Sire, is always the Patriarch of Clever People (*Patriarche des gens d'esprit*:' You do not much mean this, Monsieur? You merely grin it from the teeth outward?)

King. "That is the bad Number to draw: they are n't worth a doit (*ne valent pas le diable*, these *gens d'esprit*) at Governing. Better be Patriarch of the Greek Church, like my sister the Empress of Russia! That brings her, and will bring, advantages. There's a religion for you; comprehending many Countries and different Nations! As to our poor Lutherans, they are so few, it is not worth while being their Patriarch.'

Ego. " 'Nevertheless, Sire, if one join to them the Calvinists, and all the little bastard Sects, it would not be so bad a post. [The King appeared to kindle at this; his eyes were full of animation. But it did not last when I said:] If the Kaiser were Patriarch of the Catholics, that too would n't be a bad place.'

King. " 'There, there: Europe divided into Three Patriarchates. I was wrong to begin; you see where that leads us: Messieurs, our dreams are not those of the just, as M. le

Regent used to say. If Louis XIV. were alive, he would thank us.'

"All these patriarchal ideas, possible and impossible to realize, made him, for an instant, look thoughtful, almost moody.

King. "'Louis XIV., possessing more judgment than cleverness (*esprit*), looked out more for the former quality than for the latter. It was men of genius that he wanted, and found. It could not be said that Corneille, Bossuet, Racine and Condé were people of the clever sort (*des hommes d'esprit*).'

Ego. "'On the whole, there is that in the Country which really deserves to be happy. It is asserted that your Majesty has said, If one would have a fine dream, one must —'

King. "'Yes, it is true, — be King of France.'

Ego. "'If Francis I. and Henri IV. had come into the world after your Majesty, they would have said, "be King of Prussia."'

King. "'Tell me, pray, is there no citable Writer left in France?'

"This made me laugh; the King asked the reason. I told him, He reminded me of the *Russe à Paris*, that charming little piece of verse of M. de Voltaire's; and we remembered charming things out of it, which made us both laugh. He said,

King. "'I have sometimes heard the Prince de Conti spoken of: what sort of man is he?'

Ego. "'He is a man composed of twenty or thirty men. He is proud, he is affable,' — he is fiddle, he is diddle (in the seesaw epigrammatic way, for a page or more); and is not worth pen and ink from us, since the time old Marshal Traun got us rid of him, — home across the Rhine, full speed, with Croats sticking on his skirts.¹

"This portrait seemed to amuse the King. One had to captivate him by some piquant detail; without that, he would escape you, give you no time to speak. The success generally began by the first words, no matter how vague, of any conversation; these he found means to make interesting; and what, generally, is mere talk about the weather became at once sub

¹ *Suprà*, viii. 475.

lime; and one never heard anything vulgar from him. He ennobled everything; and the examples of Greeks and Romans, or of modern Generals, soon dissipated everything of what, with others, would have remained trivial and commonplace.

“‘Have you ever,’ said he, ‘seen such a rain as yesterday’s? Your orthodox Catholics will say, “That comes of having a man without religion among us: what are we to do with this cursed (*maudit*) King; a Protestant at lowest?” for I really think I brought you bad luck. Your soldiers would be saying, “Peace we have; and still is this devil of a man to trouble us!”’

Ego. “‘Certainly, if your Majesty was the cause, it is very bad. Such a thing is only permitted to Jupiter, who has always good reasons for everything; and it would have been in his fashion, after destroying the one set by fire, to set about destroying the others by water. However, the fire is at an end; and I did not expect to revert to it.’

King. “‘I ask your pardon for having plagued you so often with that; I regret it for the sake of all mankind. But what a fine Apprenticeship of War! I have committed errors enough to teach you young people, all of you, to do better. *Mon Dieu*, how I love your grenadiers! How well they defiled in my presence! If the god Mars were raising a body-guard for himself, I should advise him to take them hand over head. Do you know I was well pleased (*bien content*) with the Kaiser last night at supper? Did you hear what he said to me about Liberty of the Press, and the Troubling of Consciences (*la gêne des consciences*)? There will be bits of difference between his worthy Ancestors and him, on some points!’

Ego. “‘I am persuaded, he will entertain no prejudices on anything; and that your Majesty will be a great Book of Instruction to him.’

King. “‘How adroitly he disapproved, without appearing to mean anything, the ridiculous Vienna Censorship; and the too great fondness of his Mother (without naming her) for certain things which only make hypocrites. By the by, she must detest you, that High Lady?’

Ego. “‘Well, then, not at all. She has sometimes lectured

me about my strayings, but very maternally : she is sorry for me, and quite sure that I shall return to the right path. She said to me, some time ago, "I don't know how you do, you are the intimate friend of Father Griffet ; the Bishop of Neustadt has always spoken well of you ; likewise the Archbishop of Malines ; and the Cardinal [name Sinzendorf, or else not known to me, dignity and red hat sufficiently visible] loves you much."

"Why cannot I remember the hundred luminous things which escaped the King in this conversation ! It lasted till the trumpet at Head-quarters announced dinner. The King went to take his place ; and I think it was on this occasion that, some one having asked why M. de Loudon had not come yet, he said, 'That is not his custom : formerly he often arrived before me. Please let him take this place next me ; I would rather have him at my side than opposite.'"

That is very pretty. And a better authority gives it, The King said to Loudon himself, on Loudon's entering, "*Mettez-vous auprès de moi, M. de Loudon ; j'aime mieux vous avoir à côté de moi que vis-à-vis.*" He was very kind to Loudon ; "constantly called him *M. le Feldmaréchal* [delicate hint of what should have been, but *was* not for seven years yet] ; and, at parting, gave him [as he did to Lacy also] two superb horses, magnificently equipped."¹

"Another day," continues Prince de Ligne, "the Manœuvres being over in good time, there was a Concert at the Kaiser's. Notwithstanding the King's taste for music, he was pleased to give me the preference ; and came where I was, to enchant me with the magic of his conversation, and the brilliant traits, gay and bold, which characterize him. He asked me to name the general and particular Officers who were present, and to tell him those who had served under Marshal Traun : 'For, *enfin*,' he said, 'as I think I have told you already, he is my Master ; he corrected me in the Schooling I was at.'"

Ego. "Your Majesty was very ungrateful, then ; you never

¹ Pezzl, *Vie de Loudon*, ii. 29.

paid him his lessons. If it was as your Majesty says, you should at least have allowed him to beat you; and I do not remember that you ever did.'

King. "'I did not get beaten, because I did not fight.'

Ego. "'It is in this manner that the greatest Generals have often conducted their wars against each other. One has only to look at the two Campaigns of M. de Montecuculi and M. de Turenne, in the Valley of the Rench [Strasburg Country, 1674 and 1675, two celebrated Campaigns, Turenne killed by a cannon-shot in the last].

King. "'Between Traun and the former there is not much difference; but what a difference, *bon Dieu*, between the latter and me!'

"I named to him the Count d'Althan, who had been Adjutant-General, and the Count de Pellegrini. He asked me twice which was which, from the distance we were at; and said, He was so short-sighted, I must excuse him.

Ego. "'Nevertheless, Sire, in the War your sight was good enough; and, if I remember right, it reached very far!'

King. "'It was not I; it was my glass.'

Ego. "'Ha, I should have liked to find that glass; — but I fear it would have suited my eyes as little as Scanderbeg's sword my arm.'

"I forget how the conversation changed; but I know it grew so free that, seeing somebody coming to join in it, the King warned him to take care; that it was n't safe to converse with a man doomed by the theologians to Everlasting Fire. I felt as if he somewhat overdid this of his 'being doomed,' and that he boasted too much of it. Not to hint at the dishonesty of these free-thinking gentlemen (*messieurs les esprits forts*), who very often are thoroughly afraid of the Devil, it is, at least, bad taste to make display of such things: and it was with the people of bad taste whom he has had about him, such as a Jordan, a D'Argens, Maupertuis, La Beaumelle, La Mettrie, Abbé de Prades, and some dull sceptics of his own Academy, that he had acquired* the habit of mocking at Religion; and of talking (*de parler*) Dogma, Spinozism, Court of Rome and the like. In the end, I did n't



TURENNE.

From a print in the National Library.

always answer when he touched upon it. I now seized a moment's interval, while he was using his handkerchief, to speak to him about some business, in connection with the Circle of Westphalia, and a little *Comté Immédiat* [County holding direct of the Reich] which I have there. The King answered me: 'I, for my part, will do anything you wish; but what thinks the other Director, my comrade, the Elector of Cologne, about it?'

Ego. "'I was not aware, Sire, that you were an Ecclesiastical Elector.'

King. "'I am so; at least on my Protestant account.'

Ego. "'That is not to *our* account's advantage! Those good people of mine believe your Majesty to be their protector.'

"He continued asking me the names of persons he saw. I was telling him those of a number of young Princes who had lately entered the Service, and some of whom gave hopes. 'That may be,' said he; 'but I think the breed of the governing races ought to be crossed. I like the children of love: look at the Maréchal de Saxe, and my own Anhalt [severe Adjutant von Anhalt, a bastard of Prinz Gustav, the Old Dessauer's Heir-Apparent, who begot a good many bastards, but died before inheriting: bastards were brought up, all of them to soldiering, by their Uncles, — this one by Uncle Moritz; was thrown from his horse eight years *hence*, to the great joy of many]; though I am afraid that *since* [mark this *since*, alas!] his fall on his head, that latter is not so good as formerly. I should be grieved at it,¹ both for his sake and for mine; he is a man full of talents.'

"I am glad to remember this; for I have heard it said by silly slanderous people (*sots dénigrants*), who accuse the King of Prussia of insensibility, that he was not touched by the accident which happened to the man he seemed to love most. Too happy if one had only said that of him! He was supposed to be jealous of the merit of Schwerin and of Keith,

¹ Not for eight years yet, *mon Prince*, I am sorry to say! Adjutant von Anhalt did, in reality, get this fall, and damaging hurt on the head, in the "Bavarian War" (nicknamed *Kartoffel-Krieg*, "Potato-War"), 1778-1779. *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 69: see Preuss, ii. 356, iv. 578; &c.

and delighted to have got them killed. It is thus that mediocre people seek to lower great men, to diminish the immense space that lies between themselves and such.

“Out of politeness, the King, and his Suite as well, had put on white [Austrian] Uniforms, not to bring back on us that blue which we had so often seen in war. He looked as though he belonged to our Army and to the Kaiser’s suite. There was, in this Visit, I believe, on both sides, a little personality, some distrust, and perhaps a beginning of bitterness;—as always happens, says Philippe de Comines, when Sovereigns meet. The King took Spanish snuff, and brushing it off with his hand from his coat as well as he could, he said, ‘I am not clean enough for you, Messieurs; I am not worthy to wear your colors.’ The air with which he said this, made me think he would yet soil them with powder, if the opportunity arose.

“I forgot a little Incident which gave me an opportunity of setting off (*faire valoir*) the two Monarchs to each other [Incident about the King’s high opinion of the Kaiser’s drill-sergeantry in this day’s manœuvres, and how I was the happy cause of the Kaiser’s hearing it himself: Incident omissible; as the whole Sequel is, except a sentence or two].—

. . . “On this Neustadt occasion, the King was sometimes too ceremonious; which annoyed the Kaiser. For instance,—I know not whether meaning to show himself a disciplined Elector of the Reich, but so it was,—whenever the Kaiser put his foot in stirrup, the King was sure to take his Majesty’s horse by the bridle, stand respectfully waiting the Kaiser’s right foot, and fit it into *its* stirrup: and so with everything else. The Kaiser had the more sincere appearance, in testifying his great respect; like that of a young Prince to an aged King, and of a young Soldier to the greatest of Captains. . . .

“Sometimes there were appearances of cordiality between the two Sovereigns. One saw that Friedrich II. loved Joseph II., but that the preponderance of the Empire, and the contact of Bohemia and Silesia, a good deal barred the sentiments of King and Kaiser. You remember, Sire [Ex-Sire of Poland], their *Letters* [readers shall see them, in 1778,—or rather *refuse*

to see them!] on the subject of Bavaria; their compliments, the explanations they had with regard to their intentions; all carried on with such politeness; and that from politeness to politeness, the King ended by invading Bohemia.”

Well, here is legible record, with something really of portraiture in it, valuable so far as it goes; record unique on this subject;—and substantially true, though inexact enough in details. Thus, even in regard to that of Anhalt’s *head*, which is so impossible in this First Dialogue, Friedrich did most probably say something of the kind, in a Second which there is, of date 1780; of which latter De Ligne is here giving account as well, — though we have to postpone it till its time come.

At this Neustadt Interview there did something of Political occur; and readers ought to be shown exactly what. Kaunitz had come with the Kaiser; and this something was intended as the real business among the gayeties and galas at Neustadt. Poland, or its Farce-Tragedy now playing, was not once mentioned that I hear of; though perhaps, as a *fleBILE ludibrium*, it might turn up for moments in dinner-conversation or the like: but the astonishing Russian-Turk War, which has sprung out of Poland, and has already filled Stamboul and its Divans and Muftis with mere horror and amazement; and, in fact, has brought the Grand Turk to the giddy rim of the Abyss; nothing but ruin and destruction visible to him: this, beyond all other things whatever, is occupying these high heads at present;—and indeed the two latest bits of Russian-Turk news have been of such a blazing character as to occupy all the world more or less. Readers, some glances into the Turk War, I grieve to say, are become inevitable to us!

Russian-Turk War, First Two Campaigns.

“*October 6th*, 1768, Turks declare War; Russian Ambassador thrown into the Seven Towers as a preliminary, where he sat till Peace came to be needed. *March 23d*, 1769, Display their Banner of Mahomet, all in paroxysm of Fanaticism risen to

the burning point: 'Under pain of death, No Giaour of you appear on the streets, nor even look out of window, this day!' Austrian Ambassador's Wife, a beautiful gossamer creature, venturing to transgress on that point, was torn from her carriage by the Popnlace, and with difficulty saved from destruction: Brother of the Sun and Moon, apologizing afterwards down to the very shoe-tie, is forgiven."

First Campaign; 1769. "April 26th-30th, Galitzin versus Choczim; can't, having no provender or powder. Falls back over Dniester again,—overhears that extraordinary *Dream*, as above recited, betokening great rumor in Russian Society against such Purblind Commanders-in-Chief. Purblind versus Blind is fine play, nevertheless; wait, only wait:—

"July 2d, Galitzin slowly gets on the advance again: 150,000 Turks, still slower, are at last across the Donan (sharp enough French Officers among them, agents of Choiseul; but a mass incurably chaotic);—furiously intending towards Poland and extermination of the Giaour. Do not reach Dniester River till September, and look across on Poland,—for the first time, and also for the last, in this War. September 17th: Weather has been rainy; Dniester, were Galitzin nothing, is very difficult for Turks; who try in two places, but cannot.¹ In a third place (name not given, perhaps has no name), about 12,000 of them are across; when Dniester, raging into flood, carries away their one Bridge, and leaves the 12,000 isolated there. Purblind Galitzin, on express order, does attack these 12,000 (night of September 17th-18th):—'Hurrah' of the devouring Russians about midnight, hoarse shriek of the doomed 12,000, wail of their brethren on the southern shore, who cannot help:—night of horrors 'from midnight till 2 A.M.;' and the 12,000 massacred or captive, every man of them; Russian loss 600 killed and wounded. Whereupon the Turk Army bursts into unanimous insanity; and flows home in deliquium of ruin. Choczim is got on the terms already mentioned (15 sick men and women lying in it, and 184 bronze cannon, when we boat across); Turk Army can by no effort be brought to halt anywhere; flows across the Donau, disappears into Chaos:

¹ Hermann, v. 611-613.

— and the whole of Moldavia is conquered in this cheap manner. What perhaps is still better, Galitzin (28th September) is thrown out; Romanzow, hitherto Commander of a second smaller Army, kind of covering wing to Galitzin, is Chief for Second Campaign.

“In the Humber, this Winter, to the surprise of incredulous mankind, a Russian Fleet drops anchor for a few days: actual Russian Fleet intending for the Greek waters, for Montenegro and intermediate errands, to conclude with ‘Liberation of Greece next Spring,’ — so grandiose is this Czarina.”¹

Second Campaign; 1770. “This is the flower of Anti-Turk Campaigns, — victorious, to a blazing pitch, both by land and sea. Romanzow, master of Moldavia, goes upon Wallachia, and the new or rehabilitated Turk Army; and has an almost gratis bargain of both. Romanzow has some good Officers under him (‘Brigadier Stoffeln,’ much more ‘General Tottleben,’ ‘General Bauer,’ once Colonel Bauer of the Wesel Free-Corps, — many of the Superior Officers seem to be German, others have Swedish or Danish names); — better Officers; and knows better how to use them than Galitzin did. August 1st, Romanzow has a Battle, called of Kaghul, in Pruth Country. That is his one ‘Battle’ this Summer; and brings him Ismail, Akkerman, all Wallachey, and no Turks left in those parts. But first let us attend to sea-matters, and the Liberation of Greece, which precede in time and importance.

“‘Liberation of Greece:’ an actual Fleet, steering from Cronstadt to the Dardanelles to liberate Greece! The sound of it kindles all the warm heads in Europe; especially Voltaire’s, which, though covered with the snow of age, is still warm internally on such points. As to liberating Greece, Voltaire’s hopes were utterly balked; but the Fleet from Cronstadt did amazing service otherwise in those waters. *February 28th, 1770*, first squadron of the Russian Fleet anchors at Passawa, — not far from Calamata, in the Gulf of Coron, on the antique Peloponnesian coast; Sparta on your right hand, Arcadia on your left, and so many excellent Ghosts (ἑφθυμοὶ ψυχᾶι) of Heroes looking on: — Russian squadron has four big

¹ Hermann, v. 617.

ships, three frigates, more soon to follow : on board there are arms and munitions of war ; but unhappily only 500 soldiers. Admiral-in-Chief (not yet come up) is Alexei Orlof, a brother of Lover Gregory's, an extremely worthless seaman and man. Has under him 'many Danes, a good few English too,' — especially Three English Officers, whom we shall hear of, when Alexei and they come up. Meanwhile, on the Peloponnesian coast are modern Spartans, to the number of 15,000, all sitting ready, expecting the Russian advent : these rose duly ; got Russian muskets, cartridges, — only two Russian Officers : — and attacked the Turks with considerable fury or voracity, but with no success of the least solidity. Were foiled here, driven out there ; in fine, were utterly beaten, Russians and they : lost Tripolizza, by surprise ; whereupon (April 19th) the Russians withdrew to their Fleet ; and the Affair of Greece was at an end.¹ It had lasted (28th February—19th April) seven weeks and a day. The Russians retired to their Fleet, with little loss ; and rode at their ease again, in Navarino Bay. But the 15,000 modern Spartans had nothing to retire to, — these had to retire into extinction, expulsion and the throat of Moslem vengeance, which was frightfully bloody and inexorable on them.

"Greece having failed, the Russian Fleet, now in complete tale, made for Turkey, for Constantinople itself. 'Into the very Dardanelles' they say they will go ; an Englishman among them — Captain Elphinstone, a dashing seaman, if perhaps rather noisy, whom Rulhière is not blind to — has been heard to declare, at least in his cups : 'Dardanelles impossible ? Pshaw, I will do it, as easily as drink this glass of wine !' Alexei Orlof is a Sham-Admiral ; but under him are real Sea-Officers, one or two.

"In the Turkish Fleet, it seems, there is an Ex-Algerine, Hassan Bey, of some capacity in sea-matters ; but he is not in chief command, only in second ; and can accomplish nothing. The Turkish Fleet, numerous but rotten, retires daily, — through the famed Cyclades, and Isles of Greece, Paros, Naxos, apocalyptic Patmos, on to Scio (old Chios of the wines) ; and

¹ Hermann. v. 621.

on July 5th takes refuge behind Scio, between Scio and the Coast of Smyrna, in Tchesme Bay. 'Safe here!' thinks the chief Turk Admiral. 'Very far from safe!' remonstrates Hassan; though to no purpose. And privately puts the question to himself, 'Have these Giaours a real Admiral among them, or, like us, only a sham one?'"

Tchesme Bay, 7th July, 1770. "Nothing can be more imaginary than Alexei Orlof as an Admiral: but he has a Captain Elphinstone, a Captain Gregg, a Lieutenant Dugdale; and these determine to burn poor Hassan and his whole Fleet in Tchesme here:—and do it totally, night of July 7th; with one single fireship; Dugdale steering it; Gregg behind him, to support with broadsides; Elphinstone ruling and contriving, still farther to rear; helpless Turk Fleet able to make no debate whatever. Such a blaze of conflagration on the helpless Turks as shone over all the world—one of Rulhière's finest fire-works, with little shot;—the light of which was still dazzling mankind while the Interview at Neustadt took place. Turk Fleet, fifteen ships, nine frigates and above 8,000 men, gone to gases and to black cinders,—Hassan hardly escaping with I forget how many score of wounds and bruises.¹

"'Now for the Dardanelles,' said Elphinstone: 'bombard Constantinople, starve it,—to death, or to what terms you will!' 'Cannot be done; too dangerous; impossible!' answered the sham Admiral, quite in a tremor, they say;—which at length filled the measure of Elphinstone's disgusts with such a Fleet and Admiral. Indignant Elphinstone withdrew to his own ship, 'Adieu, Sham-Admiral!'—sailed with his own ship, through the impossible Dardanelles (Turk batteries firing one huge block of granite at him, which missed; then needing about forty minutes to load again); feat as easy to Elphinstone as this glass of wine. In sight of Constantinople, Elphinstone, furthermore, called for his tea; took his tea on deck, under flourishing of all his drums and all his trumpets: tea done, sailed out again scathless; instantly threw up his command,—and at Petersburg, soon after, in taking leave of the Czarina, signified to her, in language per-

¹ Hermann, v. 623.

haps too plain, or perhaps only too painfully true, some Naval facts which were not welcome in that high quarter.”¹ This remarkable Elphinstone I take to be some junior or irregular Balmerino scior; but could never much hear of him except in *Rulhière*, where, on vague, somewhat theatrical terms, he figures as above.

“*August 1st*, Romanzow has a ‘Battle of Kaghul,’ so they call it; though it is a ‘Slaughtery’ or *Schlachtereï*, rather than a ‘Slaught’ or *Schlucht*, say my German friends. Kaghul is not a specific place, but a longish river, a branch of the Pruth; under screen of which the Grand Turk Army, 100,000 strong, with 100,000 Tartars as second line, has finally taken position, and fortified itself with earthworks and abundant cannon. *August 1st*, 1770, Romanzow, after study and advising, feels prepared for this Grand Army and its earthworks: with a select 20,000, under select captains, Romanzow, after night-fall, bursts in upon it, simultaneously on three different points; and gains, gratis or nearly so, such a victory as was never heard of before. The Turks, on their earthworks, had 140 cannons; these the Turk gunners fired off two times, and fled, leaving them for Romanzow’s uses. The Turk cavalry then tried if they could not make some attempt at charging; found they could not; whirled back upon their infantry; set it also whirling: and in a word, the whole 200,000 whirled, without blow struck; and it was a universal panic rout, and delirious stampede of flight, which never paused (the very garrisons emptying themselves, and joining in it) till it got across the Donau again, and drew breath there, not to rally or stand, but to run rather slower. And had left Wallachia, Bessarabia, Dniester river, Donau river, swept clear of Turks; all Romanzow’s henceforth. To such astonishment of an invincible Grand Turk, and of his Moslem Populations, fallen on such a set of Giaours [“*Allah Kerim*, And cannot we abolish them, then?” Not we *them*, it would appear!], — as every reader can imagine.” Which shall suffice every reader here in regard to the Turk War, and what concern he has in the extremely brutish phenomenon.

¹ *Rulhière*, iii. 476–509.

Tchesme fell out July 7th; Elphinstone has hardly done his tea in the Dardanelles, when (August 1st) this of Kaghul follows: both would be fresh news blazing in every head while the Dialogues between Friedrich and Kaunitz were going on. For they "had many dialogues," Friedrich says; "and one of the days" (probably September 6th) was mainly devoted to Politics, to deep private Colloquy with Kaunitz. Of which, and of the great things that followed out of it, I will now give, from Friedrich's own hand, the one entirely credible account I have anywhere met with in writing.

Friedrich's account of Kaunitz himself is altogether life-like: a solemn, arrogant, mouthing, browbeating kind of man, — embarrassed at present by the necessity not to browbeat, and by the consciousness that "King Friedrich is the only man who refuses to acknowledge my claims to distinction:"¹ — a Kaunitz whose arrogances, qualities and claims this King is not here to notice, except as they concern business on hand. He says, "Kaunitz had a clear intellect, greatly twisted by perversities of temper (*un sens droit, l'esprit rempli de travers*), especially by a self-conceit and arrogance which were boundless. He did not talk, but preach. At the smallest interruption, he would stop short in indignant surprise: it has happened that, at the Council-Board in Schönbrunn, when Imperial Majesty herself asked some explanation of a word or thing not understood by her, Kaunitz made his bow (*lui tira sa révérence*), and quitted the room." Good to know the nature of the beast. Listen to him, then, on those terms, since it is necessary. The Kaunitz Sermon was of great length, imbedded in circumlocutions, innuendoes and diplomatic cautions; but the gist of it we gather to have been (abridged into dialogue form) essentially as follows: —

Kaunitz. "Dangerous to the repose of Europe, those Russian encroachments on the Turk. Never will Imperial Majesty consent that Russia possess Moldavia or Wallachia; War sooner, — all things sooner! These views of Russia are infinitely dangerous to everybody. To your Majesty as well, if I

¹ Rulhière (somewhere) has heard this, as an utterance of Kaunitz's in some plaintive moment.

may say so; and no remedy conceivable against them, — to me none conceivable, — but this only, That Prussia and Austria join frankly in protest and absolute prohibition of them."

Friedrich. "I have nothing more at heart than to stand well with Austria; and always to be her ally, never her enemy. But your Highness sees how I am situated: bound by express Treaty with Czarish Majesty; must go with Russia in any War! What can I do? I can, and will with all industry, labor to conciliate Czarish Majesty and Imperial; to produce at Petersburg such a Peace with the Turks as may meet the wishes of Vienna. Let us hope it can be done. By faithful endeavoring, on my part and on yours, I persuade myself it can. Meanwhile, steadfastly together, *we* two! All our little rubs, custom-house squabbles on the Frontier, and such like, why not settle them here, and now? [and does so with his Highness.] That there be nothing but amity, helpfulness and mutual effort towards an object so momentous to us both, and to all mankind!"

Kaunitz. "Good so far. And may a not intolerable Turk-Russian Peace prove possible, without our fighting for it! Meanwhile, Imperial Majesty [as she has been visibly doing for some time] must continue massing troops and requisites on the Hungarian Frontier, lest the contrary happen!"

This was the result arrived at. Of which Friedrich "judged it but polite to inform the young Kaiser; who appeared to be grateful for this mark of attention, being much held down by Kaunitz in his present state of tutelage."¹

And by a singular chance, on the very morrow there arrived from the Divan (dated August 12th) an Express to Friedrich: "Mediate a Peace for us with Russia; not you alone, as we have often asked, but Austria *and* you!" For the Kaghul Slaughtery has come on us; Giaour Elphinstone has taken tea in the Dardanelles; and we know not to what hand to turn! — "The young Kaiser did not hide his joy at this Overture, as Kaunitz did his, which was perhaps still greater:" the Kaiser warmly expressed his thanks to Friedrich as the Author of it; Kaunitz, with a lofty indifference (*morgue*), and nose in air as

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 30.

over a small matter, "merely signified his approval of this step which the Turks had taken."

"Never was mediation undertaken with greater pleasure," adds the King. And both did proceed upon it with all zeal; but only the King as real "mediator," or *middleman*; Kaunitz from the first planting himself immovably upon the Turk side of things, which is likewise the Austrian; and playing in secret (as Friedrich probably expected he would) the strangest tricks with his assumed function.

So that Friedrich had to take the burden of mediating altogether on himself; and month after month, year after year, it is evident he prosecutes the same with all the industry and faculty that are in him, — in intense desire, and in hope often nearly desperate, to keep his two neighbors' houses, and his own and the whole world along with them, from taking fire. Apart from their conflicting interests, the two Empresses have privately a rooted aversion to one another. What with Russian exorbitancy (a Czarina naturally uplifted with her *Tchesmes* and *Kaghuls*); what with Austrian cupidity, pride, mulishness, and private trickery of Kaunitz; the adroit and heartily zealous Friedrich never had such a bit of diplomacy to do. For many months hence, in spite of his intensest efforts and cunningest appliances, no way of egress visible: "The imbroglio *must* catch fire!" At last a way opens, "Ha, at last a way!" — then, for above a twelvemonth longer, such a guiding of the purblind quadrupeds and obstinate Austrian mules into said way: and for years more such an urging of them, in pig-driver fashion, along the same, till Peace did come! —

And here, without knowing it, we have insensibly got to the topmost summit of our Polish Business; one small step more, and we shall be on the brow of the precipitous inclined-plane, down which Poland and its business go careering thenceforth, down, down, — and will need but few words more from us. Actual discovery of "a way out" stands for next Section.

First, however, we will notice, as prefatory, a curious occurrence in the Country of Zips, contiguous to the Hungarian

Frontier. Zips, a pretty enough District, of no great extent, had from time immemorial belonged to Hungary; till, above 300 years ago, it was — by Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, a man always in want of money (whom we last saw, in flaming color, investing Friedrich's Ancestor with Brandenburg instead of payment for a debt of money) — pledged to the Crown of Poland for a round sum to help in Sigismund's pressing occasions. Redemption by payment never followed; attempt at redemption there had never been, by Sigismund or any of his successors. Nay, one successor, in a Treaty still extant,¹ expressly gave up the right of redeeming: Pledge forfeited; a Zips belonging to Polish Crown and Republic by every law.

Well; Imperial Majesty, as we have transiently seen, is assembling troops on the Hungarian Frontier, for a special purpose. Poor Poland is, by this time (1770), as we also saw, sunk in Pestilence, — pigs and dogs devouring the dead bodies; not a loaf to be had for a hundred ducats, and the rage of Pestilence itself a mild thing to that of Hunger, not to mention other rages. So that both Austria and Prussia, in order to keep out Pestilence at least, if they cannot the other rages, have had to draw *cordons*, or lines of troops along the Frontiers. "The Prussian cordon," I am informed, "goes from Crossen, by Frankfurt northward, to the Weichsel River and border of Warsaw Country;" and "is under the command of General Belling," our famous Anti-Swede Hussar of former years. The Austrian cordon looks over upon Zips and other Starosties, on the Hungarian Border; where, independently of Pestilence, an alarmed and indignant Empress-Queen has been and is assembling masses of troops, with what object we know. Looking over into Zips in these circumstances, indignant Kaunitz and Imperial Majesty, especially *his* Imperial Majesty, a youth always passionate for territory, say to themselves, "Zips was ours, and in a sense is!" — and (precise date refused us, but after Neustadt, and before Winter has quite come) push troops across into Zips Starosty; seize the whole Thirteen Townships of Zips, and not only these, but by degrees tract after tract of the adjacencies: "Must have a Frontier

¹ Preuss, iv. 32 (date 1589; pawning had been 1412).

to our mind in those parts; indefensible otherwise!" And quietly set up boundary-pillars, with the Austrian double-eagle stamped on them, and intimation to Zips and neighborhood, That it is now become Austrian, and shall have no part farther in these Polish Confederatings, Pestilences, rages of men, and pigs devouring dead bodies, but shall live quiet under the double-eagle as others do. Which to Zips, for the moment, might be a blessed change, welcome or otherwise; but which awoke considerable amazement in the outer world, — very considerable in King Stanislaus (to whom, on applying, Kaunitz would give no explanation the least articulate); — and awoke, in the Russian Court especially, a rather intense surprise and provocation.

Prince Henri has been to Sweden; is seen at Petersburg in Masquerade (on or about New-year's Day, 1771); and does get Home, with Results that are important.

Prince Henri, as we noticed, was not of this Second King-and-Kaiser Interview; Henri had gone in the opposite direction, — to Sweden, on a visit to his Sister Ulrique, — off for West and North, just in the same days while the King was leaving Potsdam for Silesia and his other errand in the South-east parts. Henri got to Drottingholm, his Sister's country Palace near Stockholm, by the "end of August;" and was there with Queen Ulrique and Husband during these Neustadt manœuvres. A changed Queen Ulrique, since he last saw her "beautiful as Love," whirling off in the dead of night for those remote Countries and destinies.¹ She is now fifty, or on the edge of it, her old man sixty, — old man dies within few months. They have had many chagrins, especially she, as the prouder, has had, from their contumacious People, — contumacious Senators at least (strong always both in *pocket-money* French or Russian, and in tendency to insolence and folly), — who once, I remember, demanded sight and count of the Crown-Jewels from Queen Ulrique: "There, *voilà*, there are they!" said the proud Queen; "view them,

¹ *Suprà*, viii. 309.

count them, — look them up: never more will I wear one of them!" But she has pretty Sons grown to manhood, one pretty Daughter, a patient good old Husband; and Time, in Sweden too, brings its roses; and life is life, in spite of contumacious bribed Senators and doggeries that do rather abound. Henri stayed with her six or seven weeks; leaves Sweden, middle of October, 1770, — not by the straight course homewards: "No, verily, and well knew why!" shrieks the indignant Polish world on us ever since.

It is not true that Friedrich had schemed to send Henri round by Petersburg. On the contrary, it was the Czarina, on ground of old acquaintanceship, who invited him, and asked his Brother's leave to do it. And if Poland got its fate from the circumstance, it was by accident, and by the fact that Poland's fate was drop-ripe, ready to fall by a touch. — Before going farther, here is ocular view of the shrill-minded, serious and ingenious Henri, little conscious of being so fateful a man: —

Prince Henri in white Domino. "Prinee Henri of Prussia," says Richardson, the useful Eye-witness cited already, "is one of the most celebrated Generals of the present age. So great are his military talents, that his Brother, who is not apt to pay compliments, says of him, — That, in commanding an army, he was never known to commit a fault. This, however, is but a negative kind of praise. He [the King] reserves to himself the glory of superior genius, which, though capable of brilliaut achievements, is yet liable to unwary mistakes: and allows him no other than the praise of correctness.

"To judge of Prince Henri by his appearance, I should form no high estimate of his abilities. But the Seythian Ambassadors judged in the same manner of Alexander the Great. He is under the middle size; very thin; he walks firmly enough, or rather struts, as if he wanted to walk firmly; and has little dignity in his air or gesture. He is dark-complexioned; and he wears his hair, which is remarkably thick, elubbed, and dressed with a high toupee. His fore head is high; his eyes large and blue, with a little squint; and

when he smiles, his upper lip is drawn up a little in the middle. His look expresses sagacity and observation, but nothing very amiable; and his manner is grave and stiff rather than affable. He was dressed, when I first saw him, in a light-blue frock with silver frogs; and wore a red waistcoat and blue breeches. He is not very popular among the Russians; and accordingly their wits are disposed to amuse themselves with his appearance, and particularly with his toupee. They say he resembles Samson; that all his strength lies in his hair; and that, conscious of this, and recollecting the fate of the son of Manoah, he suffers not the night approaches of any deceitful Delilah. They say he is like the Comet, which, about fifteen months ago, appeared so formidable in the Russian hemisphere; and which, exhibiting a small watery body, but a most enormous train, dismayed the Northern and Eastern Potentates with 'fear of change.'

"I saw him a few nights ago [on or about New-year's Day, 1771; come back to us, from his Tour to Moscow, three weeks before; and nothing but galas ever since] at a Masquerade in the Palace, said to be the most magnificent thing of the kind ever seen at the Russian Court. Fourteen large rooms and galleries were opened for the accommodation of the masks; and I was informed that there were present several thousand people. A great part of the company wore dominos, or capuchin dresses; though, besides these, some fanciful appearances afforded a good deal of amusement. A very tall Cosack appeared completely arrayed in the 'hauberk's twisted mail.' He was indeed very grim and martial. Persons in emblematical dresses, representing Apollo and the Seasons, addressed the Empress in speeches suited to their characters. The Empress herself, at the time I saw her Majesty, wore a Grecian habit; though I was afterwards told that she varied her dress two or three times during the masquerade. Prince Henri of Prussia wore a white domino. Several persons appeared in the dresses of different nations, — Chinese, Turks, Persians and Armenians. The most humorous and fantastical figure was a Frenchman, who, with wonderful nimbleness and dexterity, represented an overgrown but very beautiful Parrot.

He chattered with a great deal of spirit; and his shoulders, covered with green feathers, performed admirably the part of wings. He drew the attention of the Empress; a ring was formed; he was quite happy; fluttered his plumage; made fine speeches in Russ, French and tolerable English; the ladies were exceedingly diverted; everybody laughed except Prince Henri, who stood beside the Empress, and was so grave and so solemn, that he would have performed his part most admirably in the shape of an owl. The Parrot observed him; was determined to have revenge; and having said as many good things as he could to her Majesty, he was hopping away; but just as he was going out of the circle, seeming to recollect himself, he stopped, looked over his shoulder at the formal Prince, and quite in the parrot tone and French accent, he addressed him most emphatically with '*Henri! Henri! Henri!*' and then, diving into the crowd, disappeared. His Royal Highness was disconcerted; he was forced to smile in his own defence, and the company were not a little amused.

"At midnight, a spacious hall, of a circular form, capable of containing a vast number of people, and illuminated in the most magnificent manner, was suddenly opened. Twelve tables were placed in alcoves around the sides of the room, where the Empress, Prince Henri, and a hundred and fifty of the chief nobility and foreign ministers sat down to supper. The rest of the company went up, by stairs on the outside of the room, into the lofty galleries placed all around on the inside. Such a row of masked visages, many of them with grotesque features and bushy beards, nodding from the side of the wall, appeared very ludicrous to those below. The entertainment was enlivened with a concert of music; and at different intervals persons in various habits entered the hall, and exhibited Cossack, Chinese, Polish, Swedish and Tartar dances. The whole was so gorgeous, and at the same time so fantastic, that I could not help thinking myself present at some of the magnificent festivals described in the old-fashioned romances:—

‘The marshal’d feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals.’

The rest of the company, on returning to the rooms adjoining, found prepared for them also a sumptuous banquet. The masquerade began at 6 in the evening, and continued till 5 next morning.

“Besides the masquerade, and other festivities, in honor of, and to divert Prince Henri, we had lately a most magnificent show of fire-works. They were exhibited in a wide space before the Winter Palace; and, in truth, ‘beggared description.’ They displayed, by a variety of emblematical figures, the reduction of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and the various conquests and victories achieved since the commencement of the present War. The various colors, the bright green and the snowy white, exhibited in these fire-works, were truly astonishing. For the space of twenty minutes, a tree, adorned with the loveliest and most verdant foliage, seemed to be waving as with a gentle breeze. It was entirely of fire; and during the whole of this stupendous scene, an arch of fire, by the continued throwing of rockets and fire-balls in one direction, formed as it were a suitable canopy.

“On this occasion a prodigious multitude of people were assembled; and the Empress, it was surmised, seemed uneasy. She was afraid, it was apprehended, lest any accident, like what happened at Paris at the marriage of the Dauphin, should befall her beloved people. I hope I have amused you; and ever am” —¹

The masquerades and galas in honor of Prince Henri, from a grandiose Hostess, who had played with him in childhood, were many; but it is not with these that we have to do. One day, the Czarina, talking to him of the Austrian procedures at Zips, said with pique, “It seems, in Poland you have only to stoop, and pick up what you like of it. If the Court of Vienna have the notion to dismember that Kingdom, its neighbors will have right to do as much.”² This is supposed, in all

¹ W. Richardson, *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*, pp. 325–331: “Petersburg, 4th January, 1771.”

² Rulhière, iv. 210; *Trois Démembrements*, i. 142; above all, Henri himself, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 345, “Petersburg, 8th January, 1771.”

Books, to be the *punctum saliens*, or first mention, of the astonishing Partition, which was settled, agreed upon, within about a year hence, and has made so much noise ever since. And in effect it was so; the idea rising practically in that high head was the real beginning. But this was not the first head it had been in; far from that. Above a year ago, as Friedrich himself informed us, it had been in Friedrich's own head, — though at the time it went for absolutely nothing, nobody even bestowing a sneer on it (as Friedrich intimates), and disappeared through the Horn-Gate of Dreams.

Friedrich himself appears to have quite forgotten the Count-Lynar idea; and, on Henri's report from Russia, was totally incredulous; and even suspected that there might be trickery and danger in this Russian proposal. Not till Henri's return (*February 18th, 1771*) could he entirely believe that the Czarina was serious; — and then, sure enough, he did, with his whole heart, go into it: the *Eureka* out of all these difficulties, which had so long seemed insuperable. Prince Henri "had an Interview with the Austrian Minister next day" (*February 19th*), who immediately communicated with his Kaunitz, — and got discouraging response from Kaunitz; discouraging, or almost negatory; which did not discourage Friedrich. "A way out," thinks Friedrich: "the one way to save my Prussia and the world from incalculable conflagration." And entered on it without loss of a moment. And labored at it with such continual industry, rapidity and faculty for guiding and pushing, as all readers have known in him, on dangerous emergencies; at no moment lifting his hand from it till it was complete.

His difficulties were enormous: what a team to drive; and on such a road, untrodden before by hoof or wheel! Two Empresses that cordially hate one another, and that disagree on this very subject. Kaunitz and his Empress are extremely skittish in the matter, and as if quite refuse it at first: "Zips will be better," thinks Kaunitz to himself; "Cannot we have, all to ourselves, a beautiful little cutting out of Poland in that part; and then perhaps, in league with the Turk, who has money, beat the Russians home altogether, and rule Poland in their stead, or 'share it with the Sultan,' as Reis-Effendi sug-

gests ? ” And the dismal truth is, though it was not known for years afterward, Kaunitz does about this time, in profoundest secret, actually make Treaty of Alliance with the Turk (“so many million Piastres to us, ready money, year by year, and you shall, if not by our mediating, then by our fighting, be a contented Turk ”); and all along at the different Russian-Turk “Peace-Congresses,” Kaunitz, while pretending to sit and mediate along with Prussia, sat on that far other basis, privately thwarting everything; and span out the Turk pacification in a wretched manner for years coming.¹ A dangerous, hard-mouthed, high-stalking, ill-given old coach-horse of a Kaunitz: fancy what the driving of him might be, on a road he did not like! But he had a driver too, who, in delicate adroitness, in patience and in sharpness of whip, was consummate: “You shall know it is your one road, my ill-given friend!” (I ostentatiously increase my Cavalry by 8,000; meaning, “A new Seven-Years War, if you force me, and Russia by my side this time!”) So that Kaunitz had to quit his Turk courses (never paid the Piastres back), and go into what really was the one way out.

But Friedrich’s difficulties on this course are not the thing that can interest readers; and all readers know his faculty for overcoming difficulties. Readers ask rather: “And had Friedrich no feeling about Poland itself, then, and this atrocious Partitioning of the poor Country?” Apparently none whatever;—unless it might be, that Deliverance from Anarchy, Pestilence, Famine, and Pigs eating your dead bodies, would be a manifest advantage for Poland, while it was the one way of saving Europe from War. Nobody seems more contented in conscience, or radiant with heartfelt satisfaction, and certainty of thanks from all wise and impartial men, than the King of Prussia, now and afterwards, in regard to this Polish atrocity! A psychological fact, which readers can notice. Scrupulous regard to Polish considerations, magnanimity to Poland, or the least respect or pity for her as a dying Anarchy,

¹ “Peace of Kainardschi,” not till “21st July, 1774,”—after four or five abortive attempts, two of them “Congresses,” Kaunitz so industrious (Hermann, v. 664 et antea).

is what nobody will claim for him; consummate talent in executing the Partition of Poland (inevitable some day, as he may have thought, but is nowhere at the pains to say),—great talent, great patience too, and meritorious self-denial and endurance, in executing that Partition, and in saving *it* from catching fire instead of being the means to quench fire, no well-informed person will deny him. Of his difficulties in the operation (which truly are unspeakable) I will say nothing more; readers are prepared to believe that he, beyond others, should conquer difficulties when the object is vital to him. I will mark only the successive dates of his progress, and have done with this wearisome subject:—

June 14th, 1771. Within four months of the arrival of Prince Henri and that first certainty from Russia, diligent Friedrich, upon whom the whole burden had been laid of drawing up a Plan, and bringing Austria to consent, is able to report to Petersburg, That Austria has dubieties, reluctances, which it is to be foreseen she will gradually get over; and that here meanwhile (June 14th, 1771) is my Plan of Partition,—the simplest conceivable: “That each choose (subject to future adjustments) what will best suit him; I, for my own part, will say, West-Prussen;—what Province will Czarish Majesty please to say?” Czarish Majesty, in answer, is exorbitantly liberal to herself; claims, not a Province, but four or five; will have Friedrich, if the Austrians attack her in consequence, to assist by declaring War on Austria; Czarish Majesty, in the reciprocal case, not to assist Friedrich at all, till her Turk War is done! “Impossible,” thinks Friedrich; “surprisingly so, high Madam! But, to the delicate bridle-hand, you are a manageable entity.”

It was with Kaunitz that Friedrich's real difficulties lay. Privately, in the course of this Summer, Kaunitz, by way of preparation for “mediating a Turk-Russian Peace,” had concluded his “Subsidy Treaty” with the Turk,¹—Treaty never ratified, but the Piastres duly paid;—Treaty rendering Peace impossible, so long as Kaunitz had to do with mediating it.

¹ “6th July, 1771” (Preuss, iv. 31; Hermann; &c. &c.).

And indeed Kaunitz's tricks in that function of mediator, and also after it, were of the kind which Friedrich has some reason to call "infamous." "Your Majesty, as co-mediator, will join us, should the Russians make War?" said Kaunitz's Ambassador, one day, to Friedrich. "For certain, no!" answered Friedrich; and, on the contrary, remounted his Cavalry, to signify, "I will fight the other way, if needed!" which did at once bring Kaunitz to give up his mysterious Turk projects, and come into the Polish. After which, his exorbitant greed of territory there; his attempts to get Russia into a partitioning of Turkey as well, — ("A slice of Turkey too, your Czarish Majesty and we?" hints he more than once), — gave Friedrich no end of trouble; and are singular to look at by the light there now is. Not for about a twelvemonth did Friedrich get his hard-mouthed Kaunitz brought into step at all; and to the last, perpetual vigilance and, by whip and bit, the adroitest charioteering was needed on him.

February 17th, 1772, Russia and Prussia, for their own part, — Friedrich, in the circumstances, submitting to many things from his Czarina, — get their particular "Convention" (Bargain in regard to Poland) completed in all parts, "will take possession 4th June instant:" sign said Convention (*February 17th*); — and invite Austria to join, and state her claims. Which, in three weeks after, *March 4th*, Austria does; — exorbitant abundantly; and *not* to be got very much reduced, though we try, for a series of months. Till at last: —

August 5th, 1772, Final Agreement between the Three Partitioning Powers: "These are our respective shares; we take possession on the 1st of *September* instant:" — and actual possession for Friedrich's share did, on the 13th of that month, ensue. A right glad Friedrich, as everybody, friend or enemy, may imagine him! Glad to have done with such a business, — had there been no other profit in it; which was far from being the case. One's clear belief, on studying these Books, is of two things: *First*, that, as everybody admits, Friedrich had no real hand in starting the notion of Partitioning Poland; — but that he grasped at it with eagerness, as the one way of saving Europe from War: *Second*, what

has been much less noticed, that, under any other hand, *it* would have led Europe to War;—and that to Friedrich is due the fact that it got effected without such accompaniment. Friedrich's share of Territory is counted to be in all 9,465 English square miles; Austria's, 62,500; Russia's, 87,500,¹ between nine and ten times the amount of Friedrich's,—which latter, however, as an anciently Teutonic Country, and as filling up the always dangerous gap between his Ost-Preussen and him, has, under Prussian administration, proved much the most valuable of the Three; and, next to Silesia, is Friedrich's most important acquisition. *September 13th, 1772*, it was at last entered upon,—through such waste-weltering confusions, and on terms never yet unquestionable.

Consent of Polish Diet was not had for a year more; but that is worth little record. Diet, for that object, got together *19th April, 1773*; recalcitrant enough, had not Russia understood the methods: “a common fund was raised [*on se cotisa*, says Friedrich] for bribing;” the Three Powers had each a representative General in Warsaw (Lentulus the Prussian personage), all three with forces to rear: Diet came down by degrees, and, in the course of five months (*September 18th, 1773*), acquiesced in everything.

And so the matter is ended; and various men will long have various opinions upon it. I add only this one small Document from Maria Theresa's hand, which all hearts, and I suppose even Friedrich's had he ever read it, will pronounce to be very beautiful; homely, faithful, wholesome, well-becoming in a high and true Sovereign Woman.

The Empress-Queen to Prince Kaunitz (Undated: date must be Vienna, February, 1772).

“When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in the world I should find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess

¹ Preuss, iv. 45.

never in my life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show my face. Let the Prince [Kaunitz] consider what an example we are giving to all the world, if, for a miserable piece of Poland, or of Moldavia or Wallachia, we throw our honor and reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no more in vigor; therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course.”¹

And, some days afterwards, here is her Majesty’s Official Assent: “*Placet*, since so many great and learned men will have it so: but long after I am dead, it will be known what this violating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to.”² (Hear her Majesty!)

Friedrich has none of these compunctious visitings; but his account too, when he does happen to speak on the subject, is worth hearing, and credible every word. Writing to Voltaire, a good while after (*Potsdam, 9th October, 1773*), this, in the swift-flowing, miscellaneous Letter, is one passage: . . . “To return to your King of Poland. I am aware that Europe pretty generally believes the late Partition made (*qu’on a fait*) of Poland to be a result of the Political trickeries (*manigances*) which are attributed to me; nevertheless, nothing is more untrue. After in vain proposing different arrangements and expedients, there was no alternative left but either that same Partition, or else Europe kindled into a general War. Appearances are deceitful; and the Public judges only by these. What I tell you is as true as the Forty-seventh of Euclid.”³

¹ “*Als alle meine l nder angefochten wurden und gar nit mehr wusste wo ruhig niederkommen sollte, steiffete ich mich auf mein gutes Recht und den Beystand Gottes. Aber in dieser Sach, wo nit allein das offenbare Recht himmelschreyent wider Uns, sondern auch alle Billigkeit und die gesunde Vernunft wider Uns ist, muess bekennen dass zeitlebens nit so be ngstigt mich besunten und mich sehen zu lassen sch me. Bedenkh der F rst, was wir aller Welt f r ein Exempel geben, wenn wir um ein ellendes stuk von Pohlen oder von der Moldau und Wallachey unser ehr und reputation in die schanz schlagen. Ich merkh wohl dass ich allein bin und nit mehr en vigueur, darum lasse ich die sachen, jedoch nit ohne meinen gr ssten Gram, ihren Weg gehen.*” (From “*Hormayr, Taschenbuch*, 1831, s. 66:” cited in *Preuss*, iv. 38.)

² From “*Zeitgenossen* [a Biographical Periodical], lxxi. 29:” cited in *Preuss* iv. 39.

³ * uvres de Fr d ric*, xxiii. 257.

What Friedrich did with his new Acquisition.

Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich, in many liberal circles, for the Partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not yet known in liberal circles: first, that the Partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish History; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly Sovereigns concerned there; and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and, in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever.

It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled: in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit and also of merit, — from that of a world-ruffian Attila the Scourge of God, conscious of his own ferocities and cupidities alone, to that of a heroic Cromwell, sacredly aware that he is, at his soul's peril, doing God's Judgments on the enemies of God, in Tredah and other severe scenes. If the Laws and Judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barkings of Gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest term possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view; but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, what Providence sent. He himself evidently views it in that light; and is at no pains to conceal his great sense of the value of West-Prussen to him. We praised his Narrative as eminently true, and the only one completely intelligible in every point: in his Preface to it, written some years later, he is still more candid. Speaking there in the first person, this once and never before or after, — he says: —

“These new pretensions [of the Czarina, to assuage the religious putrid-fever of the Poles by word of command] raised all Poland [into Confederation of Bar, and *War of the Confederates*, sung by Friedrich]; the Grandees of the Kingdom implored the assistance of the Turks: straightway War

flamed out; in which the Russian Armies had only to show themselves to beat the Turks in every rencounter." His Majesty continues: "This War changed the whole Political System of Europe [general Diplomatic Dance of Europe, suddenly brought to a whirl by such changes of the music]; a new arena (*carrière*) came to open itself, — and one must have been either without address, or else buried in stupid somnolence (*engourdissement*), not to profit by an opportunity so advantageous. I had read Bojardo's fine Allegory; ¹ I seized by the forelock this unexpected opportunity; and, by dint of negotiating and intriguing [candid King] I succeeded in indemnifying our Monarchy for its past losses, by incorporating Polish Prussia with my Old Provinces." ²

Here is a Historian King who uses no rouge-pot in his Narratives, — whose word, which is all we shall say of it at present, you find to be perfectly trustworthy, and a representation of the fact as it stood before himself! What follows needs no vouching for: "This acquisition was one of the most important we could make, because it joined Pommern to East Prussia [ours for ages past], and because, rendering us masters of the Weichsel River, we gained the double advantage of being able to defend that Kingdom [Ost-Preussen], and to draw considerable tolls from the Weichsel, as all the trade of Poland goes by that River."

Yes truly! Our interests are very visible: and the interests

¹ Signifies only, "seize opportunity;" but here is the passage itself: —

" <i>Quante volte le disse: 'O bella dama,</i>	<i>Questa età giovenil, ch'è sì gioiosa,</i>
<i>Conosci l'ora de la tua ventura,</i>	<i>Tutta in diletto consumar si deve,</i>
<i>Dapoi che un tal Baron più che se</i>	<i>Perchè quasi in un punto ci è nas-</i>
<i>t'ama,</i>	<i>cosa:</i>
<i>Che non ha il Ciel più vaga creatura.</i>	<i>Como dissolve 'l sol la bianca neve,</i>
<i>Forse anco avrai di questo tempo</i>	<i>Como in un giorno la vermiglia rosa</i>
<i>brama,</i>	<i>Perde il vago color in tempo breve,</i>
<i>Che 'l felice destin sempre non dura;</i>	<i>Così fugge l' età com' un baleno,</i>
<i>Prendi diletto, mentre sei su 'l verde,</i>	<i>E non si può tener, chè non ha fre-</i>
<i>Che l'avuto piacer mai non si perde.</i>	<i>no.'"</i>

(Bojardo, *Orlando Innamorato*, lib. i. cant. 2.)

² *Œuvres de Frédéric* (Preface to *Mémoires depuis 1763 jusqu'à 1774*), vi. 6, 7: "*Mémoires* [Chapter *First*, including all the Polish part] were finished in 1775; Preface is of 1779."

and wishes and claims of Poland, — are they nowhere worthy of one word from you, O King? Nowhere that I have noticed; not any mention of them, or allusion to them; though the world is still so convinced that perhaps they were something, and not nothing! Which is very curious. In the whole course of my reading I have met with no Autobiographer more careless to defend himself upon points in dispute among his Audience, and marked as criminal against him by many of them. Shadow of Apology on such points you search for in vain. In rapid bare summary he sets down the sequel of facts, as if assured beforehand of your favorable judgment, or with the profoundest indifference to how you shall judge them; drops his actions, as an Ostrich does its young, to shift for themselves in the wilderness, and hurries on his way. This style of his, noticeable of old in regard to Silesia too, has considerably hurt him with the common kind of readers; who, in their preconceived suspicions of the man, are all the more disgusted at tracing in him not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader, more than to stand ill, *as ill* as any reader likes!

Third parties, it would seem, have small temptation to become his advocates; he himself being so totally unprovided with thanks for you! But, on another score, and for the sake of a better kind of readers, there is one third party bound to remark: 1°. That hardly any Sovereign known to us did, in his general practice, if you will examine it, more perfectly respect the boundaries of his neighbors; and go on the road that was his own, anxious to tread on no man's toes if he could avoid it: a Sovereign who, at all times, strictly and beneficently confined himself to what belonged to his real business and him. 2°. That apparently, therefore, he must have considered Poland to be an exceptional case, unique in his experience: case of a moribund Anarely, fallen down as carrion on the common highways of the world; belonging to nobody in particular; liable to be cut into (nay, for sanitary reasons requiring it, if one were a Rhadamanthus Errant, which one is not!) — liable to be cut into, on a great and eritically stringent occasion; no question to be asked of *it*; your only question the consent of by-standers, and the moderate certainty that

nobody got a glaringly disproportionate share! That must have been, on the part of an equitable Friedrich, or even of a Friedrich accurate in Book-keeping by Double Entry, the notion silently formed about Poland.

Whether his notion was scientifically right, and conformable to actual fact, is a question I have no thought of entering on; still less, whether Friedrich was morally right, or whether there was not a higher rectitude, granting even the fact, in putting it in practice. These are questions on which an Editor may have his opinion, partly complete for a long time past, partly not complete, or, in human language, completable or pronounceable at all; and may carefully forbear to obtrude it on his readers; and only advise them to look with their own best eyesight, to be deaf to the multiplex noises which are evidently blind, and to think what they find thinkablest on such a subject. For, were it never so just, proper and needful, this is by nature a case of *Lynch Law*; upon which, in the way of approval or apology, no spoken word is permissible. Lynch being so dangerous a Lawgiver, even when an indispensable one!—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbors, were it only for sanitary reasons,—it will by no means suit, to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbors who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), That they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbors, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling canaille of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbors,—the neighbors shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify

them; and in the mean while, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbors.

Alas, yes, my articulate-speaking friends; here, as so often elsewhere, the solution of the riddle is not Logic, but Silence. When a dark human Individual has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him, to general satisfaction. Nations too, you may depend on it as certain, do require the same process, and do infallibly get it withal; Heaven's Justice, with written Laws or without, being the most indispensable and the inevitable thing I know of in this Universe. No doing without it; and it is sure to come: — and the Judges and Executioners, we observe, are *not*, in that latter case, escorted in and out by the Sheriffs of Counties and general ringing of bells; not so, in that latter case, but far otherwise! —

And now, leaving that vexed question, we will throw one glance — only one is permitted — into the far more profitable question, which probably will one day be the sole one on this matter, What became of poor West-Prussen under Friedrich? Had it to sit weeping unconsolably, or not? Herr Dr. Freytag, a man of good repute in Literature, has, in one of his late Books of Popular History,¹ gone into this subject, in a serious way, and certainly with opportunities far beyond mine for informing himself upon it: — from him these Passages have been excerpted, labelled and translated by a good hand: —

Acquisition of Polish Prussia. “During several Centuries, the much-divided Germans had habitually been pressed upon, and straitened and injured, by greedy conquering neighbors;

¹ G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862).

Friedrich was the first Conqueror who once more pushed forward the German Frontier towards the East; reminding the Germans again, that it was their task to carry Law, Culture, Liberty and Industry into the East of Europe. All Friedrich's Lands, with the exception only of some Old-Saxon territory, had, by force and colonization, been painfully gained from the Slave. At no time since the migrations of the Middle Ages, had this struggle for possession of the wide Plains to the east of Oder ceased. When arms were at rest, politicians carried on the struggle."

Persecution of German Protestants in Poland. "In the very 'Century of Enlightenment' the persecution of the Germans became fanatical in those Countries; one Protestant Church after the other got confiscated; pulled down; if built of wood, set on fire: its Church once burnt, the Village had lost the privilege of having one. Ministers and schoolmasters were driven away, cruelly maltreated. '*Vexa Lutheranum, dabit Thalerum* (Wring the Lutheran, you will find money in him),' became the current Proverb of the Poles in regard to Germans. A Protestant Starost of Gnesen, a Herr von *Unruh* of the House of Birnbaum, one of the largest proprietors of the country, was condemned to die, and first to have his tongue pulled out and his hands cut off, — for the crime of having copied into his Note-book some strong passages against the Jesuits, extracted from German Books. Patriotic 'Confederates of Bar,' joined by all the plunderous vagabonds around, went roaming and ravaging through the country, falling upon small towns and German villages. The Polish Nobleman, Roskowski [a celebrated "symbolical" Nobleman, this], put on one red boot and one black, symbolizing *Fire* and *Death*; and in this guise rode about, murdering and burning, from place to place; finally, at Jastrow, he cut off the hands, feet, and lastly the head of the Protestant Pastor, Willich by name, and threw the limbs into a swamp. This happened in 1768."

In what State Friedrich found the Polish Provinces. "Some few only of the larger German Towns, which were secured by walls, and some protected Districts inhabited exclusively by Germans, — as the *Niederung* near Dantzic, the Villages under

the mild rule of the Cistercians of Oliva, and the opulent German towns of the Catholic Ermeland, — were in tolerable circumstances. The other Towns lay in ruins; so also most of the Hamlets (*Höfe*) of the open Country. Bromberg, the city of German Colonists, the Prussians found in heaps and ruins: to this hour it has not been possible to ascertain clearly how the Town came into this condition.¹ No historian, no document, tells of the destruction and slaughter that had been going on, in the whole District of the *Netze* there, during the last ten years before the arrival of the Prussians. The Town of Culm had preserved its strong old walls and stately churches; but in the streets, the necks of the cellars stood out above the rotten timber and brick heaps of the tumbled houses: whole streets consisted merely of such cellars, in which wretched people were still trying to live. Of the forty houses in the large Market-place of Culm, twenty-eight had no doors, no roofs, no windows, and no owners. Other Towns were in similar condition."

"The Country people hardly knew such a thing as bread; many had never in their life tasted such a delicacy; few Villages possessed an oven. A weaving-loom was rare, the spinning-wheel unknown. The main article of furniture, in this bare scene of squalor, was the Crucifix and vessel of Holy-Water under it [and "*Polack! Catholik!*" if a drop of gin be added]. — The Peasant-Noble [unvoting, inferior kind] was hardly different from the common Peasant; he himself guided his Hook-Plough (*Hacken-pflug*), and clattered with his wooden slippers upon the plankless floor of his hut. . . . It was a desolate land, without discipline, without law, without a master. On 9,000 English square miles lived 500,000 souls: not 55 to the square mile."

Sets to Work. "The very rottenness of the Country became an attraction for Friedrich; and henceforth West-Prussen was, what hitherto Sillesia had been, his favorite child; which, with infinite care, like that of an anxious loving mother, he washed, brushed, new-dressed, and forced to go to school and into orderly habits, and kept ever in his eye. The diplomatic

¹ "*Neue Preussische Provinzialblätter*, Year 1854, No. 4, p. 259."

squabbles about this 'aequisition' were still going on, when he had already sent [so early as June 4th, 1772, and still more on September 13th of that Year¹] a body of his best Official People into this waste-howling scene, to set about organizing it. The *Landschaften* (*Counties*) were divided into small Circles; in a minimum of time, the land was valued, and an equal tax put upon it; every Circle received its *Landrath*, Law-Court, Post-office and Sanitary Police. New Parishes, each with its Church and Parson, were called into existence as by miracle; a company of 187 Schoolmasters — partly selected and trained by the excellent Semler [famous over Germany, in Halle University and *Seminarium*, not yet in England] — were sent into the Country; multitudes of German Mechanics too, from brick-makers up to machine-builders. Everywhere there began a digging, a hammering, a building; Cities were peopled anew; street after street rose out of the heaps of ruins; new Villages of Colonists were laid out, new modes of agriculture ordered. In the first Year after taking possession, the great Canal [of Bromberg] was dug; which, in a length of fifteen miles, connects, by the Netze River, the Weichsel with the Oder and the Elbe: within one year after giving the order, the King saw loaded vessels from the Oder, 120 feet in length of keel," and of forty tons burden, "enter the Weichsel. The vast breadths of land, gained from the state of swamp by drainage into this Canal, were immediately peopled by German Colonists.

"As his Seven-Years Struggle of War may be called superhuman, so was there also in his present Labor of Peace something enormous; which appeared to his contemporaries [unless my fancy mislead me] almost preternatural, at times inhuman. It was grand, but also terrible, that the success of the whole was to him, at all moments, the one thing to be striven after; the comfort of the individual of no concern at all. When, in the Marshland of the Netze, he counted more the strokes of the

¹ See his new *Dialogue* with Roden, our Wesel acquaintance, who was a principal Captain in this business (in *Preuss*, iv. 57, 58: date of the Dialogue is 11th May, 1772; — Roden was on the ground 4th June next; but, owing to Austrian delays, did not begin till September 13th).

10,000 spades, than the sufferings of the workers, sick with the marsh-fever in the hospitals which he had built for them ;¹ when, restless, his demands outran the quickest performance, — there united itself to the deepest reverence and devotedness, in his People, a feeling of awe, as for one whose limbs are not moved by earthly life [fanciful, considerably !]. And when Goethe, himself become an old man, finished his last Drama [Second Part of *Faust*], the figure of the old King again rose on him, and stepped into his Poem ; and his Faust got transformed into an unresting, creating, pitilessly exacting Master, forcing on his salutiferous drains and fruitful canals through the morasses of the Weichsel.”²

These statements and pencillings of Freytag, apart from here and there a flourish of poetic sentiment, I believe my readers can accept as essentially true, and a correct portrait of the fact. And therewith, *con la bocca dolce*, we will rise from this Supper of Horrors. That Friedrich fortified the Country, that he built an impregnable Graudentz, and two other Fortresses, rendering the Country, and himself on that Eastern side, impregnable henceforth, all readers can believe. Friedrich has been building various Fortresses in this interim, though we have taken no notice of them ; building and repairing many things ; — trimming up his Military quite to the old pitch, as the most particular thing of all. He has his new Silesian Fortress of Silberberg, — big Fortress, looking into certain dangerous Bohemian Doors (in Tobias Stusche’s Country, if readers recollect an old adventure now mythical) ; — his new Silesian Silberberg, his newer Polish Graudentz, and many others, and flatters himself he is not now pregnable on any side.

A Friedrich working, all along, in Poland especially, amid what circumambient deluges of maledictory outcries, and mendacious shriekeries from an ill-informed Public, is not now worth mentioning. Mere distracted rumors of the Pamphleteer

¹ Compare *Preuss*, iv. 60–71.

² G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862), pp. 397–408.

and Newspaper kind ; which, after hunting them a long time, through dense and rare, and mostly in zero, and angry darkness of some poor human brain, — or even testify in favor of this Head-Worker, and of the sense he shows, especially of the patience. For example : that of the “Polish Towns and Villages, ordered” by this Tyrant “to deliver, each of them, so many marriageable girls ; each girl to bring with her as dowry, furnished by her parents, 1 feather-bed, 4 pillows, 1 cow, 3 swine and 3 ducats,” — in which desirable condition this tyrannous King “sent her into the Brandenburg States to be wedded and promote population.”¹ Feather-beds, swine and ducats had their value in Brandenburg ; but were marriageable girls such a scarcity there ? Most extraordinary new *Rape of the Sabines* ; for which Herr Preuss can find no basis or source, — nor can I ; except in the brain of Reverend Lindsey and his loud *Letters on Poland* above mentioned.

Dantzic too, and the Harbor-dues, what a case ! Dantzic Harbor, that is to say, Netze River, belongs mainly to Friedrich, Dantzic City not, — such the Czarina’s lofty whim, in the late Partition Treatyings ; not good to contradict, in the then circumstances ; still less afterwards, though it brought chicanings more than enough. “And she was not ill-pleased to keep this thorn in the King’s foot for her own conveniences,” thinks the King ; though, mainly, he perceives that it is the English acting on her grandiose mind : English, who were apprehensive for their Baltic trade under this new Proprietor, and who egged on an ambitious Czarina to protect Human Liberty, and an inflated Dantzic Bürgermeister to stand up for ditto ; and made a dismal shriekery in the Newspapers, and got into dreadful ill-humor with said Proprietor of Dantzic Harbor, and have never quite recovered from it to this day. Lindsey’s *Polish Letters* are very loud again on this occasion, aided by his *Seven Dialogues on Poland* ; concerning which, partly for extinct Lindsey’s sake, let us cite one small passage, and so wind up.

¹ Lindsey, *Letters on Poland* (Letter 2d), p. 61 ; Peyssonnel (in some French Book of his, “solemnly presented to Louis XVI. and the Constituent Assembly :” cited in *Preuss*, iv. 85) ; &c. &c.

March 2d, 1775, in answer to Voltaire, Friedrich writes: . . . "The *Polish Dialogues* you speak of are not known to me. I think of such Satires, with Epictetus: 'If they tell any truth of thee, correct thyself; if they are lies, laugh at them.' I have learned, with years, to become a steady coach-horse; I do my stage, like a diligent roadster, and pay no heed to the little dogs that will bark by the way." And then, three weeks after: —

"I have at length got the *Seven Dialogues on Poland*; and the whole history of them as well. The Author is an Englishman named Lindsey, Parson by profession, and Tutor to the young Prince Poniatowski, the King of Poland's Nephew," — Nephew Joseph, Andreas's Son, *not* the undistinguished Nephew: so we will believe for poor loud Lindsey's sake! "It was at the instigation of the Czartoryskis, Uncles of the King, that Lindsey composed this Satire,—in English first of all. Satire ready, they perceived that nobody in Poland would understand it, unless it were translated into French; which accordingly was done. But as their translator was unskilful, they sent the *Dialogues* to a certain Gérard at Dantzic, who at that time was French Consul there, and who is at present a Clerk in your Foreign Office under M. de Vergennes. This Gérard, who does not want for wit, but who does me the honor to hate me cordially, retouched these *Dialogues*, and put them into the condition they were published in. I have laughed a good deal at them: here and there occur coarse things (*grossièretés*), and platitudes of the insipid kind; but there are traits of good pleasantry. I shall not go fencing with goose-quills against this sycophant. As Mazarin said, 'Let the French keep singing, provided they let us keep doing.'"¹

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 319–321: "Potsdam, 2d March, 1775," and "25th March" following. See *Preuss*, iii. 275, iv. 85.

CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF MISCELLANIES.

AFTER Neustadt, Kaiser Joseph and the King had no more Interviews. Kaunitz's procedures in the subsequent Pacification and Partition business had completely estranged the two Sovereigns: to friendly visiting, a very different state of mutual feeling had succeeded; which went on, such "the immeasurable ambition" visible in some of us, deepening and worsening itself, instead of improving or abating. Friedrich had Joseph's Portrait hung in conspicuous position in the rooms where he lived; somebody noticing the fact, Friedrich answered: "Ah, yes, I am obliged to keep that young Gentleman in my eye." And, in effect, the rest of Friedrich's Political Activity, from this time onwards, may be defined as an ever-vigilant defence of himself, and of the German Reich, against Austrian Encroachment: which, to him, in the years then running, was the grand impending peril; and which to us in the new times has become so inexpressibly uninteresting, and will bear no narrative. Austrian Encroachment did not prove to be the death-peril that had overhung the world in Friedrich's last years! —

These, accordingly, are years in which the Historical interest goes on diminishing; and only the Biographical, were anything of Biography attainable, is left. Friedrich's industrial, economic and other Royal activities are as beautiful as ever; but cannot to our readers, in our limits, be described with advantage. Events of world-interest, after the Partition of Poland, do not fall out, or Friedrich is not concerned in them. It is a dim element; its significance chiefly German or Prussian, not European. What of humanly interesting is discoverable in it, — at least, while the Austrian Grudge con-

tinues in a chronic state, and has no acute fit, — I will here present in the shape of detached Fragments, suitably arranged and rendered legible, in hopes these may still have some lucency for readers, and render more conceivable the surrounding masses that have to be left dark. Our first Piece is of Winter, or late Autumn, 1771, — while the solution of the Polish Business is still in its inchoative stages ; perfectly complete in the Artist's own mind ; Russia too adhering ; but Kaunitz so refractory and contradictory.

Herr Doctor Zimmermann, the famous Author of the Book "On Solitude," walks reverentially before Friedrich's Door in the Dusk of an October Evening ; and has a Royal Interview next Day.

Friday Evening, 25th October, 1771, is the date of Zimmermann's walk of contemplation, — among the pale Statues and deciduous Gardenings of Sans-Souci Cottage (better than any Rialto, at its best), — the eternal stars coming out overhead, and the transitory candle-light of a King Friedrich close by.

"At Sans-Souci," says he, in his famed Book, "where that old God of War (*Kriegsgott*) forges his thunder-bolts, and writes Works of Intellect for Posterity ; where he governs his People as the best father would his house ; where, during one half of the day, he accepts and reads the petitions and complaints of the meanest citizen or peasant ; comes to help of his Countries on all sides with astonishing sums of money, expecting no payment, nor seeking anything but the Common Weal ; and where, during the other half, he is a Poet and Philosopher : — at Sans-Souci, I say, there reigns all round a silence, in which you can hear the faintest breath of every soft wind. I mounted this Hill for the first time in Winter [late Autumn, 25th October, 1771, edge of Winter], in the dusk. When I beheld the small Dwelling-House of this Convulser of the World close by me, and was near his very chamber, I saw indeed a light inside, but no sentry or watchman at the Hero's door ; no soul to ask me, Who I was, or

What I wanted. I saw nothing; and walked about as I pleased before this small and silent House.”¹

Yes, Doctor, this is your Kriegsgott; throned in a free-and-easy fashion. In regard to that of Sentries, I believe there do come up from Potsdam nightly a corporal and six rank-and-file; but perhaps it is at a later hour; perhaps they sit within doors, silent, not to make noises. Another gentleman, of sauntering nocturnal habits, testifies to having, one night, seen the King actually asleep in bed, the doors being left ajar.²—As Zimmermann had a *Dialogue* next day with his Majesty, which we propose to give; still more, as he made such noise in the world by other Dialogues with Friedrich, and by a strange Book about them, which are still ahead,—readers may desire to know a little who or what the Zimmermann is, and be willing for a rough brief Note upon him, which certainly is not readier than it is rough:—

Johann Georg Zimmermann; born 1728, at Brugg in the Canton of Bern, where his Father seems to have had some little property and no employment, “a *Rathsherr* (Town-Counsellor), who was much respected.” Of brothers or sisters, no mention. The Mother being from the French part of the Canton, he learned to speak both languages. Went to Bern for his Latin and high-schooling; then to Göttingen, where he studied Medicine, under the once great Haller and other now dimmed celebrities. Haller, himself from Bern, had taken Zimmermann to board, and became much attached to him: Haller, in 1752, came on a summer visit to native Bern: Zimmermann, who had in the mean time been “for a few months” in France, in Italy and England, now returned and joined him there; but the great man, feeling very poorly and very old, decided that he would like to stay in Bern, and not move any more;—Zimmermann, accordingly, was sent to Göttingen to bring Mrs. Haller, with her Daughters, bandboxes and effects, home to Bern. Which he did;—and not only them, but a

¹ Preuss, i. 387 (“from *Einsamkeit*,” Zimmermann’s *Solitude*,” i. 110; Edition of Leipzig, 1784”).

² *Ib.* i. 388.

soft, ingenious, ingenuous and rather pretty young Göttingen Lady along with them, as his own Wife withal. With her he settled as *Stadtphysicus* (Town-Doctor) in native Brugg; where his beloved Hallers were within reach; and practice in abundance, and honors, all that the place yielded, were in readiness for him.

Here he continued some sixteen years; very busy, very successful in medicine and literature; but "tormented with hypochondria;" — having indeed an immense conceit of himself, and generally too thin a skin for this world. Here he first wrote his Book on *Solitude*, a Book famed over all the world in my young days (and perhaps still famed); he wrote it a second time, *much enlarged*, about thirty years after:¹ I read it (in the curtailed English-Mercier form, no Scene in it like the above), in early boyhood, — and thank it for nothing, or nearly so. Zimmermann lived much alone, at Brugg and elsewhere; all his days "Hypochondria" was the main company he had: — and it was natural, but *unprofitable*, that he should say, to himself and others, the best he could for that bad arrangement: poor soul! He wrote also on *Medical Experience*, a famed Book in its day;² also on *National Pride*; and became famed through the Universe, and was Member of infinite Learned Societies.

All which rendered dull dead Brugg still duller and more dead; unfit utterly for a man of such sublime accomplishments. Plenty of Counts Stadion, Kings of Poland even, offered him engagements; eager to possess such a man, and deliver him from dull dead Brugg; but he had hypochondria, and always feared their deliverance might be into something duller. At length, — in his fortieth year, 1768, — the place of Court-Physician (*Hofmedicus*) at Hanover was offered him by George the Third of pious memory, and this he resolved

¹ *Betrachtungen über die Einsamkeit, von Doctor J. G. Zimmermann, Stadtphysicus in Brugg* (Zürich, 1756), — as yet only "1 vol. 8vo, price 6d." (5 groschen); but it grew with years; and (Leipzig, 1784) came out remodelled into 4 vols.; — was translated into French, "with many omissions," by Mercier (Paris, 1790); into English from Mercier (London, 1791).

² "Zürich, 1763-1764:" by and by, one "Dobson did it into English."

to accept; and did lift anchor, and accept and occupy accordingly.

Alas, at the Gate of Hanover, "his carriage overset;" broke his poor old Mother-in-law's leg (who had been rejoicing doubtless to get home into her own Country), and was the end of her — poor old soul; — and the beginning of misfortunes continual and too tedious to mention. Spleen, envy, malice and calumny, from the Hanover Medical world; treatment, "by the old buckram Hofdames who had drunk coffee with George II.," "which was fitter for a laquais-de-place" than for a medical gentleman of eminence: unworthy treatment, in fact, in many or most quarters; — followed by hypochondria, by dreadful bodily disorder (kind not given or discoverable), "so that I suffered the pains of Hell," sat weeping, sat gnashing my teeth, and could n't write a Note after dinner; followed finally by the sickness, and then by the death, of my poor Wife, "after five months of torment." Upon which, in 1771, Zimmermann's friends — for he had many friends, being, in fact, a person of fine graceful intellect, high proud feelings and tender sensibilities, gone all to this sad state — rallied themselves; set his Hanover house in order for him (governess for his children, what not); and sent him off to Berlin, there to be dealt with by one Meckel, an incomparable Surgeon, and be healed of his dreadful disorder ("*Leibesschade*, of which the first traces had appeared in Brugg"), — though to most people it seemed rather he would die; "and one Medical Eminency in Hanover said to myself [Zimmermann] one day: 'Dr. So-and-so is to have your Pension, I am told; now, by all right, it should belong to me, don't you think so?'" What "I" thought of the matter, seeing the greedy gentleman thus "parting my skin," may be conjectured! —

The famed Meckel received his famed patient with a nobleness worthy of the heroic ages. Lodged him in his own house, in softest beds and appliances; spoke comfort to him, hope to him, — the gallant Meckel; — rallied, in fact, the due medical staff one morning; came up to Zimmermann, who "stripped," with the heart of a lamb and lion conjoined, and trusting in

God, "flung himself on his bed" (on his face, or on his back, we never know), and there, by the hands of Meckel and staff, "received above 2,000 (*two thousand*) cuts in the space of an hour and half, without uttering one word or sound." A frightful operation, gallantly endured, and skilfully done; whereby the "bodily disorder" (*Leibesschade*), whatever it might be, was effectually and forever sent about its business by the noble Meckel.

Hospitalities and soft hushed kindnesses and soothing ministrations, by Meckel and by everybody, were now doubled and trebled: wise kind Madam Meckel, young kind Mamsell Meckel and the Son (who "now, in 1788, lectures in Göttingen"); not these only, nor Schmucker Head Army-Surgeon, and the ever-memorable *Herr Generalchirurgus* Madan, who had both been in the operation; not these only, but by degrees all that was distinguished in the Berlin world, Ramler, Büsching, Sulzer, Prime Minister Herzberg, Queen's and King's Equerries, and honorable men and women, — bore him "on angel-wings" towards complete recovery. Talked to him, sang and danced to him (at least the "Muses" and the female Meckels danced and sang), and all lapped him against eating cares, till, after twelve weeks, he was fairly on his feet again, and able to make jaunts in the neighborhood with his "life's savior," and enjoy the pleasant Autumn weather to his farther profit. — All this, though described in ridiculous superlative by Zimmermann, is really touching, beautiful and human: perhaps never in his life was he so happy, or a thousandth part so helped by man, as while under the roof of this thrice-useful Meckel, — more power to Meckel!

Head Army-Surgeon Schmucker had gone through all the Seven-Years War; Zimmermann, an ardent Hero-worshipper, was never weary questioning him, listening to him in full career of narrative, on this great subject, — only eight years old at that time. Among their country drives, Meckel took him to Potsdam, twenty English miles off; in the end of October, there to stay a night. This was the ever-memorable Friday, when we first ascended the Hill of Sans-Souci, and had our evening walk of contemplation; — to be followed by

a morrow which was ten times more memorable; as readers shall now see.¹

Next day, Zimmermann has a Dialogue. Schmucker had his apartments in "*Little Sans-Souci*," where the King now lived (Big Sans-Souci, or "*Sans-Souci*" by itself, means in those days, not in ours at all, "*New Palace, Neue Palais*," now in all its splendor of fresh finish). De Catt, Friedrich's Reader, whom we know well, was a Genevese, and knew Zimmermann from of old. Schmucker and De Catt were privately twitching up Friedrich's curiosity, — to whom also Zimmermann's name, and perhaps his late surgical operation, might be known: "Can he speak French?" — "Native to him, your Majesty." Friedrich had some notion to see Zimmermann; and judicious De Catt, on this fortunate Saturday, "26th October, 1771," morrow after Zimmermann's arrival at Potsdam, "came to our inn about 1 P.M. [King's dinner just done]; and asked me to come and look at the beauties of Sans-Souci [Big Sans-Souci] for a little." Zimmermann willingly went: Catt left him in good hands to see the beauties; slipt off, for his own part, to "*Little Sans-Souci*;" came back, took Zimmermann thither; left him with Schmucker, all trembling, thinking perhaps the King might call him. "I trembled sometimes, then again I felt exceeding happiness." I was in Schmucker's room, sitting by the fire, mostly alone for a good while, "the room that had once been Marquis d'Argens's" (who is now dead, and buried far away, good old soul); — when, at last, about half-past 4, Catt came jumping in, breathless with joy; snatched me up: "His Majesty wants to speak with you this very moment!" Zimmermann's self shall say the rest.

"I hurried, hand-in-hand with Catt, along a row of Chambers. 'Here,' said Catt, 'we are now at the King's room!' — My heart thumped, like to spring out of my body. Catt went in; but next moment the door again opened, and Catt bade me enter.

¹ Jördens, *Lexikon* (§ Zimmermann), v. 632–658 (exact and even eloquent account, as these of Jördens, unexpectedly, often are); Zimmermann himself, *Unterredungen mit Friedrich dem Grossen* (ubi infra); Tissot, *Vie de M. Zimmermann* (Lausanne, 1797); &c. &c.

"In the middle of the room stood an iron camp-bed without curtains. There, on a worn mattress, lay King Friedrich, the terror of Europe, without coverlet, in an old blue roquelaure. He had a big cocked-hat, with a white feather [hat aged, worn soft as duffel, equal to most caps; "feather" is not perpendicular, but horizontal, round the inside of the brim], on his head.

"The King took off his hat very graciously, when I was perhaps ten steps from him; and said in French (our whole Dialogue proceeded in French): 'Come nearer, M. Zimmermann.'

"I advanced to within two steps of the King; he said in the mean while to Catt: 'Call Schmucker in, too.' Herr Schmucker came; placed himself behind the King, his back to the wall; and Catt stood behind me. Now the Colloquy began.

King. "'I hear you have found your health again in Berlin; I wish you joy of that.'

Ego. "'I have found my life again in Berlin; but at this moment, Sire, I find here a still greater happiness!' [*Ach!*]

King. "'You have stood a cruel operation: you must have suffered horribly?'

Ego. "'Sire, it was well worth while.'

King. "'Did you let them bind you before the operation?'

Ego. "'No: I resolved to keep my freedom.'

King (laughing in a very kind manner). "'Oh, you behaved like a brave Switzer! But are you quite recovered, though?'

Ego. "'Sire, I have seen all the wonders of your creation in Sans-Souci, and feel well in looking at them.'

King. "'I am glad of that. But you must have a care, and especially not get on horseback.'

Ego. "'It will be pleasant and easy for me to follow the counsels of your Majesty.'

King. "'From what Town in the Canton of Bern are you originally?'

Ego. "'From Brugg.'

King. "'I don't know that Town.' [No wonder, thought I!]

King. "'Where did you study?'

Ego. “‘ At Göttingen : Haller was my teacher

King. “‘ What is M. Haller doing now ? ’

Ego. “‘ He is concluding his literary career with a romance.

[*Usong* had just come out ; — no mortal now reads a word of it ; and the great Haller is dreadfully forgotten already !]

King. “‘ Ah, that is pretty ! — On what system do you treat your patients ? ’

Ego. “‘ Not on any system.’

King. “‘ But there are some Physicians whose methods you prefer to those of others ? ’

Ego. “‘ I especially like Tissot’s methods, who is a familiar friend of mine.’

King. “‘ I know M. Tissot. I have read his writings, and value them very much. On the whole, I love the Art of Medicine. My Father wished me to get some knowledge in it. He often sent me into the Hospitals ; and even into those for venereal patients, with a view of warning by example.’

Ego. “‘ And by terrible example ! — Sire, Medicine is a very difficult Art. But your Majesty is used to bring all Arts under subjection to the force of your genius, and to conquer all that is difficult.’

King. “‘ Alas, no : I cannot conquer all that is difficult ! ’ [Hard-mouthed Kaunitz, for example ; stock-still, with his right ear turned on Turkey : how get Kaunitz into step !] — Here the King became reflective ; was silent for a little moment, and then asked me, with a most bright smile : ‘ How many churchyards have you filled ? ’ [A common question of his to Members of the Faculty.]

Ego. “‘ Perhaps, in my youth, I have done a little that way ! But now it goes better ; for I am timid rather than bold.’

King. “‘ Very good, very good.’

“ Our Dialogue now became extremely brisk. The King quickened into extraordinary vivacity ; and examined me now in the character of Doctor, with such a stringency as, in the year 1751, at Göttingen, when I stood for my Degree, the learned Professors Haller, Richter, Segner and Brendel (for which Heaven recompense them !) never dreamed of ! All inflammatory fevers, and the most important of the slow diseases,

the King mustered with me, in their order. He asked me, How and whereby I recognized each of these diseases; how and whereby distinguished them from the approximate maladies; what my procedure was in simple and in complicated cases; and how I cured all those disorders? On the varieties, the accidents, the mode of treatment, of small-pox especially, the King inquired with peculiar strictness; — and spoke, with much emotion, of that young Prince of his House who was carried off, some years ago, by that disorder — [suddenly arrested by it, while on march with his regiment, “near Ruppín, 26th May, 1767.” This is the Prince Henri, junior Brother of the subsequent King, Friedrich Wilhelm II., who, among other fooleries, invaded France, in 1792, with such success. Both Henri and he, as boys, used to be familiar to us in the final winters of the late War. Poor Henri had died at the age of nineteen, — as yet all brightness, amiability and nothing else: Friedrich sent an *Eloge* of him to his *Académie*,¹ which is touchingly and strangely filled with authentic sorrow for this young Nephew of his, but otherwise empty, — a mere bottle of sighs and tears]. Then he came upon Inoculation; went along over an incredible multitude of other medical subjects. Into all he threw masterly glances; spoke of all with the soundest [all in superlative] knowledge of the matter, and with no less penetration than liveliness and sense.

“With heartfelt satisfaction, and with the freest soul, I made my answers to his Majesty. It is true, he potently supported and encouraged me. Ever and anon his Majesty was saying to me: ‘That is very good; — that is excellently thought and expressed; — your mode of proceeding, altogether, pleases me very well; — I rejoice to see how much our ways of thinking correspond.’ Often, too, he had the graciousness to add: ‘But I weary you with my many questions!’ His scientific questions I answered with simplicity, clearness and brevity; and could not forbear sometimes expressing my astonishment at the deep and conclusive (*tiefen und frappanten*) medical insights and judgments of the King.

“His Majesty came now upon the history of his own mala-

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 37 et seq.

dies. He told me them over, in their series; and asked my opinion and advice about each. On the *Hæmorrhoids*, which he greatly complained of, I said something that struck him. Instantly he started up in his bed; turned his head round towards the wall, and said: ‘Schmucker, write me that down!’ I started in fright at this word; and not without reason! Then our Colloquy proceeded:—

King. “‘The Gout likes to take up his quarters with me; he knows I am a Prince, and thinks I shall feed him well. But I feed him ill; I live very meagrely.’

Ego. “‘May Gout thereby get disgusted, and forbear ever calling on your Majesty!’

King. “‘I am grown old. Diseases will no longer have pity on me.’

Ego. “‘Europe feels that your Majesty is not old; and your Majesty’s look (*physiognomie*) shows that you have still the same force as in your thirtieth year.’

King (laughing and shaking his head). “‘Well, well, well!’

“In this way, for an hour and quarter, with uninterrupted vivacity, the Dialogue went on. At last the King gave me the sign to go; lifting his hat very kindly, and saying: ‘Adieu, my dear M. Zimmermann; I am very glad to have seen you.’”

Towards 6 P.M. now, and Friedrich must sign his Despatches; have his Concert, have his reading; then to supper (as spectator only),—with Quintus Icilius and old Lord Marischal, to-night, or whom? ¹

“Herr von Catt accompanied me into the anteroom, and Schmucker followed. I could not stir from the spot; could not speak, was so charmed and so touched, that I broke into a stream of tears [being very weak of nerves at the time!]. Herr von Catt said: ‘I am now going back to the King; go you into the room where I took you up; about eight I will conduct you home.’ I pressed my excellent countryman’s hand, I”—“Schmucker said, I had stood too near

¹ Of Icilius, and a quarrel and estrangement there had lately been, now happily reconciled, see Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 140–142.

his Majesty; I had spoken too frankly, with too much vivacity; nay, what was unheard of in the world, I had ‘gesticulated’ before his Majesty! ‘In presence of a King,’ said Herr Schmucker, ‘one must stand stiff and not stir.’ De Catt came back to us at eight; and, in Schmucker’s presence [let him chew the cud of that!], reported the following little Dialogue with the King:—

King. “‘What says Zimmermann?’”

De Catt. “‘Zimmermann, at the door of your Majesty’s room, burst into a stream of tears.’”

King. “‘I love those tender affectionate hearts; I love right well those brave Swiss people!’”

“Next morning the King was heard to say: ‘I have found Zimmermann quite what you described him.’—Catt assured me furthermore, ‘Since the Seven-Years War there had thousands of strangers, persons of rank, come to Potsdam, wishing to speak with the King, and had not attained that favor; and of those who had, there could not one individual boast that his Majesty had talked with him an hour and quarter at once.’ [Fourteen years hence, he dismissed Mirabeau in half an hour: which was itself a good allowance.]

“Sunday 27th, I left Potsdam, with my kind Meckels, in an enthusiasm of admiration, astonishment, love and gratitude; wrote to the King from Berlin, sent him a Tissot’s Book (marked on the margins for Majesty’s use), which he acknowledged by some word to Catt; whereupon I”—In short, I got home to Hanover, in a more or less seraphic condition,—“with indescribable, unspeakable,” what not,—early in November; and, as a healed man, never more troubled with that disorder, though still troubled with many and many, endeavored to get a little work out of myself again.¹

“Zimmermann was tall, handsome of shape; his exterior was distinguished and imposing,” says Jördens.² “He had a firm and light step; stood gracefully; presented himself well.

¹ Zimmermann, *Meine Unterredungen* (Dialogues) with Friedrich the Great (8vo, Leipzig, 1788), pp. 305–326.

² Ubi *suprà*, p. 643.

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He had a fine head; his voice was agreeable; and intellect sparkled in his eyes:”—had it not been for those dreadful hypochondrias, and confused disasters, a very pretty man. At the time of this first visit to Friedrich he is 43 years of age, and Friedrich is on the borders of 60. Zimmermann, with still more famous *Dialogues*, will reappear on us from Hanover, on a sad occasion! Meanwhile, few weeks after him, here is a Visit of far more joyful kind.

Sister Ulrique, Queen-Dowager of Sweden, revisits her native Place (December, 1771–August, 1772).

Prince Henri was hardly home from Petersburg and the Swedish Visit, when poor Adolf Friedrich, King of Sweden, died.¹ A very great and sad event to his Queen, who had loved her old man; and is now left solitary, eclipsed, in circumstances greatly altered on the sudden. In regard to settlements, Accession of the new Prince, dowager revenues and the like, all went right enough; which was some alleviation, though an inconsiderable, to the sorrowing Widow. Her two Princes were absent, touring over Europe, when their Father died, and the elder of them, Karl Gustav, suddenly saw himself King. They were in no breathless haste to return; visited their Uncle, their Prussian kindred, on the way, and had an interesting week at Potsdam and Berlin;² Karl Gustav flying diligently about, still incognito, as “Graf von Gothland,”—a spirited young fellow, perhaps too spirited;—and did not reach home till May-day was come, and the outburst of the Swedish Summer at hand.

Some think the young King had already something dangerous and serious in view, and wished his Mother out of the way for a time. Certain it is she decided on a visit to her native Country in December following: arrived accordingly, December 2d, 1771; and till the middle of August next was a shining phenomenon in the Royal House and upper ranks of Berlin Society, and a touching and interesting one to the busy Friedrich himself, as may be supposed. She had her own Apart-

¹ 12th February, 1771.

² April 22d–29th: Rödénbeck, iii. 45.

ments and Household at Berlin, in the Palace there, I think; but went much visiting about, and receiving many visits, — fond especially of literary people.

Friedrich's notices of her are frequent in his Letters of the time, all affectionate, natural and reasonable. Here are the first two I meet with: *To the Electress of Saxony* (three weeks after Ulrique's arrival); "A thousand excuses, Madam, for not answering sooner! What will plead for me with a Princess who so well knows the duties of friendship, is, that I have been occupied with the reception of a Sister, who has come to seek consolation in the bosom of her kindred for the loss of a loved Husband, the remembrance of whom saddens and afflicts her." And again, two months later: "... Your Royal Highness deigns to take so obliging an interest in the visit I have had [and still have] from the Queen of Sweden. I beheld her as if raised from the dead to me; for an absence of eight-and-twenty years, in the short space of our duration, is almost equivalent to death. She arrived among us, still in great affliction for the loss she had had of the King; and I tried to distract her sad thoughts by all the dissipations possible. It is only by dint of such that one compels the mind to shift away from the fatal idea where grief has fixed it: this is not the work of a day, but of time, which in the end succeeds in everything. I congratulate your Royal Highness on your Journey to Bavaria [on a somewhat similar errand, we may politely say]; where you will find yourself in the bosom of a Family that adores you:" after which, and the sight of old scenes, how pleasant to go on to Italy, as you propose!¹

Queen Ulrique — a solid and ingenuous character (in childhood a favorite of her Father's, so rational, truthful and of silent staid ways) — appears to have been popular in the Berlin circles; pleasant and pleased, during these eight months. Formey, especially Thiébault, are copious on this Visit of hers; and give a number of insipid Anecdotes; How there was

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 230, 235. "24th December, 1771," "February, 1772." See also, "*Eptîre à la Reine Douairière de Suède*" (Poem on the Troubles she has had: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiii. 74, "written in December, 1770"), and *Vers à la Reine de Suède*," "January, 1771" (ib. 79).

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solemn Session of the Academy made for her, a Paper of the King's to be read there,¹ — reading beautifully done by me, Thiébault (one of my main functions, this of reading the King's Academy Papers, and my dates of *them* always correct); how Thiébault was invited to dinner in consequence, and again invited; how Formey dined with her Majesty "twenty-five times;" and "preached to her in the Palace, August 19th" (should be August 9th): insipid wholly, vapid and stupid; descriptive of nothing, except of the vapidities and vanities of certain persons. Leaving these, we will take an Excerpt, probably our last, from authentic Büsching, which is at least to be depended on for perfect accuracy, and has a feature or two of portraiture.

Büsching, for the last five or six years, is home from Russia; comfortably established here as Consistorialrath, much concerned with School-Superintendence; still more with *Geography*, with copious rugged Literature of the undigested kind: a man well seen in society; has "six families of rank which invite him to dinner;" all the dining he is equal to, with so much undigested writing on his hands. Büsching, in his final Section, headed *Berlin Life*, Section more incondite even than its foregoers, has this passage: —

"On the Queen-Dowager of Sweden, Louise Ulrique's, coming to Berlin, I felt not a little embarrassed. The case was this: Most part of the *Sixth Volume* of my *Magazine* [meritorious curious Book, sometimes quoted by us here, not yet known in English Libraries] was printed; and in it, in the printed part, were various things that concerned the deceased Sovereign, King Adolf Friedrich, and his Spouse [now come to visit us], — and among these were Articles which the then ruling party in Sweden could certainly not like. And now I was afraid these people would come upon the false notion, that it was from the Queen-Dowager I had got the Articles in question; — notion altogether false, as they had been furnished me by Baron Korf [well known to Hordt and others of us, at

¹ "Discours de l'Utilité des Sciences et des Arts dans un Etat" (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 169 et seq.): read "27th January, 1772." Formey, ii. 16, &c. &c.

Petersburg, in the Czar-Peter time], now Russian Minister at Copenhagen. However, when Duke Friedrich of Brunswick [one of the juniors, soldiering here with his Uncle, as they almost all are] wrote to me, one day, That his Lady Aunt the Queen of Sweden invited me to dine with her to-morrow, and that he, the Duke, would introduce me, — I at once decided to lay my embarrassment before the Queen herself.

“Next day, when I was presented to her Majesty, she took me by the hand, and led me to a window [as was her custom with guests whom she judged to be worth questioning and talking to], and so placed herself in a corner there that I came to stand close before her; when she did me the honor to ask a great many questions about Russia, the Imperial Court especially, and most of all the Grand-Duke [Czar Paul that is to be, — a kind of kinsman he, his poor Father was my late Husband’s Cousin-german, as perhaps you know]. A great deal of time was spent in this way; so that the Princes and Princesses, punctual to invitation, had to wait above half an hour long; and the Queen was more than once informed that dinner was on the table and getting cold. I could get nothing of my own mentioned here; all I could do was to draw back, in a polite way, so soon as the Queen would permit: and afterwards, at table, to explain with brevity my concern about what was printed in the *Magazine*; and request the Queen to permit me to send it her to read for herself. She had it, accordingly, that same afternoon.

“A few days after, she invited me again; again spoke with me a long while in the window embrasure, in a low tone of voice: confirmed to me all that she had read, — and in particular, minutely explained that *Letter of the King* [one of my *Pieces*] in which he relates what passed between him and Count Tessin [Son’s Tutor] in the Queen’s Apartment. At table, she very soon took occasion to say: ‘I cannot imagine to myself how the Herr Consistorialrath [Büsching, to wit] has come upon that Letter of my deceased Lord the King of Sweden’s; which his Majesty did write, and which is now printed in your *Magazine*. For certain, the King showed it to nobody.’ Whereupon *Büsching*: ‘Certainly; nor is that to be imagined,

your Majesty. But the person it was addressed to must have shown it; and so a copy of it has come to my hands.' Queen still expresses her wonder; whereupon again, *Büsching*, with a courageous candor: 'Your Majesty, most graciously permit me to say, that hitherto all Swedish secrets of Court or State have been procurable for money and good words!' The Queen, to whom I sat directly opposite, cast down her eyes at these words and smiled;—and the Reichsrath Graf von Schwerin [a Swedish Gentleman of hers], who sat at my left, seized me by the hand, and said: 'Alas, that is true!'—Here is a difficulty got over; Magazine Number can come out when it will. As it did, "next Easter-Fair," with proper indications and tacit proofs that the Swedish part of it lay printed several months before the Queen's arrival in our neighborhood.

Büsching dined with her Majesty several times,— "eating nothing," he is careful to mention and was careful to show her Majesty, "except, very gradually, a small bit of bread soaked in a glass of wine!"—meaning thereby, "Note, ye great ones, it is not for your dainties; in fact, it is out of loyal politeness mainly!" the gloomily humble man.

"One time, the Queen asked me, in presence of various Princes and Princesses of the Royal House: 'Do you think it advisable to enlighten the Lower Classes by education?' To which I answered: 'Considering only under what heavy loads a man of the Lower Classes, especially of the Peasant sort, has to struggle through his life, one would think it was better neither to increase his knowledge nor refine his sensibility. But when one reflects that he, as well as those of the Higher Classes, is to last through Eternity; and withal that good instruction may [or might, *if* it be not *bad*] increase his practical intelligence, and help him to methods of alleviating himself in this world, it must be thought advisable to give him useful enlightenment.' The Queen accorded with this view of the matter.

"Twice I dined with her Majesty at her Sister, Princess Amelia, the Abbess of Quedlinburg's:—and the second time [must have been Summer, 1772], Professor Sulzer, who was

also a guest, caught his death there. When I entered the reception-room, Sulzer was standing in the middle of a thorough-draught, which they had managed to have there, on account of the great heat; and he had just arrived, all in a perspiration, from the Thiergarten: I called him out of the draught, but it was too late.”¹ *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, — Alas, dear Sulzer; seriously this time!*

Büsching has a great deal to say about Schools, about the “School Commission 1765,” the subjects taught, the methods of teaching devised by Büsching and others, and the King’s continual exertions, under deficient funds, in this province of his affairs. Büsching had unheard-of difficulty to rebuild the old Gymnasium at Berlin into a new. Tried everybody; tried the King thrice over, but nobody would. “One of the persons I applied to was Lieutenant-General von Ramin, Governor of Berlin [surliest of mankind, of whose truculent incivility there go many anecdotes]; to Ramin I wrote, entreating that he would take a good opportunity and suggest a new Town Schoolhouse to his Majesty: ‘Excellenz, it will render you immortal in the annals of Berlin!’ To which Ramin made answer: ‘That is an immortality I must renounce the hope of, and leave to the Town-Syndics and yourself. I, for my own part, will by no means risk such a proposal to his Majesty; which he would, in all likelihood, answer in the negative, and receive ill at anybody’s hands.’”² By subscriptions, by bequests, donations and the private piety of individuals, Büsching aiding and stirring, the thing was at last got done. Here is another glance into School-life; not from Büsching: —

June 9th, 1771. “This Year the Stände of the Kurmark find they have an overplus of 100,000 thalers (£15,000); which sum they do themselves the pleasure of presenting to the King for his Majesty’s uses.” King cannot accept it for his own uses. “This money,” answers he (9th June), “comes from the Province, wherefore I feel bound to lay it out again for advantage of the Province. Could not it become a means of getting English husbandry [*turnips* in particular, whether

¹ Büsching; *Beiträge*, vi. 578-582.

² *Ib.* vi. 568.

short-horns or not, I do not know] introduced among us? In the Towns that follow Farming chiefly, or in Villages belonging to unmoneyed Nobles, we will lend out this £15,000, at 4 per cent, in convenient sums for that object: hereby will turnip-culture and rotation be vouchsafed us; interest at 4 per cent brings us in £600 annually; and this we will lay out in establishing new Schoolmasters in the Kurmark, and having the youth better educated." What a pretty idea; neat and beautiful, killing two important birds with one most small stone! I have known enormous cannon-balls and granite blocks, torrent after torrent, shot out under other kinds of Finance-gunnery, that were not only less respectable, but that were abominable to me in comparison.

Unluckily, no Nobles were found inclined; English Husbandry ["*Turnipse*" and the rest of it] had to wait their time. The King again writes: "No Nobles to be found, say you? Well; put the £15,000 to interest in the common way,—that the Schoolmasters at least may have solacement: I will add 120 thalers (£18) apiece, that we may have a chance of getting better Schoolmasters;—send me List of the Places where the worst are." List was sent; is still extant; and on the margin of it, in Royal Autograph, this remark:—

"The Places are well selected. The bad Schoolmasters are mostly Tailors; and you must see whether they cannot be got removed to little Towns, and set to tailoring again, or otherwise disposed of, that our Schools might the sooner rise into good condition, which is an interesting thing." "Eager always our Master is to have the Schooling of his People improved and everywhere diffused," writes, some years afterwards, the excellent Zedlitz, officially "Minister of Public Justice," but much and meritoriously concerned with School matters as well. The King's ideas were of the best, and Zedlitz sometimes had fine hopes; but the want of funds was always great.

"In 1779," says Preuss, "there came a sad blow to Zedlitz's hopes; Minister von Brenkenhof [deep in West-Preussen canal-diggings and expenditures] having suggested, That instead of getting Pensions, the Old Soldiers should be put to keeping

School." Do but fancy it; poor old fellows, little versed in scholastics hitherto! "Friedrich, in his pinch, grasped at the small help; wrote to the War-Department: 'Send me a List of Invalids who are fit [or at least fittest] to be Schoolmasters.' And got thereupon a list of 74, and afterwards 5 more [79 Invalids in all], War-Department adding; That besides these scholastic sort, there were 741 serving as *Büdner* [Turnpike-keepers, in a sort], as Forest-watchers and the like; and 3,443 *unversorgt*" (shifting for themselves, no provision made for them at all), — such the check, by cold arithmetic and inexorable finance, upon the genial current of the soul! —

The *Turnips*, I believe, got gradually in; and Brandenburg, in our day, is a more and more beautifully farmed Country. Nor were the Schoolmasters unsuccessful at all points; though I cannot report a complete educational triumph on those extremely limited terms.¹

Queen Ulrique left, I think, on the 9th of August, 1772; there is sad farewell in Friedrich's Letter next day to Princess Sophie Albertine, the Queen's Daughter, subsequently Abbess of Quedlinburg: he is just setting out on his Silesian Reviews; "shall, too likely, never see your good Mamma again."² Poor King; Berlin City is sound asleep, while he rushes through it on this errand, — "past the Princess Amelia's window," in the dead of night; and takes to humming tender strophes to her too; which gain a new meaning by their date.³

Ten days afterwards (19th August, 1772), — Queen Ulrique not yet home, — her Son, the spirited King Gustav III., at Stockholm had made what in our day is called a "stroke of state," — put a thorn in the snout of his monster of a Senate, namely: "Less of palaver, venality and insolence, from you, Sirs; we 'restore the Constitution of 1680,' and are something of a King again!" Done with considerable dexterity and

¹ Preuss, iii. 115, 113, &c.

² "Potsdam, 10th August, 1772:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. ii. 93.

³ "*A ma Sœur Amélie, en passant, la nuit, sous sa fenêtre, pour aller en Silésie (Août 1772)*:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiii. 77.

spirit; not one person killed or hurt. And surely it was the muzzling-up of a great deal of folly on their side, — provided only there came wisdom enough from Gustav himself instead. But, alas, there did not, there hardly could. His Uncle was alarmed, and not a little angry for the moment: “You had two Parties to reconcile; a work of time, of patient endeavor, continual and quiet; no good possible till then. And instead of that —!” Gustav, a shining kind of man, showed no want of spirit, now or afterwards: but he leant too much on France and broken reeds; — and, in the end, got shot in the back by one of those beautiful “Nobles” of his, and came to a bad conclusion, they and he.¹ Scandinavian Politics, thank Heaven, are none of our business.

Queen Ulrique was spared all these catastrophes. She had alarmed her Brother by a dangerous illness, sudden and dangerous, in 1775; who writes with great anxiety about it, to Another still more anxious:² of this she got well again; but it did not last very long. July 16th, 1782, she died; — and the sad Friedrich had to say, Adieu. Alas, “must the eldest of us mourn, then, by the grave of those younger!”

Wilhelmina's Daughter, Elizabeth Frederike Sophie, Duchess of Württemberg, appears at Ferney (September, 1773).

Of our dear Wilhelmina's high and unfortunate Daughter there should be some Biography; and there will surely, if a man of sympathy and faculty pass that way; but there is not hitherto. Nothing hitherto but a few bare dates; bare and sternly significant, as on a Tombstone; indicating that she had a History, and that it was a tragic one. Welcome to all of us, in this state of matters, is the following one clear emergence of her into the light of day, and in company so interesting too! Seven years before her death she had gone to

¹ “16th–29th March, 1792,” death of Gustav III. by that assassination; “13th March, 1809,” his Son Gustav IV. has to go on his travels; “Karl XIII.,” a childless Uncle, succeeds for a few years; after whom &c.

² See “Correspondence with Gustav III.” (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii ii. 84, &c.).

Lausanne (July, 1773) to consult Tissot, a renowned Physician of those days. From Lausanne, after two months, she visited Voltaire at Ferney. Read this Letter of Voltaire's: —

To Elizabeth Frederike Sophie, Duchess of Würtemberg
(at Lausanne).

“FERNEY, 10th July, 1773.

“MADAM, — I am informed that your most Serene Highness has deigned to remember that I was in the world. It is very sad to be there, without paying you my court. I never felt so cruelly the sad state to which old age and maladies have reduced me.

“I never saw you except as a child [1743, her age then 10]: but you were certainly the beautifullest child in Europe. May you be the happiest Princess [alas!], as you deserve to be! I was attached to Madam the Margravine [your dear Mother] with equal devotedness and respect; and I had the honor to be pretty deep in her confidence, for some time before this world, which was not worthy of her, had lost that adorable Princess. You resemble her; — but don't resemble her in feebleness of health! You are in the flower of your age [coming forty, I should fear]: let such bright flower lose nothing of its splendor; may your happiness be able to equal [*puisse égaler*] your beauty; may all your days be serene, and the sweets of friendship add a new charm to them! These are my wishes; they are as lively as my regrets at not being at your feet. What a consolation it would be for me to speak of your loving Mother, and of all your august relatives! Why must Destiny send you to Lausanne [consulting Dr. Tissot there], and hinder me from flying thither! — Let your most Serene Highness deign to accept the profound respect of the old moribund Philosopher of Ferney. — V.”¹

The Answer of the Princess, or farther Correspondence on the matter, is not given; evident only that by and by, as Voltaire himself will inform us, she did appear at Ferney; — and a certain Swedish tourist, one Björnstahl, who met her

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 331.

there, enables us even to give the date. He reports this anecdote: —

“At supper, on the evening of 7th September, 1773, the Princess sat next to Voltaire, who always addressed her ‘*Votre Altesse.*’ At last the Duchess said to him, ‘*Tu es mon papa, je suis ta fille, et je veux être appelée ta fille.*’ Voltaire took a pencil from his pocket, asked for a card, and wrote upon it: —

‘*Ah, le beau titre que voilà !
Vous me donnez la première des places ;
Quelle famille j’aurais là !
Je serais le père des Grâces.*’¹

He gave the card to the Princess, who embraced and kissed him for it.”²

Voltaire to Friedrich (a fortnight after).

“FERNEY, 22d September, 1773.

“I must tell you that I have felt, in these late days, in spite of all my past caprices, how much I am attached to your Majesty and to your House. Madam the Duchess of Würtemberg having had, like so many others, the weakness to believe that health is to be found at Lausanne, and that Dr. Tissot gives it if one pay him, has, as you know, made the journey to Lausanne; and I, who am more veritably ill than she, and than all the Princesses who have taken Tissot for an Æsculapius, had not the strength to leave my home. Madam of Würtemberg, apprised of all the feelings that still live in me for the memory of Madam the Margravine of Baireuth her Mother, has deigned to visit my hermitage, and pass two days with us. I should have recognized her, even without warning; she has the turn of her Mother’s face with your eyes.

“You Hero-people who govern the world don’t allow yourselves to be subdued by feelings; you have them all the same as we, but you maintain your decorum. We other petty mortals yield to all our impressions: I set myself to cry, in speaking to her of you and of Madam the Princess her Mother; and

¹ *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 342.

² Vehse, *Geschichte der Deutschen Höfe* (Hamburg, 1853), xxv. 252, 253.

she too, though she is Niece of the first Captain in Europe, could not restrain her tears. It appears to me, that she has the talent (*esprit*) and the graces of your House; and that especially she is more attached to you than to her Husband [I should think so!]. She returns, I believe, to Baireuth, —

— [No Mother, no Father there now: foolish Unele of Anspach died long ago, “3d August, 1757;” Aunt Dowager of Anspach gone to Erlangen, I hope, to Feuchtwang, Schwabach or Schwaningen, or some Widow’s-Mansion “*Wittwensitz*” of her own; ¹ reigning Son, with his French-Aetress equipments, being of questionable figure], —

— “returns, I believe, to Baireuth; where she will find another Princess of a different sort; I mean Mademoiselle Clairon, who cultivates Natural History, and is Lady Philosopher to Monseigneur the Margraf,” — high-rouged Tragedy-Queen, rather tyrannous upon him, they say; a young man destined to adorn Hammersmith by and by, and not go a good road.

. . . “I renounce my beautiful hopes of seeing the Mahometans driven out of Europe, and Athens become again the Seat of the Muses. Neither you nor the Kaiser are” — are inclined in the Crusading way at all. . . . “The old sick man of Ferney is always at the feet of your Majesty; he feels very sorry that he cannot talk of you farther with Madam the Duchess of Würtemberg, who adores you. — *Le Vieux Malade.*” ²

To which Friedrich makes answer: “If it is forevermore forbidden me to see you again, I am not the less glad that the Duchess of Würtemberg has seen you. I should certainly have mixed my tears with yours, had I been present at that touching scene! Be it weakness, be it excess of regard, I have built for her lost Mother, what Cicero projected for his Tullia, a TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP: her Statue occupies the background, and on each pillar stands a mask (*mascaron*) containing

¹ Lived, finally at Schwaningen, in sight of such vicissitudes and follies round her, till “4th February, 1784” (Rödenbeck, iii. 304).

² *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 390.

the Bust of some Hero in Friendship: I send you the drawing of it.”¹ Which again sets Voltaire weeping, and will the Duchess when she sees it.²

We said there hitherto was nearly nothing anywhere discoverable as History of this high Lady but the dates only; these we now give. She was “born 30th August, 1732,” — her Mother’s and Father’s one Child; — four years older than her Anspach Cousin, who inherited Baireuth too, and finished off that genealogy. She was “wedded 26th September, 1748;” her age then about 16; her gloomy Duke of Würtemberg, age 20, all sunshine and goodness to her then: she was “divorced in 1757:” “died 6th April, 1780,” — Tradition says, “in great poverty [great for her rank, I suppose, proud as she might be, and above complaining], — at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch” (in the Nürnberg region), whither she had retired, I know not how long after her Papa’s death and Cousin’s accession. She is bound for her Cousin’s Court, we observe, just now; and, considering her Cousin’s ways and her own turn of mind, it is easy to fancy she had not a pleasant time there.

Tradition tells us, credibly enough, “She was very like her Mother: beautiful, much the lady (*von feinem Ton*), and of energetic character;” and adds, probably on slight foundation, “but very cold and proud towards the people.”³ Many Books will inform you how, “On first entering Stuttgard, when the reigning Duke and she were met by a party of congratulatory peasant women dressed in their national costume, she said to her Duke,” being then only sixteen, poor young soul, and on her marriage-journey, “‘*Was will das Geschmeiss* (Why does that rabble bore us)!’” This is probably the main foundation. That “her Ladies, on approaching her, had always to kiss the hem of her gown,” lay in the nature of the case, being then the rule to people of her rank. Beautiful Unfortunate, adieu; — and be Voltaire thanked, too! —

¹ “Potsdam, 24th October, 1773:” *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 259; — “Temple” was built in 1768 (Ib. p. 259 n.).

² Voltaire’s next Letter: *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 434.

³ Vehse, xxv. 251.

It is long since we have seen Voltaire before: — a prosperous Lord at Ferney these dozen years (“the only man in France that lives like a *grand Seigneur*,” says Cardinal Bernis to him once¹); doing great things for the Pays de Gex and for France, and for Europe; delivering the Calases, the Sirvens and the Oppressed of various kinds; especially ardent upon the *Infâme*, as the real business Heaven has assigned him in his Day, the sunset of which, and Night wherein no man can work, he feels to be hastening on. “Couldn’t we, the few Faithful, go to Cleve in a body?” thinks he at one time: “To Cleve; and there, as from a safe place, under the Philosopher King, shoot out our fiery artilleries with effect?” The Philosopher King is perfectly willing, “provided you don’t involve me in Wars with my neighbors.” Willing enough he; but they the Faithful — alas, the Patriarch finds that they have none of his own heroic ardor, and that the thing cannot be done. Upon which, “struck with sorrow,” say his Biographers, “he writes nothing to Friedrich for two years.”²

The truth is, he is growing very old; and though a piercing radiance, as of stars, bursts occasionally from the central part of him, the outworks are getting decayed and dim; obstruction more and more accumulating, and the immeasurable Night drawing nigh. Well does Voltaire himself, at all moments, know this; and his bearing under it, one must say, is rather beautiful. There is a tenderness, a sadness, in these his later Letters to Friedrich; instead of emphasis or strength, a beautiful shrill melody, as of a woman, as of a child; he grieves unappeasably to have lost Friedrich; never will forgive Mau-pertuis: — poor old man! Friedrich answers in a much livelier, more robust tone: friendly, encouraging, communicative on small matters; — full of praises, — in fact, sincerely glad to have such a transcendent genius still alive with him in this world. Praises to the most liberal pitch everything of Voltaire’s, — except only the Article on *War*, which occasionally (as below) he quizzes a little, to the Patriarch or his Disciple.

¹ Their *Correspondence*, really pretty of its kind, used to circulate as a separate Volume in the years then subsequent.

² “Nov. 1769,” recommences (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 140, 139)

As we have room for nothing of all this, and perhaps shall not see Voltaire again, — there are Two actual Interviews with him, which, being withal by Englishmen, though otherwise not good for much, we intend for readers here. In these last twenty years D'Alembert is Friedrich's chief Correspondent. Of D'Alembert to the King, it may be or may not, some opportunity will rise for a specimen; meanwhile here is a short Letter of the King's to D'Alembert, through which there pass so many threads of contemporaneous flying events (swift shuttles on the loud-sounding Loom of Time), that we are tempted to give this, before the two Interviews in question.

Date of the Letter is two months after that apparition of the Duchess of Würtemberg at Ferney. Of "Crillon," an ingenious enough young Soldier, rushing ardently about the world in his holiday time, we have nothing to say, except that he is Son of that Rossbach Crillon, who always fancies to himself that once he perhaps spared Friedrich's life (by a glass of wine judiciously given) long since, while the Bridge of Weissenfels was on fire, and Rossbach close ahead.¹ Colonel "Guibert" is another Soldier, still young, but of much superior type; greatly an admirer of Friedrich, and subsequently a Writer upon him.²

In regard to the "Landgravine of Darmstadt," notice these points. First, that her eldest Daughter is Wife, second Wife, to the dissolute Crown-Prince of Prussia; and then, that she has Three other Daughters, — one of whom has just been disposed of in an important way; wedded to the Czarowitsh Paul of Russia, namely. By Friedrich's means and management, as Friedrich informs us.³ The Czarina, he says, had sent out a confidential Gentleman, one Asseburg, who was Prussian by birth, to seek a fit Wife for her Son: Friedrich, hearing of this, suggested to Asseburg, "The Landgravine of Darmstadt, the most distinguished and accomplished of German Princesses,

¹ Suprà, x. 6.

² Of Guibert's visit to Friedrich (June, 1773), see Preuss, iv. 214; Rödenbeck, iii. 80.

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric, (Mémoires de 1763 jusqu'à 1775), vi. 57.*

has three marriageable Daughters; her eldest, married to our Crown-Prince, will be Queen of Prussia in time coming;—suppose now, one of the others were to be Czarina of Russia withal? Think, might it not be useful both to your native Country and to your adopted?” Asseburg took the hint; reported at Petersburg, That of all marriageable Princesses in Germany, the Three of Darmstadt, one or the other of them, would, in his humble opinion, be the eligiblest. “Could not we persuade you to come to Petersburg, Madam Landgravine?” wrote the Czarina thereupon: “Do us the honor of a visit, your three Princesses and you!” The Landgravine and Daughters, with decent celerity, got under way;¹ Czarowitsh Paul took interesting survey, on their arrival; and about two months ago wedded the middle one of the three:—and here is the victorious Landgravine bringing home the other two. Czarowitsh’s fair one did not live long, nor behave well: died of her first child; and Czarowitsh, in 1776, had to apply to us again for a Wife, whom this time we fitted better. Happily, the poor victorious Landgravine was gone before anything of this; she died suddenly five months hence;² nothing doubting of her Russian Adventure. She was an admired Princess of her time, *die grosse Landgräfin*, as Goethe somewhere calls her; much in Friedrich’s esteem, — *femina sexu, ingenio vir*, as the Monument he raised to her at Darmstadt still bears.³

Friedrich to D’Alembert.

“POTSDAM, 16th December, 1773.

“M. de Crillon delivered me your *Crillonade* [lengthy Letter of introduction]; which has completed me in the History of all the Crillons of the County of Avignon. He does n’t stop here; he is soon to be off for Russia; so that I will take him on your word, and believe him the wisest of all the Crillons: assuring myself that you have measured and computed all his curves, and angles of incidence. He will find Diderot and Grimm in

¹ Passed through Berlin 16th–19th May, 1773: Rödenbeck, iii. 78.

² 30th March, 1774.

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 183 n. His *Correspondence* with her is Ib. xxvii ii. 135–153; and goes from 1757 to 1774.

Russia [famous visit of Diderot], all occupied with the Czarina's beautiful reception of them, and with the many things worthy of admiration which they have seen there. Some say Grimm will possibly fix himself in that Country [chose better], — which will be the asylum at once of your fanatic *Chaumeixes* and of the *Encyclopédistes*, whom he used to denounce. [This poor Chaumeix did, after such feats, "die peaceably at Moscow, as a Schoolmaster."]

"M. de Guibert has gone by Ferney; where it is said Voltaire has converted him, that is, has made him renounce the errors of ambition, abjure the frightful trade of hired manslayer, with intent to become either Capuchin or Philosophe; so that I suppose by this time he will have published a 'Declaration' like Gresset, informing the public That, having had the misfortune to write a Work on Tactics, he repented it from the bottom of his soul, and hereby assured mankind that never more in his life would he give rules for butcheries, assassinations, feints, stratagems or the like abominations. As to me, my conversion not being yet in an advanced stage, I pray you to give me details about Guibert's, to soften my heart and penetrate my bowels.

"We have the Landgravine of Darmstadt here: ¹ no end to the Landgravine's praises of a magnificent Czarina, and of all the beautiful and grand things she has founded in that Country. As to us, who live like mice in their holes, news come to us only from mouth to mouth, and the sense of hearing is nothing like that of sight. I cherish my wishes, in the mean while, for the sage Anaxagoras [my D'Alembert himself]; and I say to Urania, 'It is for thee to sustain thy foremost Apostle, to maintain one light, without which a great Kingdom [France] would sink into darkness;' and I say to the Supreme Demiurgus: 'Have always the good D'Alembert in thy holy and worthy keeping.' — F." ²

The Boston Tea (same day). Curious to remark, while Friedrich is writing this Letter, "Thursday, December 16th. 1773," what a commotion is going on, far over seas, at Boston,

¹ Rödénbeck, iii. 89, 90.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 614.

New England, — in the “Old South Meeting-house” there; in regard to three English Tea Ships that are lying embargoed in Griffin’s Wharf for above a fortnight past. The ease is well known, and still memorable to mankind. British Parliament, after nine years of the saddest haggling and baffling to and fro, under Constitutional stress of weather, and such east-winds and west-winds of Parliamentary eloquence as seldom were, has made up its mind, That America shall pay duty on these Teas before infusing them: and America, Boston more espeecially, is tacitly determined that it will not; and that, to avoid mistakes, these Teas shall never be landed at all. Such is Boston’s private intention, more or less fixed; — to say nothing of the Philadelphias, Charlestons, New Yorks, who are watching Boston, and will follow suit of it.

“Sunday, November 26th, — that is, nineteen days ago, — the first of these Tea Ships, the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, moored itself in Griffin’s Wharf: Owner and Consignee is a broad-brimmed Boston gentleman called Rotch, more attentive to profits of trade than to the groans of Boston: — but already on that Sunday, much more on the Monday following, there had a meeting of Citizens run together, — (on Monday, Faneuil Hall won’t hold them, and they adjourn to the Old South Meeting-house), — who make it apparent to Rotch that it will much behoove him, for the sake both of tea and skin, not to ‘enter’ (or officieally announce) this Ship *Dartmouth* at the Custom-house in any wise; but to pledge his broad-brimmed word, equivalent to his oath, that she shall lie dormant there in Griffin’s Wharf, till we see. Which, accordingly, she has been doing ever since; she and two others that arrived some days later: dormant all three of them, side by side, three crews totally idle; a ‘Committee of Ten’ supervising Rotch’s procedures; and the Boston world much expectant. Thursday, December 16th: this is the 20th day since Rotch’s *Dartmouth* arrived here; if not ‘entered’ at Custom-house in the eourse of this day, Custom-house eannot give her a ‘elcaranee’ either (a leave to depart), — she becomes a smuggler, an outlaw, and her fate is mysterious to Rotch and us.

“This Thursday accordingly, by 10 in the morning, in the

Old South Meeting-house, Boston is assembled, and country-people to the number of 2,000; — and Rotch never was in such a company of human Friends before. They are not uncivil to him (cautious people, heedful of the verge of the Law); but they are peremptory, to the extent of — Rotch may shudder to think what. ‘I went to the Custom-house yesterday,’ said Rotch, ‘your Committee of Ten can bear me witness; and demanded clearance and leave to depart; but they would not; were forbidden, they said!’ ‘Go, then, sir; get you to the Governor himself; a clearance, and out of harbor this day: had n’t you better?’ Rotch is well aware that he had; hastens off to the Governor (who has vanished to his Country-house, on purpose); Old South Meeting-house adjourning till 3 P.M., for Rotch’s return with clearance.

“At 3 no Rotch, nor at 4, nor at 5; miscellaneous plangent intermittent speech instead, mostly plangent, in tone sorrowful rather than indignant: — at a quarter to 6, here at length is Rotch; sun is long since set, — has Rotch a clearance or not? Rotch reports at large, willing to be questioned and cross-questioned: ‘Governor absolutely would not! My Christian friends, what could I or can I do?’ There are by this time about 7,000 people in Old South Meeting-house, very few tallow-lights in comparison, — almost no lights for the mind either, — and it is difficult to answer. Rotch’s report done, the Chairman [one Adams, “American Cato,” subsequently so called] dissolves the sorrowful 7,000, with these words: ‘This Meeting declares that it can do nothing more to save the Country.’ Will merely go home, then, and weep. Hark, however almost on the instant, in front of Old South Meeting-house, ‘a terrific War-whoop; and about fifty Mohawk Indians,’ — with whom Adams seems to be acquainted; and speaks without Interpreter: Aha? —

“And, sure enough, before the stroke of 7, these fifty painted Mohawks are forward, without noise, to Griffin’s Wharf; have put sentries all round there; and, in a great silence of the neighborhood, are busy, in three gangs, upon the dormant Tea Ships; opening their chests, and punctually shaking them out into the sea. ‘Listening from the distance,

you could hear distinctly the ripping open of the chests, and no other sound.' About 10 p.m. all was finished; 342 chests of tea flung out to infuse in the Atlantic; the fifty Mohawks gone like a dream; and Boston sleeping more silently even than usual."¹

"Seven in the evening:" this, I calculate, allowing for the Earth's rotation, will be about the time when Friedrich, well tired with the day's business, is getting to bed; by 10 on the Boston clocks, when the process finishes there, Friedrich will have had the best of his sleep over. Here is Montcalm's Prophecy coming to fulfilment;—and a curious intersection of a flying Event through one's poor *Letter to D'Alembert*. We will now give the two English Interviews with Voltaire; one of which is of three years past, another of three years ahead.

No. 1. *Dr Burney has Sight of Voltaire* (July, 1770).

In the years 1770–1771, Burney, then a famous *Doctor of Music*, made his *Tour* through France and Italy, on Musical errands and researches;² with these we have no concern, but only with one most small execeptional offshoot or episode which grew out of these. Enough for us to know that Burney, a comfortable, well-disposed, rather dull though vivacious Doctor, age near 45, had left London for Paris "in June, 1770;" that he was on to Geneva, intending for Turin, "early in July;" and that his "M. Fritz," mentioned below, is a veteran Brother in Music, settled at Geneva for the last thirty years, who has been helpful and agreeable to Burney while here. Our Excerpt therefore dates itself, "one of the early days of July, 1770,"—Burney hovering between two plans (as we shall dimly perceive), and not exactly executing either:—

¹ "Summary of the Advices from America" (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1774, pp. 26, 27); Bancroft, iii. 536 et seq.

² Charles Burney's *Present State of Music in France and Italy, being the Journal of a Tour through those Countries to collect Materials for a General History of Music* (London, 1773). The *History of Music* followed duly, in Four toms (London, 1776–1789).

. . . . "My going to M. Fritz broke [was about breaking, but did not quite] into a plan which I had formed of visiting M. de Voltaire, at the same hour, along with some other strangers, who were then going to Ferney. But, to say the truth, besides the visit to M. Fritz being more *my business*, I did not much like going with these people, who had only a Geneva Bookseller to introduce them; and I had heard that some English had lately met with a rebuff from M. de Voltaire, by going without any letter of recommendation, or anything to recommend themselves. He asked them What they wanted? Upon their replying That they wished only to see so extraordinary a man, he said: 'Well, gentlemen, you now see me: did you take me for a wild beast or monster, that was fit only to be stared at as a show?' This story very much frightened me; for, not having, when I left London, or even Paris, any intention of going to Geneva, I was quite unprovided with a recommendation. However, I was determined to see the place of his residence, which I took to be [still *Les Délices*],

Cette maison d'Aristippe, ces jardins d'Epicure,

to which he retired in 1755; but was mistaken [not The *Délices* now at all, but Ferney, for nine or ten years back].

"I drove to Ferney alone, after I had left M. Fritz. This House is three or four miles from Geneva, but near the Lake. I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most minute kind. I inquired *when* I first trod on his domain; I had an intelligent and talkative postilion, who answered all my questions very satisfactorily. M. de Voltaire's estate is very large here, and he is building pretty farm-houses upon it. He has erected on the Geneva side a quadrangular *Justice*, or Gallows, to show that he is the *Seigneur*. One of his farms, or rather manufacturing houses, — for he is establishing a manufacture upon his estate, — was so handsome that I thought it was his château.

"We drove to Ferney, through a charming country, covered with corn and vines, in view of the Lake, and Mountains of

Gex, Switzerland and Savoy. On the left hand, approaching the House, is a neat Chapel with this inscription: —

‘DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE MDCCLXI.’

I sent to inquire, Whether a stranger might be allowed to see the House and Gardens; and was answered in the affirmative. A servant soon came, and conducted me into the cabinet or closet where his Master had just been writing: this is never shown when he is at home; but having walked out, I was allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the Library, which is not a very large one, but well filled. Here I found a whole-length Figure in marble of himself, recumbent, in one of the windows; and many curiosities in another room; a Bust of himself, made not two years since; his Mother's picture; that of his Niece, Madam Denis; his Brother, M. Dupuis; the Calas Family; and others. It is a very neat and elegant House; not large, nor affectedly decorated.

“I should first have remarked, that close to the Chapel, between that and the house, is the Theatre, which he built some years ago; where he treated his friends with some of his own Tragedies: it is now only used as a receptacle for wood and lumber, there having been no play acted in it these four years. The servant told me his Master was 78 [76 gone], but very well. ‘*Il travaille,*’ said he, ‘*pendant dix heures chaque jour,*’ He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a mile or two — *Et le voilà, là bas,* And see, yonder he is!’

“He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight of so extraordinary a man. He had just then quitted his Garden, and was crossing the court before his House. Seeing my chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to his servant who had been my *cicerone*, to go to him; in order, I suppose, to inquire who I was. After they had exchanged a few words together, he,” M. de Voltaire, “approached the place where I was standing motionless, in order to contemplate his person as much as I could while his eyes were turned from me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself drawn by some irresistible power towards

him; and, without knowing what I did, I insensibly met him half-way.

“It is not easy to conceive it possible for life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone as that of M. de Voltaire.” Extremely lean old Gentleman! “He complained of decrepitude, and said, He supposed I was anxious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However, his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined.

“He inquired after English news; and observed that Poetical squabbles had given way to Political ones; but seemed to think the spirit of opposition as necessary in poetry as in politics. ‘*Les querelles d’auteurs sont pour le bien de la littérature, comme dans un gouvernement libre les querelles des grands, et les clameurs des petits, sont nécessaires à la liberté.*’ And added, ‘When critics are silent, it does not so much prove the Age to be correct, as dull.’ He inquired what Poets we had now; I told him we had Mason and Gray. ‘They write but little,’ said he: ‘and you seem to have no one who lords it over the rest, like Dryden, Pope and Swift.’ I told him that it was one of the inconveniences of Periodical Journals, however well executed, that they often silenced modest men of genius, while impudent blockheads were impenetrable, and unable to feel the critic’s scourge: that Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason had both been illiberally treated by mechanical critics, even in newspapers; and added, that modesty and love of quiet seemed in these gentlemen to have got the better even of their love of fame.

“During this conversation, we approached the buildings that he was constructing near the road to his Château. ‘These,’ said he, pointing to them, ‘are the most innocent, and perhaps the most useful, of all my works.’ I observed that he had other works, which were of far more extensive use, and would be much more durable, than those. He was so obliging as to show me several farm-houses that he had built, and the plans of others: after which I took my leave.”¹

¹ Burney’s *Present State of Music* (London, 1773), pp. 55–62.

No. 2. *Reverend Mr. Sherlock sees Voltaire, and even dines with him (April, 1776).*

Sherlock's *Book of Travels*, though he wrote it in two languages, and it once had its vogue, is now little other than a Dance of Will-o'-wisp to us. A Book tawdry, incoherent, indistinct, at once flashy and opaque, full of idle excrescences and exuberances; — as is the poor man himself. He was "Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry;" gyrating about as ecclesiastical Moon to that famed Solar Luminary, what could you expect!¹ Poor Sherlock is nowhere intentionally fabulous; nor intrinsically altogether so foolish as he seems: let that suffice us. In his Dance of Will-o'-wisps, which in this point happily is dated, — 26th–27th April, 1776, — he had come to Ferney, with proper introduction to Voltaire: and here (after severe excision of the flabby parts, but without other change) is credible account of what he saw and heard. In Three Scenes; with this Prologue, — as to Costume, which is worth reading twice: —

Voltaire's Dress. "On the two days I saw him, he wore white cloth shoes, white woollen stockings, red breeches, with a nightgown and waistcoat of blue linen, flowered, and lined with yellow. He had on a grizzle wig with three ties, and over it a silk nightcap embroidered with gold and silver."

SCENE I. *The Entrance-Hall of Ferney (Friday, 26th April, 1776); exuberant Sherlock entering, Letter of Introduction having preceded.*

"He met in the hall; his Nephew M. d'Hornoi" (Grand-nephew; Abbé Mignot, famous for *burying* Voltaire, and Madame Denis, whom we know, were D'Hornoi's Uncle and Aunt) — Grand-nephew, "Counsellor in the Parlement of

¹ Title of his Book is, *Letters from an English Traveller*; translated from the French Original (London, 1780). Ditto, *Letters from an English Traveller*; written originally in French: by the Rev. Martin Sherlock, A.M., Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, &c (a new Edition, 2 vols., London, 1802).

Paris, held him by the arm. He said to me, with a very weak voice: 'You see a very old man, who makes a great effort to have the honor of seeing you. Will you take a walk in my Garden? It will please you, for it is in the English taste:—it was I who introduced that taste into France, and it is become universal. But the French parody your Gardens; they put your thirty acres into three.'

'From his Gardens you see the Alps, the Lake, the City of Geneva and its environs, which are very pleasant. He said:—

Voltaire. "'It is a beautiful prospect.' He pronounced these words tolerably well.

Sherlock. "'How long is it since you were in England?'

Voltaire. "'Fifty years, at least.' [Not quite; in 1728 left; in 1726 had come.]¹

D'Hornoi. "'It was at the time when you printed the First Edition of your *Henriade*.'

'We then talked of Literature; and from that moment he forgot his age and infirmities, and spoke with the warmth of a man of thirty. He said some shocking things against Moses and against Shakspeare. [Like enough!] . . . We then talked of Spain.

Voltaire. "'It is a Country of which we know no more than of the most savage parts of Africa; and it is not worth the trouble of being known. If a man would travel there, he must carry his bed, &c. On arriving in a Town, he must go into one street to buy a bottle of wine; a piece of a mule [by way of beef] in another; he finds a table in a third,—and he sups. A French Nobleman was passing through Pampeluna: he sent out for a spit; there was only one in the Town, and that was lent away for a wedding.'

D'Hornoi. "'There, Monsieur, is a Village which M. de Voltaire has built!'

Voltaire. "'Yes, we have our freedoms here. Cut off a little corner, and we are out of France. I asked some privileges for my Children here, and the King has granted me all that I asked, and has declared this Pays de Gex exempt from

¹ Suprà, vii. 47.

all Taxes of the Farmers-General; so that salt, which formerly sold for ten sous a pound, now sells for four. I have nothing more to ask, except to live.' — We went into the Library" (had made the round of the Gardens, I suppose).

•SCENE II. *In the Library.*

Voltaire. "‘There you find several of your countrymen [he had Shakspeare, Milton, Congreve, Rochester, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Robertson, Hume and others]. Robertson is your Livy; his *Charles Fifth* is written with truth. Hume wrote his History to be applauded, Rapin to instruct; and both obtained their ends.’

Sherlock. "‘Lord Bolingbroke and you agreed that we have not one good Tragedy.’

Voltaire. "‘We did think so. *Cato* is incomparably well written: Addison had a great deal of taste; — but the abyss between taste and genius is immense! Shakspeare had an amazing genius, but no taste: he has spoiled the taste of the Nation. He has been their taste for two hundred years; and what is the taste of a Nation for two hundred years will be so for two thousand. This kind of taste becomes a religion; there are, in your Country, a great many Fanaties for Shakspeare.’

Sherlock. "‘Were you personally acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke?’

Voltaire. "‘Yes. His face was imposing, and so was his voice; in his *Works* there are many leaves and little fruit; distorted expressions, and periods intolerably long. [*Taking down a Book.*] There, you see the *Koran*, which is well read, at least. [It was marked throughout with bits of paper.] There are *Historic Doubts*, by Horace Walpole [which had also several marks]; here is the portrait of Richard III.; you see he was a handsome youth.’

Sherlock (making an abrupt transition). "‘You have built a Church?’

Voltaire. "‘True; and it is the only one in the Universe in honor of God [*Deo erexit Voltaire*, as we read above]: you have plenty of Churches built to St. Paul, to St. Geneviève,

but not one to God.’” *Exit* Sherlock (to his Inn; makes jotting as above; — is to dine at Ferney to-morrow).

SCENE III. *Dinner-Table of Voltaire.*

“The next day, as we sat down to Dinner,” our Host in the above shining costume, “he said, in English tolerably pronounced:—

Voltaire. “‘We are here for liberty and property! [parody of some old Speech in Parliament, let us guess, — liberty and property, my Lords!] This Gentleman — whom let me present to Monsieur Sherlock — is a Jesuit [old Père Adam, whom I keep for playing Chess, in his old, unsheltered days]; he wears his hat: I am a poor invalid, — I wear my night-cap.’ . . .

“I do not now recollect why he quoted these verses, also in English, by Rochester, on *Charles Second*: —

‘Here lies the mutton-eating King,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.’

But speaking of Racine, he quoted this Couplet (of Roscommon’s *Essay on Translated Verse*): —

‘The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine.’

Sherlock. “‘The English prefer Corneille to Racine.’

Voltaire. “‘That is because the English are not sufficiently acquainted with the French tongue to feel the beauties of Racine’s style, or the harmony of his versification. Corneille ought to please them more because he is more striking; but Racine pleases the French because he has more softness and tenderness.’

Sherlock. “‘How did you find [*like*] the English fare (*la chère Anglaise*?’ — which Voltaire mischievously takes for ‘the dear Englishwoman’).

Voltaire. “‘I found her very fresh and white,’ — truly! [It should be remembered, that when he made this pun upon Women he was in his eighty-third year.]

Sherlock. “‘Their language?’

Voltaire. “‘Energetic, precise and barbarous; they are the only Nation that pronounce their *a* as *e*. . . . [And some time afterwards] Though I cannot perfectly pronounce English, my ear is sensible of the harmony of your language and of your versification. Pope and Dryden have the most harmony in Poetry; Addison in Prose.’ [Takes now the interrogating side.]

Voltaire. “‘How have you liked (*avez-vous trouvé*) the French?’

Sherlock. “‘Amiable and witty. I only find one fault with them: they imitate the English too much.’

Voltaire. “‘How! Do you think us worthy to be originals ourselves?’

Sherlock. ‘Yes, Sir.’

Voltaire. “‘So do I too:—but it is of your Government that we are envious.’

Sherlock. “‘I have found the French freer than I expected.’

Voltaire. “‘Yes, as to walking, or eating whatever he pleases, or lolling in his elbow-chair, a Frenchman is free enough; but as to taxes—Ah, Monsieur, you are a lucky Nation; you can do what you like; poor we are born in slavery: we cannot even die as we will; we must have a Priest [can’t get buried otherwise; am often thinking of that!] . . . Well, if the English do sell themselves, it is a proof that they are worth something: we French don’t sell ourselves, probably because we are worth nothing.’

Sherlock. “‘What is your opinion of the *Éloïse*’ [Rousseau’s immortal Work]?

Voltaire. “‘That it will not be read twenty years hence.’

Sherlock. “‘Mademoiselle de l’Enclos wrote some good *Letters*?’

Voltaire. “‘She never wrote one; they were by the wretched Crébillon’ [my beggarly old “Rival” in the Pompadour epoch]! . . .

Voltaire. “‘The Italians are a Nation of brokers. Italy is an Old-Clothes shop; in which there are many Old Dresses of exquisite taste. . . . But we are still to know, Whether the

subjects of the Pope or of the Grand Turk are the more abject.' [We have now gone to the Drawing-room, I think, though it is not jotted.]

"He talked of England and of Shakspeare; and explained to Madame Denis part of a Scene in *Henry Fifth*, where the King makes love to Queen Catherine in bad French; and of another in which that Queen takes a lesson in English from her Waiting-woman, and where there are several very gross double-entendres"—but, I hope, did not long dwell on these. . . .

Voltaire. "'When I see an Englishman subtle and fond of lawsuits, I say, 'There is a Norman, who came in with William the Conqueror.'" When I see a man good-natured and polite, "That is one who came with the Plantagenets;" a brutal character, "That is a Dane:"—for your Nation, Monsieur, as well as your Language, is a medley of many others.'

"After dinner, passing through a little Parlor where there was a head of Locke, another of the Countess of Coventry, and several more, he took me by the arm and stopped me: 'Do you know this Bust [bust of Sir Isaac Newton]? It is the greatest genius that ever existed: if all the geniuses of the Universe were assembled, he should lead the band.'

"It was of Newton, and of his own Works, that M. de Voltaire always spoke with the greatest warmth."¹ (*Exit Sherlock, to jot down the above, and thence into Infinite Space.*)

General or Field-marshal Conway, direct from the London Circles, attends one of Friedrich's Reviews (August-September, 1774).

Now that Friedrich's Military Department is got completely into trim again, which he reckons to have been about 1770, his annual Reviews are becoming very famous over Europe; and intelligent Officers of all Countries are eager to be present, and instruct themselves there. The Review is beautiful as a Spectacle; but that is in no sort the intention of it. Rigorous business, as in the strictest of Universities examin-

¹ Sherlock, *Letters* (London, 1802), i. 98-106.

ing for Degrees, would be nearer the definition. Sometimes, when a new manœuvre or tactical invention of importance is to be tried by experiment, you will find for many miles the environs of Potsdam, which is usually the scene of such experiments, carefully shut in; sentries on every road, no unfriendly eye admitted; the thing done as with closed doors. Nor at any time can you attend without leave asked; though to Foreign Officers, and persons that have really business there, there appears to be liberality enough in granting it. The concourse of military strangers seems to keep increasing every year, till Friedrich's death.¹ French, more and more in quantity, present themselves; multifarious German names; generally a few English too, — Burgoyne (of Saratoga finally), Cornwallis, Duke of York, Marshal Conway, — of which last we have something farther to say at present.

In Summer, 1774, Conway — the Marshal Conway, of whom Walpole is continually talking as of a considerable Soldier and Politician, though he was not in either character considerable, but was Walpole's friend, and an honest modest man — had made up his mind, perhaps partly on domestic grounds (for I have noticed glimpses of a "Lady C." much out of humor), to make a Tour in Germany, and see the Reviews, both Austrian and Prussian, Prussian especially. Two immense *Letters* of his on that subject have come into my hands,² and elsewhere incidentally there is printed record of the Tour;³ unimportant as possible, both Tour and Letters, but capable, if squeezed into compass, of still being read without disadvantage here.

Sir Robert Murray Keith — that is, the younger Excellency Keith, now Minister at Dresden, whom we have sometimes heard of — accompanies Conway on this Tour, or flies alongside of him, with frequent interseptions at the principal points; and there is printed record by Sir Robert, but still less inter-

¹ Rödenbeck, iii. *in locis*.

² Kindly presented me by Charles Knight, Esq., the well-known Author and Publisher (who possesses a Collection by the same hand): these Two run to fourteen large pages in my Copy!

³ In Keith (Sir Robert Murray), *Memoirs and Correspondence*, ii. 21 et. seq.

esting than this of Conway, and perfectly conformable to it:—so that, except for some words about the Lord Marischal, which shall be given, Keith must remain silent, while the diffuse Conway strives to become intelligible. Indeed, neither Conway nor Keith tell us the least thing that is not abundantly, and even wearisomely known from German sources; but to readers here, a pair of English eyes looking on the matter (put straight in places by the help there is), may give it a certain freshness of meaning. Here are Conway's Two Letters, with the nine parts of water charitably squeezed out of them, by a skilful friend of mine and his.

Conway to his Brother, Marquis of Hertford (in London).

“BERLIN, July 17th, 1774.

“DEAR BROTHER,—In the hurry I live in—. . . Leaving Brunswick, where, in absence of most of the Court, who are visiting at Potsdam, my old Commander,” Duke Ferdinand, now estranged from Potsdam,¹ and living here among works of Art, and speculations on Free Masonry, “was very kind to me, I went to Celle, in Hanover, to pay my respects to the Queen of Denmark [unfortunate divorced Matilda, saved by my friend Keith,—innocent, I will hope!] . . . She is grown extremely fat. . . . At Magdeburg, the Prussian Frontier on this side, one is not allowed, without a permit, even to walk on the ramparts,—such the strictness of Prussian rule. . . . Driving through Potsdam, on my way to Berlin, I was stopped by a servant of the good old Lord Marischal, who had spied me as I passed under his window. He came out in his nightgown, and insisted upon our staying to dine with him—[worthy old man; a word of him, were this Letter done]. We ended, on consultation about times and movements of the King, by staying three days at Potsdam, mostly with this excellent old Lord.

“On the third day [yesterday evening, in fact], I went, by

¹ Had a kind of quarrel with Friedrich in 1766 (rough treatment by Adjutant von Anhalt, not tolerable to a Captain now become so eminent), and quietly withdrew,—still on speaking terms with the King, but never his Officer more.

appointment, to the New Palace, to wait upon the King of Prussia. There was some delay: his Majesty had gone, in the interim, to a private Concert, which he was giving to the Princesses [Duchess of Brunswick and other high guests¹]; but the moment he was told I was there, he came out from his company, and gave me a most flattering gracious audience of more than half an hour; talking on a great variety of things, with an ease and freedom the very reverse of what I had been made to expect. . . . I asked, and received permission, to visit the Silesian Camps next month, his Majesty most graciously telling me the particular days they would begin and end [27th August-3d September, Schmelwitz near Breslau, are time and place²]. This considerably deranges my Austrian movements, and will hurry my return out of those parts: but who could resist such a temptation!—I saw the Foot-Guards exercise, especially the splendid ‘First Battalion;’ I could have conceived nothing so perfect and so exact as all I saw:—so well dressed, such men, and so punctual in all they did.

“The New Palace at Potsdam is extremely noble. Not so perfect, perhaps, in point of taste, but better than I had been led to expect. The King dislikes living there; never does, except when there is high Company about him; for seven or eight months in the year, he prefers Little Sans-Souci, and freedom among his intimates and some of his Generals. . . . His Music still takes up a great share of the King’s time. On a table in his Cabinet there, I saw, I believe, twenty boxes with a German flute in each; in his Bed-chamber, twice as many boxes of Spanish snuff; and, alike in Cabinet and in Bed-chamber, three arm-chairs in a row for three favorite dogs, each with a little stool by way of step, that the getting up might be easy. . . .

“The Town of Potsdam is a most extraordinary and, in its appearance, beautiful Town; all the streets perfectly straight, all at right angles to each other; and all the houses built with handsome, generally elegant fronts. . . . He builds for everybody who has a bad or a small house, even the lowest mechanic. He has done the same at Berlin.” Altogether, his Majesty’s

¹ Rödénbeck (*in die*) iii. 98.² Ib. iii. 101.

building operations are astonishing. And "from whence does this money come, after a long expensive War? It is all fairy-land and enchantment," — *Magnum vectigal parsimonia*, in fact! . . . "At Berlin here, I saw the Porcelain Manufacture to-day, which is greatly improved. I leave presently. Adieu, dear Brother; excuse my endless Letter [since you cannot squeeze the water out of it, as some will!] — Yours most sincerely,

"HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY."

Keith is now Minister at Dresden for some years back; and has, among other topics, much to say of our brilliant friend the Electress there: but his grand Diplomatic feat was at Copenhagen, on a sudden sally out thither (in 1771):¹ the saving of Queen Matilda, youngest Sister of George Third, from a hard doom. Unfortunate Queen Matilda; one never knows how guilty, or whether guilty at all, but she was very unfortunate, poor young Lady! What with a mad Husband collapsed by debaucheries into stupor of insanity; what with a Doctor, gradually a Prime Minister, Struensee, wretched scarecrow to look upon, but wiser than most Danes about; and finally, with a lynx-eyed Step-sister, whose Son, should Matilda mistake, will inherit, — unfortunate Matilda had fallen into the awfulest troubles; got divorced, imprisoned, would have lost her head along with scarecrow Struensee had not her Brother George III. emphatically intervened, — Excellency Keith, with Seventy-fours in the distance, coming out very strong on the occasion, — and got her loose. Loose from Danish axe and jail, at any rate; delivered into safety and solitude at Celle in Hanover, where she now is, — and soon after suddenly dies of fever, so closing a very sad short history.

Excellency Keith, famed in the Diplomatic circles ever since, is at present ahead of Conway on their joint road to the Austrian Reviews. Before giving Conway's Second Letter, let us hear Keith a little on his kinsman the Old Marischal,

¹ In *Keith*, i. 152 &c., nothing of intelligible Narrative given, hardly the date discoverable.

whom he saw at Berlin years ago, and still occasionally corresponds with, and mentions in his Correspondence. Keith *loquitur*; date is Dresden, February, 1770:—

Has visited the Old Marischal at Potsdam lately. . . . “My stay of three days with Lord Marischal. . . . He is the most innocent of God’s creatures; and his heart is much warmer than his head. The place of his abode,” I must say, “is the very Temple of Dulness; and his Female Companion [a poor Turk foundling, a perishing infant flung into his late Brother’s hands at the Fall of Oczakow,¹—whom the Marischal has carefully brought up, and who refuses to marry away from him,—rather stupid, not very pretty by the Portraits; must now be two-and-thirty gone] is perfectly calculated to be the Priestess of it! Yet he dawdles away his day in a manner not unpleasant to him; and I really am persuaded he has a conscience that would gild the inside of a dungeon. The feats of our bare-legged warriors in the late War [*Berg-Schotten*, among whom I was a Colonel], accompanied by a *pibroch* [elegiac bagpipe droning *more suo*] in his outer room, have an effect on the old Don, which would delight you.”²

And then seen him in Berlin, on the same occasion. . . . “Lord Marischal came to meet me at Sir Andrew’s [Mitchell’s, in Berlin, the last year of the brave Mitchell’s life], where we passed five days together. My visit to his country residence,” as you already know, “was of three days; and I had reason to be convinced that it gave the old Don great pleasure. He talked to me with the greatest openness and confidence of all the material incidents of his life; and hinted often that the honor of the Clan was now to be supported by our family, for all of whom he had the greatest esteem. His taste, his ideas, and his manner of living, are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the Kingdom of Valencia; and as he seeks to make no new friends, he seems to retain a strong, though silent, attachment for his old ones. As to his political principles, I believe him

¹ Suprà, vii. 82.

² Keith, i. 129; “Dresden, 25th February, 1770:” to his Sister in Scotland.

the most sincere of converts" to Whiggery and Orthodoxy. . . . "Since I began this, I have had a most inimitable Letter from Lord Marischal. I had mentioned Dr. Bailies to him [noted English Doctor at Dresden, bent on inoculating and the like], and begged he would send me a state of his case and infirmities, that the Doctor might prescribe for him. This is a part of his answer:—

"‘I thank you for your advice of consulting the English Doctor to repair my old carcass. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the Doctor, that from him I expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First, he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with is: One pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient; and we must not trouble the Doctor too much at once.’— You see by this how easy his Lordship’s infirmities sit upon him; and it is really so as he says. Your friend Sir Andrew is, I am afraid, less gay; but I have not heard from him these three months.”¹

*Conway to Keith, on the late Three Days at Potsdam.*² “I stayed three days at Potsdam, with much entertainment, for good part of which I am obliged to your Excellency’s old friend Lord Marischal, who showed me all the kindness and civility possible. He stopped me as I passed, and not only made me dine with him that day, but in a manner live with him. He is not at all blind, as you imagined; so much otherwise, that I saw him read, without spectacles, a difficult hand I could not easily decipher. . . . Stayed but a day at Berlin;” am rushing after you:— Here is my Second Letter:—

¹ Keith, i. 132, 133; “Dresden, 13th March, 1770:” to his Father.

² Date, “Dresden, 21st July, 1774:” in *Keith*, ii. 15.

Conway's Second Letter (to his Brother, as before).

"SCHMELWITZ [near Breslau] HEAD-QUARTERS,
August 31st, 1774.

"DEAR BROTHER . . . I left that Camp [Austrian Camp, and Reviews in Hungary, where the Kaiser and everybody had been very gracious to me] with much regret." Parted regretfully with Keith; — had played, at Presburg, in sight of him and fourteen other Englishmen, a game with the Chess Automaton [brand-new miracle, just out];¹ — came on through Vienna hitherward, as fast as post-horses could carry us; traveling night and day, without stopping, being rather behind time. "Arrived at Breslau near dark, last night; where I learnt that the Camp was twenty miles off; that the King was gone there, and that the Manœuvres would begin at four or five this morning. I therefore ordered my chaise at twelve at night, and set out, in darkness and rain, to be presented to the King of Prussia next morning at five, at the head of his troops. . . . When I arrived, before five, at the place called 'Head-quarters,' I found myself in the middle of a miserable Village [this Schmewitz here]; no creature alive or stirring, nor a sentinel, or any Military object to be seen. . . . As soon as anything alive was to be found, we asked, If the King was lodged in that Village? 'Yes,' they said, 'in that House' (pointing to a clay Hovel). But General Lentulus soon appeared; and —

"His Majesty has been very gracious; asked me many questions about my tour to Hungary. I saw all the Troops pass him as they arrived in Camp. They made a very fine appearance really, though it rained hard the whole time we were out; and as his Majesty [age 62] did not cloak, we were all heartily wet. And, what was worse, went from the field to Orders [giving out of Parole, and the like] at his Quarters, there to make our bow; — where we stayed in our wet clothes an hour and half [towards 10 A.M. by this time]. . . . How different at the Emperor's, when his Imperial Majesty and everybody was cloaked! [Got no hurt by the wet, strange to say.] . . .

¹ Account of it, and of this game, in *Keith* too (ii. 18; "Vienna, 3d September, 1774:" Keith to his Father).

These are our news to this day. And now, having sat up five nights out of the last six, and been in rain and dirt almost all day, I wish you sincerely good-night. — H. S. C.

“P.S. Breslau, 4th September. — . . . My Prussian Campaign is finished, and as much to my satisfaction as possible. The beauty and order of the Troops, their great discipline, their” &c. &c., “almost pass all belief. . . . Yesterday we were on horseback early, at four o’clock. The movement was conducted with a spirit and order, on both sides, that was astonishing, and struck the more delightful (*sic*) by the variety, as in the course of the Action the Enemy, conducted by General Anhalt [head all right as yet], took three different positions before his final retreat.

“The moment it was over [nine o’clock or so], his Majesty got a fresh horse, and set out for Potsdam, after receiving the compliments of those present, or rather holding a kind of short Levee in the field. I can’t say how much, in my particular, I am obliged to his Majesty for his extraordinary reception, and distinction shown me throughout. Each day after the Manœuvre, and giving the Orders of the day, he held a little Levee at the door, or in the court; at which, I can assure you, it is not an exaggeration of vanity to say, that he not only talked to me, but literally to nobody else at all. It was a good deal each time, and as soon as finished he made his bow, and retired, though all, or most, of the other Foreigners were standing by, as well as his own Generals. He also called me up, and spoke to me several times on horseback, when we were out, which he seldom did to anybody.

“The Prince Royal also showed me much civility. The second day, he asked me to come and drink a dish of tea with him after dinner, and kept me an hour and half. He told me, among other things, that the King of Prussia had a high opinion of me, and that it came chiefly from the favorable manner in which Duke Ferdinand and the Hereditary Prince [of Brunswick] had spoken of me. . . . Pray let Horace Walpole know my address, that I may have all the chance I can of hearing from him. But if he comes to Paris, I forgive him. — H. S. C.”

Friedrich's Reviews, though fine to look upon, or indeed the finest in the world, were by no means of spectacular nature; but of altogether serious and practical, almost of solemn and terrible, to the parties interested. Like the strictest College Examination for Degrees, as we said; like a Royal Assize or Doomsday of the Year; to Military people, and over the upper classes of Berlin Society, nothing could be more serious. Major Kaltenborn, an Ex-Prussian Officer, presumably of over-talkative habits, who sounds on us like a very mess-room of the time all gathered under one hat, — describes in an almost awful manner the kind of terror with which all people awaited these Annual Assizes for trial of military merit.

"What a sight," says he, "and awakening what thoughts, that of a body of from 18,000 to 20,000 soldiers, in solemn silence and in deepest reverence, awaiting their fate from one man! A Review, in Friedrich's time, was an important moment for almost the whole Country. The fortune of whole families often depended on it: from wives, mothers, children and friends, during those terrible three days, there arose fervent wishes to Heaven, that misfortune might not, as was too frequently the case, befall their husbands, fathers, sons and friends, in the course of them. Here the King, as it were, weighed the merits of his Officers, and distributed, according as he found them light or heavy, praise or blame, rebukes or favors; and often, too often, punishments, to be felt through life. One single unhappy moment [especially if it were the last of a long series of such!] often deprived the bravest Officer of his bread, painfully earned in peace and war, and of his reputation and honor, at least in the eyes of most men, who judge of everything only by its issue. The higher you had risen, the easier and deeper your fall might be at an unlucky Review. The Heads and Commanders of regiments were always in danger of being sent about their business (*weggejagt*)."

The fact is, I-Kaltenborn quitted the Prussian Service, and took Hessian, — being (presumably) of exaggerative, over-talkative nature, and strongly gravitating Opposition way!

— Kaltenborn admits that the King delighted in nothing so much as to see people's faces cheerful about him; provided the price for it were not too high. Here is another passage from him: —

“At latest by 9 in the morning the day's Manceuvre had finished, and everything was already in its place again. Straight from the ground all Heads of regiments, the Majors-*de-jour*, all Aides-de-Camp, and from every battalion one Officer, proceed to Head-quarters. It was impossible to speak more beautifully, or instructively, than the King did on such occasions, if he were not in bad humor. It was then a very delight to hear him deliver a Military Lecture, as it were. He knew exactly who had failed, what caused the fault, and how it might and should have been retrieved. His voice was soft and persuasive (*hinreissend*); he looked kindly, and appeared rather bent upon giving good advice than commands.

“Thus, for instance, he once said to General von Lossow, Head of the Black Hussars: ‘Your (*seine*) Attack would have gone very well, had not your own squadron pressed forward too much (*vorgeprellt*). The brave fellows wanted to show me how they can ride. But don't I know that well enough; — and also that you [covetous Lossow] always choose the best horses from the whole remount for your own squadron! There was, therefore, no need at all for that. Tell your people not to do so to-morrow, and you will see it will go much better; all will remain closer in their places, and the left wing be able to keep better in line, in coming on.’ — Another time, having observed, in a certain Foot-regiment, that the soldiers were too long in getting out their cartridges, he said to the Commandant: ‘Do you know the cause of this, my dear Colonel? Look, the cartouche, in the cartridge-box, has 32 holes; into these the fellow sticks his eight cartridges, without caring how: and so the poor devil fumbles and gropes about, and cannot get hold of any. But now, if the Officers would look to it that he place them all well together in the middle of the cartouche, he would never make a false grasp, and the loading would go as quick again. Only tell your Officers that I had made

this observation, and I am sure they will gladly attend to it.' " ¹

Of humane consoliatory Anecdotes, in this kind, our Opposition Kaltenborn gives several; of the rhadamanthine desolating or destructive kind, though such also could not be wanting, if your Assize is to be good for anything, he gives us none. And so far as I can learn, the effective punishments, dismissals and the like, were of the due rarity and propriety; though the flashes of unjust rebuke, fulminant severity, lightnings from the gloom of one's own sorrows and ill-humor, were much more frequent, but were seldom — I do not know if ever — persisted in to the length of practical result. This is a Rhadamanthus much interested not to be unjust, and to discriminate good from bad! Of Ziethen there are two famous Review Anecdotes, omitted and ommissible by Kaltenborn, so well known are they: one of each kind. At a certain Review, year not ascertainable, — long since, prior to the Seven-Years War, — the King's humor was of the grimmest, nothing but faults all round; to Ziethen himself, and the Ziethen Hussars, he said various hard things, and at length this hardest: "Out of my sight with you!" ² Upon which Ziethen — a stratum of red-hot kindling in Ziethen too, as was easily possible — turns to his Hussars, "Right about, *Rechts um*: march!" and on the instant did as bidden. Disappeared, double-quick; and at the same high pace, in a high frame of mind, rattled on to Berlin, home to his quarters, and there first drew bridle. "Turn; for Heaven's sake, bethink you!" said more than one friend whom he met on the road: but it was of no use. Everybody said, "Ziethen is ruined;" but Ziethen never heard of the thing more.

Anecdote Second is not properly of a Review, but of an incidental Parade of the Guard, at Berlin (25th December, 1784), by the King in person: Parade, or rather giving out of the Parole after it, in the King's Apartments; which is always a kind of Military Levee as well; — and which, in this instance,

¹ Anonymous (Kaltenborn), *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), ii. 24–26.

² Madame de Blumenthal, *Life of Ziethen*, i. 285.

was long famous among the Berlin people. King is just arrived for Carnival season; old Ziethen will not fail to pay his duty, though climbing of the stairs is heavy to a man of 85 gone. This is Madam Blumenthal's Narrative (corrected, as it needs, in certain points): —

“*Saturday, 25th December, 1784*, Ziethen, in spite of the burden of eighty-six years, went to the Palace, at the end of the Parade, to pay his Sovereign this last tribute of respect, and to have the pleasure of seeing him after six months' absence. The Parole was given out, the orders imparted to the Generals, and the King had turned towards the Princes of the Blood, — when he perceived Ziethen on the other side of the Hall, between his Son and his two Aides-de-Camp. Surprised in a very agreeable manner at this unexpected sight, he broke out into an exclamation of joy; and directly making up to him, — ‘What, my good old Ziethen, are you there!’ said his Majesty: ‘How sorry am I that you have had the trouble of walking up the staircase! I should have called upon you myself. How have you been of late?’ ‘Sire,’ answered Ziethen, ‘my health is not amiss, my appetite is good; but my strength! my strength!’ ‘This account,’ replied the King, ‘makes me happy by halves only: but you must be tired; — I shall have a chair for you.’ [Thing unexampled in the annals of Royalty!] A chair,” on order to Ziethen's Aides-de-Camp, “was quickly brought. Ziethen, however, declared that he was not at all fatigued: the King maintained that he was. ‘Sit down, good Father (*Mein lieber alter Papa Ziethen, setze Er sich doch*)!’ continued his Majesty: ‘I will have it so; otherwise I must instantly leave the room; for I cannot allow you to be incommoded under my own roof.’ The old General obeyed, and Friedrich the Great remained standing before him, in the midst of a brilliant circle that had thronged round them. After asking him many questions respecting his hearing, his memory and the general state of his health, he at length took leave of him in these words: ‘Adieu, my dear Ziethen [it was his last adieu!] — take care not to catch cold; nurse yourself well, and live as long as you can, that I may often have the pleasure of seeing you.’ After having said this,

the King, instead of speaking to the other Generals, and walking through the saloons, as usual, retired abruptly, and shut himself up in his closet.”¹

Following in date these small Conway Phenomena, if these, so extraneous and insignificant, can have any glimmer of memorability to readers, are two other occurrences, especially one other, which come in at this part of the series, and greatly more require to be disengaged from the dust-heaps, and presented for remembrance.

In 1775, the King had a fit of illness ; which long occupied certain Gazetteers and others. That is the first occurrence of the two, and far the more important. He himself says of it, in his *History*, all that is essential to us here : —

“Towards the end of 1775, the King was attacked by several strong consecutive fits of gout. Van Swieten, a famous Doctor’s Son, and Minister of the Imperial Court at Berlin, took it into his head that this gout was a declared dropsy ; and, glad to announce to his Court the approaching death of an enemy that had been dangerous to it, boldly informed his Kaiser that the King was drawing to his end, and would not last out the year. At this news the soul of Joseph flames into enthusiasm ; all the Austrian troops are got on march, their Rendezvous marked in Bohemia ; and the Kaiser waits, full of impatience, at Vienna, till the expected event arrives ; ready then to penetrate at once into Saxony, and thence to the Frontiers of Brandenburg, and there propose to the King’s Successor the alternative of either surrendering Silesia straightway to the House of Austria, or seeing himself overwhelmed by Austrian troops before he could get his own assembled. All these things, which were openly done, got noised abroad every-

¹ Blumenthal, ii. 341 ; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 318. Chodowiecki has made an Engraving of this Scene ; useful to look at for its military Portraits, if of little esteem otherwise. Strangely enough, both in *Blumenthal* and in Chodowiecki’s *Engraving* the year is given as 1785 (plainly impossible) ; *Militair-Lexikon* misprints the month ; and, one way or other, only Rödénbeck (iii 316) is right in both day and year

where; and did not, as is easy to believe, cement the friendship of the Two Courts. To the Public this scene appeared the more ridiculous, as the King of Prussia, having only had a common gout in larger dose than common, was already well of it again, before the Austrian Army had got to their Rendezvous. The Kaiser made all these troops return to their old quarters; and the Court of Vienna had nothing but mockery for its imprudent conduct.”¹

The first of these gout-attacks seems to have come in the end of September, and to have lasted about a month; after which the illness abated, and everybody thought it was gone. The Kaiser-Joseph evolution must have been in October, and have got its mockery in the next months. Friedrich, writing to *Voltaire*, October 22d, has these words: . . . “A pair of charming Letters from Ferney; to which, had they been from the great Demiurgus himself, I could not have dictated Answer. Gout held me tied and garroted for four weeks;—gout in both feet and in both hands; and, such its extreme liberality, in both elbows too: at present the pains and the fever have abated, and I feel only a very great exhaustion.”² “Four consecutive attacks; hope they are now all over;” but we read, within the Spring following, that there have been in all twelve of them; and in May, 1776, the Newspapers count eighteen quasi-consecutive. So that in reality the King’s strength was sadly reduced; and his health, which did not recover its old average till about 1780, continued, for several years after this bad fit, to be a constant theme of curiosity to the Gazetteer species, and a matter of solicitude to his friends and to his enemies.

Of the Kaiser’s immense ambition there can be no question. He is stretching himself out on every side; “seriously wishing,” thinks Friedrich, “that he could ‘revivify the German Reich,’” — new Barbarossa in improved *fixed* form; how noble! Certainly, to King Friedrich’s sad conviction, “the Austrian Court is aiming to swallow all manner of dominions that may fall within its grasp.” Wants Bosnia and Servia in the East; longs to seize certain Venetian Territories, which

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 124.

² *Ib* xxv. 44.

would unite Trieste and the Milanese to the Tyrol. Is throwing out hooks on Modena, on the Ferrarese, on this and on that. Looking with eager eyes on Bavaria, — the situation of which is peculiar; the present Kur-Baiern being elderly, childless; and his Heir the like, who withal is already Kur-Pfalz, and will unite the Two Electorates under one head; a thing which Austria regards with marked dislike.¹ These are anxious considerations to a King in Friedrich's sick state. In his private circle, too, there are sorrows: death of Fouquet, death of Quintus Icilius, of Seidlitz, Quantz (good old Quantz, with his fine Flutings these fifty years, and the still finer memories he awoke!²), — latterly an unusual number of deaths. The ruggedly intelligent Quintus, a daily companion, and guest at the supper-table, died few months before this fit of gout; and must have been greatly missed by Friedrich. Fouquet, at Brandenburg, died last year: his benefactor in the early Cüstrin distresses, his "Bayard," and chosen friend ever since; how conspicuously dear to Friedrich to the last is still evident. A Friedrich getting lonely enough, and the lights of his life going out around him; — has but one sure consolation, which comes to him as compulsion withal, and is not neglected, that of standing steadfast to his work, whatever the mood and posture be.

The Event of 1776 is Czarowitsh Paul's arrival in Berlin, and Betrothal to a second Wife there; his first having died in childbirth lately. The first had been of Friedrich's choosing, but had behaved ill, — seduced by Spanish-French Diplomacies, by this and that, poor young creature: — the second also was of Friedrich's choosing, and a still nearer connection: figure what a triumphant event! Event now fallen dead to every one of us; and hardly admitting the smallest Note, — except for chronology's sake, which it is always satisfactory to keep clear: —

"Czarowitsh Paul's first Wife, the Hessen-Darmstadt Prin-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 123.

² Friedrich's Teacher of the Flute; procured for him by his Mother (*suprà* vi. 144)

cess of Three, died of her first child April 26th, 1776: everybody whispered, 'It is none of Paul's!' who, nevertheless, was inconsolable, the wild heart of him like to break on the occurrence. By good luck, Prince Henri had set out, by invitation, on a second visit to Petersburg; and arrived there also on April 26th,¹ the very day of the fatality. Prince Henri soothed, consoled the poor Czarowitsh; gradually brought him round; agreed with his Czarina Mother, that he must have a new Wife; and dexterously fixed her choice on a 'Niece of the King's and Henri's.' Eldest Daughter of Eugen of Würtemberg, of whom, as an excellent General, though also as a surly Husband, readers have some memory; now living withdrawn at Mümpelgard, the Würtemberg Apanage [Montbeillard, as the French call it], in these piping times of Peace:—she is the Princess. To King Friedrich's great surprise and joy. The Mümpelgard Principalities, and fortunate Princess, are summoned to Berlin. Czarowitsh Paul, under Henri's escort, and under gala and festivities from the Frontier onward, arrived in Berlin 21st July, 1776; was betrothed to his Würtemberg Princess straightway; and after about a fortnight of festivities still more transcendent, went home with her to Petersburg; and was there wedded, 18th October following;—Czar and Czarina, she and he, twenty years after, and their posterity reigning ever since.²

"At Vienna," says the King, "everybody was persuaded the Czarowitsh would never come to Berlin. Prince Kaunitz had been,"—been at his old tricks again, playing his sharpest, in the Court of Petersburg again: what tricks (about Poland and otherwise) let us not report, for it is now interesting to nobody. Of the Czarowitsh Visit itself I will remark only,—what seems to be its one chance of dating itself in any of our memories,—that it fell out shortly after the Sherlock dinner with Voltaire (in 1776, April 27th the one event, July 21st the other);—and that here is, by pure accident, the exuberant erratic Sherlock, once more, and once only, emerging on us for a few moments!—

¹ Rödenbeck, iii. 139–146.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 120–122.

Exuberant Sherlock and Eleven other English are presented to Friedrich on a Court Occasion (8th October, 1777); and Two of them get spoken to, and speak each a Word. Excellency Hugh Elliot is their Introducer.

Harris, afterwards Earl of Malmesbury, succeeded Mitchell at Berlin; "Polish troubles" (heartily indifferent to England), "Dantzic squabbles" (miraculously important there), — nothing worth the least mention now. Excellency Harris quitted Berlin in Autumn, 1776; gave place to an Excellency Hugh Elliot (one of the Minto Elliots, Brother of the first Earl of Minto, and himself considerably noted in the world), of whom we have a few words to say.

Elliot has been here since April, 1777; stays some five years in this post; — with not much Diplomatic employment, I should think, but with a style of general bearing and social physiognomy, which, with some procedures partly incidental as well, are still remembered in Berlin. Something of spying, too, doubtless there was; bribing of menials, opening of Letters: I believe a great deal of that went on; impossible to prevent under the carefulest of Kings.¹ Hitherto, with one exception to be mentioned presently, his main business seems to have been that of introducing, on different Court-Days, a great number of Travelling English, who want to see the King, and whom the King little wants, but quietly submits to. Incoherent Sherlock, whom we discover to have been of the number, has, in his tawdry disjointed Book, this Passage: —

¹ An ingenious young Friend of mine, connected with Legationary Business, found lately, at the Hague, a consecutive Series, complete for four or five years (I think, from 1780 onwards), of Friedrich's *Letters* to his *Minister in London*, — Copies punctually filched as they went through the Post-office there: — specimens of which I saw; and the whole of which I might have seen, had it been worth the effort necessary. But Friedrich's London Minister, in this case, was a person of no significance or intimacy; and the King's Letters, though strangely exact, clear and even elucidative on English Court-Politics and vicissitudes, seemed to be nearly barren as to Prussian.

"The last time of my seeing him [this Hero-King of my heart] was at Berlin [not a hint of the time when]. He came thither to receive the adieus of the Baron de Swieten, Minister from their Imperial Majesties [thank you; that means 8th October, 1777¹], and to give audience to the new Minister, the Count Cobenzl. The Foreign Ministers, the persons who were to be presented [we, for instance], and the Military, were all that were at Court. We were ten English [thirteen by tale]: the King spoke to the first and the last; not on account of their situation, but because their names struck him. The first was Major Dalrymple. To him the King said: 'You have been presented to me before?' 'I ask your Majesty's pardon; it was my Uncle' (Lord Dalrymple, of whom presently). Mr. Pitt [unknown to me which Pitt, subsequent Lord Camelford or another] was the last. *The King*: 'Are you a relation of Lord Chatham's?' 'Yes, Sire.' — 'He is a man whom I highly esteem' [read "esteemed"].

"He then went to the Foreign Ministers; and talked more to Prince Dolgorucki, the Russian Ambassador, than to any other. In the midst of his conversation with this Prince, he turned abruptly to Mr. Elliot, the English Minister, and asked: 'What is the Duchess of Kingston's family name?' This transition was less Pindaric than it appears; he had just been speaking of the Court of Petersburg, and that Lady was then there."² Whereupon Sherlock hops his ways again; leaving us considerably uncertain. But, by a curious accident, here, at first-hand, is confirmation of the flighty creature; — a Letter from Excellency Elliot himself having come our way: —

To William Eden, Esquire (of the Foreign Office, London; Elliot's Brother-in-law; afterwards *Lord Auckland*).

"BERLIN, 12th October, 1777.

"MY DEAR EDEN, — If you are waiting upon the pinnacle of all impatience to give me news from the Howes [out on their then famous "Seizure of Philadelphia," which came to

¹ Rödénbeck, iii. 172.

² Sherlock, ii. 27.

what we know!], I am waiting with no less impatience to receive it, and think every other subject too little interesting to be mentioned. I must, however, tell you, the King has been here;¹ to the astonishment of all croakers, hearty and in high spirits. He was very civil to all of us. I was attended by one dozen English, which nearly completes my half-hundred this season. Pitt made one of the twelve, and was particularly distinguished. KING: '*Monsieur est-il parent de Mylord Chatham?*' PITT: '*Oui, Sire.*' KING: '*C'est un homme que j'ai beaucoup estimé.*'

"You have no idea of the joy the people expressed to see the King on Horseback, — all the Grub-street nonsense of 'a Country groaning under the weight of its burdens,' of 'a Nation governed with a rod of iron,' vanished before the sincere acclamations of all ranks, who joined in testifying their enthusiasm for their great Monarch. I long for Harris and Company [Excellency Harris; making for Russia, I believe]; they are to pig together in my house; so that I flatter myself with having a near view, if not a taste, of connubial joys. My love to E and e [your big *Eleanor* and your *little*, a baby in arms, who are my Sister and Niece; — pretty, this!]. Your most affectionate,

H. E.

"P. S. I quite forgot to tell you, I sent out a servant some time ago to England to bring a couple of Horses. He will deliver some Packets to you; which I beg you will send, with Lord Marischal's compliments, to their respective Addresses. There is also a china cup for Mr. Macnamara, Lawyer, in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, from the same person [lively old gentleman, age 91 gone; did die next year]. What does Eleanor mean about my Congratulatory Letter to Lord Suffolk [our Foreign Secretary, on his marriage lately]? I wished his Lordship, most sincerely, every happiness in his new state, as soon as I knew of it. I beg, however, Eleanor will do the like; — and although it is not my system to 'congratulate' anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to

¹ "Came to Berlin 8th October," on the Van-Swieten errand; "saw Princess Amelia twice; and 'on the 9th returned to Potsdam" (Rödenbeck, iii. 172).

wish them what, I think, it is always two to one they do not obtain.”¹

As to the Dalrymple of *Sherlock*, read this (*Friedrich to D'Alembert*, two years before²): . . . “A Mylord of wonderful name [Lord Dalrymple, if I could remember it], of amiable genius (*au nom baroque, à l'esprit aimable*), gave me a Letter on your part. ‘Ah, how goes the Prince of Philosophers, then? Is he gay; is he busy; did you see him often?’ To which the Mylord: ‘I? No; I am straight from London!’” — “*Quoi donc* —?” In short, knowing my Anaxagoras, this Mylord preferred to be introduced by him; and was right: “One of the amiablest Englishmen I have seen; I except only the name, which I shall never remember [but do, on this new occasion]: Why doesn’t he get himself unchristened of it, and take that of Stair, which equally belongs to him?” (Earl of Stair by and by; Nephew, or Grand-Nephew, of the great Earl of Stair, once so well known to some of us. Becomes English Minister here in 1785, if we much cared.)

That word of reminiscence about Pitt is worth more attention. Not spoken lightly, but with meaning and sincerity; something almost pathetic in it, after the sixteen years separation: “A man whom I much esteemed,” — and had good reason to do so! Pitt’s subsequent sad and bright fortunes, from the end of the Seven-Years War and triumphant summing up of the *Jenkins’s-Ear Question*, are known to readers. His Burton-Pynsent meed of honor (Estate of £3,000 a year bequeathed him by an aged Patriot, “Let *this* bit of England go a noble road!”); his lofty silences, in the World Political; his vehement attempts in it, when again asked to attempt, all futile, — with great pain to him, and great disdain from him: — his passionate impatiences on minor matters, “laborers [ornamenting Burton-Pynsent Park, in Somersetshire] planting trees by torchlight;” “kitchen people [at Hayes in North Kent, House still to be seen] roasting a series of chickens,

¹ *Eden-House Correspondence* (part of which, not this, has been published in late years).

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 21: 5th August, 1775.

chicken after chicken all day, that at any hour, within ten minutes, my Lord may dine!" — these things dwell in the memory of every worthy reader. Here, saved from my poor friend Smelfungus (nobody knows how much of him I suppress), is a brief jotting, in the form of rough *memoranda*, if it be permissible: —

"Pitt four years King; lost in quicksands after that; off to Bath, from gout, from semi-insanity; 'India should pay, but how?' Lost in General-Warrants, in Wilkes Controversies, American Revolts, — generally, in shallow quicksands; — dies at his post, but his post had become a delirious one.

"A delicate, proud, noble man; pure as refined gold. Something sensitive, almost feminine in him; yet with an edge, a fire, a steadiness; liker Friedrich, in some fine principal points, than any of his Contemporaries. The one King England has had, this King of Four Years, since the Constitutional system set in. Oliver Cromwell, yes indeed, — but he died, and there was nothing for it but to hang his body on the gallows. Dutch William, too, might have been considerable, — but he was Dutch, and to us proved to be nothing. Then again, so long as Sarah Jennings held the Queen's Majesty in bondage, some gleams of Kinghood for us under Marlborough: — after whom Noodleism and Somnambulism, zero on the back of zero, and all our Affairs, temporal, spiritual and eternal, jumbling at random, which we call the Career of Freedom, till Pitt stretched out his hand upon them. For four years; never again, he; never again one resembling him, — nor indeed can ever be.

"Never, I should think. Pitts are not born often; this Pitt's ideas could occur in the History of Mankind once only. Stranger theory of society, completely believed in by a clear, sharp and altogether human head, incapable of falsity, was seldom heard of in the world. For King: open your mouth, let the first gentleman that falls into it (a mass of Hanover stolidity, stupidity, foreign to you, heedless of you) be King: Supreme Majesty he, with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars (the whole, except the

money, a mendacity, and sin against Heaven): him you declare Sent-of-God, supreme Captain of your England; and having done so,—tie him up (according to Pitt) with Constitutional straps, so that he cannot stir hand or foot, for fear of accidents: in which state he is fully cooked; throw me at his Majesty's feet, and let me bless Heaven for such a Pillar of Cloud by day.

“Pitt, closely as I could scrutinize, seems never to have doubted in his noble heart but he had some reverence for George II. ‘Reverenced his Office,’ says a simple reader? Alas, no, my friend, man does not ‘reverence Office,’ but only sham-reverences it. I defy him to reverence anything but a Man filling an Office (with or without salary) nobly. Filling a noble office ignobly; doing a celestial task in a quietly infernal manner? It were kinder perhaps to run your sword through him (or through yourself) than to take to revering him! If inconvenient to slay him or to slay yourself (as is oftenest likely),—keep well to windward of him; be not, without necessity, partaker of his adventures in this extremely earnest Universe! . . .

“No; Nature does not produce many Pitts:—nor will any Pitt ever again apply in Parliament for a career. ‘Your voices, *your* most sweet voices; ye melodious torrents of Gadarenes Swine, galloping rapidly down steep places, I, for one, know whither!’” . . .—Enough.

About four months before this time, Elliot had done a feat, not in the Diplomatic line at all, or by his own choice at all, which had considerably astonished the Diplomatic world at Berlin, and was doubtless well in the King's thoughts during this introduction of the Dozen. The American War is raging and blundering along,—a delectable Lord George Germaine (*alias* Sackville, no other than our old Minden friend) man-aging as War-Minister, others equally skilful presiding at the Parliamentary helm; all becoming worse and worse off, as the matter proceeds. The revolted Colonies have their Franklins, Lees, busy in European Courts: “Help us in our noble struggle, ye European Courts; now is your chance on tyrannous

England!" To which France at least does appear to be lending ear. Lee, turned out from Vienna, is at work in Berlin, this while past; making what progress is uncertain to some people.

I know not whether it was by my Lord Suffolk's instigation, or what had put the Britannic Cabinet on such an idea, — perhaps the stolen Letters of Friedrich, which show so exact a knowledge of the current of events in America as well as England ("knows every step of it, as if he were there himself, the Arch-Enemy of honest neighbors in a time of stress!") — but it does appear they had got it into their sagacious heads that the bad neighbor at Berlin was, in effect, the Arch-Enemy, probably mainspring of the whole matter; and that it would be in the highest degree interesting to see clearly what Lee and he had on hand. Order thereupon to Elliot: "Do it, at any price;" and finally, as mere price will not answer, "Do it by any method, — *steal* Lee's Despatch-Box for us!"

Perhaps few Excellencies living had less appetite for such a job than Elliot; but his Orders were peremptory, "Lee is a rebel, quasi-outlaw; and you must!" Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter; and rapidly enough, and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired, or made his servant hire, the chief Housebreaker or Pickpocket in the City: "Lee lodges in such and such a Hostelry; bring us his Red-Box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!" And in brief space the Red-Box arrives, accordingly; a score or two of ready-writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough: which done, the Lee Red-Box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; Box locked again, and complete; only the Friedrich-Lee Secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England, to illuminate the Supreme Council-Board there.

This astonishing mass of papers is still extant in England; ¹

¹ In the *Eden-House Archives*; where a natural delicacy (unaware that the questionable Legationary *Fact* stands in print for so many years past) is properly averse to any promulgation of them.

—the outside of them I have seen, by no means the inside, had I wished it;—but am able to say from other sources, which are open to all the world, that seldom had a Supreme Council-Board procured for itself, by improper or proper ways, a Discovery of less value! Discovery that Lee has indeed been urgent at Berlin; and has raised in Friedrich the question, “Have you got to such a condition that I can, with safety and advantage, make a Treaty of Commerce with you?”—That his Minister Schulenburg has, by Order, been investigating Lee on that head; and has reported, “No, your Majesty, Lee and People are not in such a condition;” that his Majesty has replied, “Well, let him wait till they are;” and that Lee is waiting accordingly. In general, That his Majesty is not less concerned in guidance or encouragement of the American War than he is in ditto of the Atlantic Tides or of the East-Wind (though he does keep barometers and meteorological apparatus by him); and that we of the Council-Board are a—what shall I say! Not since the case of poor Dr. Cameron, in 1753, when Friedrich was to have joined the Highlanders with 15,000 chosen Prussians for Jacobite purposes,—and the Cham of Tartary to have taken part in the Bangorian Controversy,—was there a more perfect platitude, or a deeper depth of ignorance as to adjacent objects on the part of Governing Men. For shame, my friends!—

This surprising bit of Burglary, so far as I can gather from the Prussian Books, must have been done on *Wednesday, June 25th, 1777*; Box (with essence pumped out) restored to staircase night of Thursday,—Police already busy, Governor Ramin and Justice-President Philippi already apprised, and suspicion falling on the English Minister,—whose Servant (“Arrest him we cannot without a King’s Warrant, only procurable at Potsdam!”) vanishes bodily. Friday, 27th, Ramin and Philippi make report; King answers, “greatly astonished:” a “*garstige Sache* (ugly Business), which will do the English no honor:” “Servant fled, say you? Trace it to the bottom; swift!” Excellency Elliot, seeing how matters lay, owned honestly to the Official People, That it was his Servant (Servant safe gone, Chief Pickpocket not mentioned

at all); *Sunday evening, 29th*, King orders thereupon, "Let the matter drop." These Official Pieces, signed by the King, by Hertzberg, Ramin and others, we do not give: here is Friedrich's own notice of it to his Brother Henri:—

Potsdam, 29th June, 1777. . . . There has just occurred a strange thing at Berlin. Three days ago, in absence of the *Sieur Lec*, Envoy of the American Colonies, the Envoy of England went [sent!] to the Inn where Lee lodged, and carried off his Portfolio; it seems he was in fear, however, and threw it down, without opening it, on the stairs [alas, no, your Majesty, not till after pumping the essence out]. All Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with rigor, it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, since he has committed a public theft: but, not to make a noise, I suppress the thing. Sha'n't fail, however, to write to England about it, and indicate that there was another way of dealing with such a matter, for they are impertinent" (say, ignorant, blind as moles, your Majesty; that is the charitable reading!).¹

This was not Excelleney Elliot's Burglary, as readers see,—among all the Excellencies going, I know not that there is one with less natural appetite for such a job; but sometimes what can a neecessitous Excelleney do? Elliot is still remembered in Berlin society, not for this only, but for emphatic things of a better complexion which he did; a man more justly estimated there, than generally here in our time. Here his chief fame rests on a witty Anecdote, evidently apoeryphal, and manufactured in the London Clubs: "Who is this Hyder-Ali," said the old King to him, one day (according to the London Clubs). "Hm," answered Elliot, with exquisite promptitude, politeness and solidity of information, "*C'est un vieux voleur qui commence à radoter* (An old robber, now falling into his dotage),"—let his dotard Majesty take that.

Alas, my friends!—Ignorance by herself is an awkward lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to be uncharitably treated: but Ignorance and Insolence,—these

¹ *Œuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 394. In *Preuss*, v. (he calls it "iv." or "*Urkundenbuch* to vol. iv.," but it is really and practically vol. v.) 278, 279, are the various Official Reports.

are, for certain, an unlovely Mother and Bastard! Yes;—and they may depend upon it, the grim Parish-beadles of this Universe are out on the track of them, and oakum and the correction-house are infallible sooner or later! The clever Elliot, who knew a hawk from a heronshaw, never floundered into that platitude. This, however, is a joke of his, better or worse (I think, on his quitting Berlin in 1782, without visible resource or outlook): “I am far from having a *Sans-Souci*,” writes he to the Edens; “and I think I am coming to be *sans six-sous*.”—Here still are two small Fractions, which I must insert; and then rigorously close. Kaiser Joseph, in these months, is travelling through France to instruct his Imperial mind. The following is five weeks anterior to that of Lee’s Red-Box:—

1. *A Bit of Dialogue at Paris* (Saturday, 17th May, 1777). After solemn Session of the *Academie Française*, held in honor of an illustrious *Comte de Falkenstein* (privately, Kaiser Joseph II.), who has come to look at France,¹—Comte de Falkenstein was graciously pleased to step up to D’Alembert, who is Perpetual Secretary here; and this little Dialogue ensued:—

Falkenstein. “I have heard you are for Germany this season; some say you intend to become German altogether?”

D’Alembert. “I did promise myself the high honor of a visit to his Prussian Majesty, who has deigned to invite me, with all the kindness possible: but, alas, for such hopes! The bad state of my health —”

Falkenstein. “It seems to me you have already been to see the King of Prussia?”

D’Alembert. “Two times; once in 1756 [1755, 17th–19th June, if you will be exact], at Wesel, when I remained only a few days; and again in 1763, when I had the honor to pass three or four months with him. Since that time I have always longed to have the honor of seeing his Majesty again;

¹ Minute and rather entertaining Account of his procedures there, and especially of his two Visits to the Academy (first was May 10th), in *Mayer, Reisen Josephs II.* (Leipzig, 1778), pp. 112–132, 147 et seq.

but circumstances hindered me. I, above all, regretted not to have been able to pay my court to him that year he saw the Emperor at Neisse, — but at this moment there is nothing more to be wished on that head" (Don't bow: the Gentleman is *Incognito*).

Fulkenstein. "It was very natural that the Emperor, young, and desiring to instruct himself, should wish to see such a Prince as the King of Prussia; so great a Captain, a Monarch of such reputation, and who has played so great a part. It was a Scholar going to see his Master" (these are his very words, your Majesty).

D'Alembert. "I wish M. le Comte de Falkenstein could see the Letters which the King of Prussia did me the honor to write after that Interview: it would then appear how this Prince judged of the Emperor, as all the world has since done." ¹

King to D'Alembert (three months after. Kaiser is home; passed Ferney, early in August; and did not call on Voltaire, as is well known). . . . "I hear the Comte de Falkenstein has been seeing harbors, arsenals, ships, manufactures, and has n't seen Voltaire. Had I been in the Emperor's place, I would not have passed Ferney without a glance at the old Patriarch, were it only to say that I had seen and heard him. Arsenals, ships, manufactures, these you can see anywhere; but it requires ages to produce a Voltaire. By the rumors I hear, it will have been a certain great Lady Theresa, very Orthodox and little Philosophical, who forbade her Son to visit the Apostle of Tolerance."

D'Alembert (in answer): "No doubt your Majesty's guess is right. It must have been the Lady Mother. Nobody here believes that the advice came from his Sister [Queen Marie Antoinette], who, they say, is full of esteem for the Patriarch, and has more than once let him know it by third parties." ²

According to Friedrich, Joseph's reflections in France were

¹ "D'Alembert to Friedrich [in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 75], 23d May 1777." *Ib.* xxv. 82; "13th August, 1777."

² *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 84.

very gloomy: "This is all one Country; strenuously kneaded into perfect union and incorporation by the Old Kings: my discordant Romish Reich is of many Countries, — and should be of one, if Sovereigns were wise and strenuous!"¹

2. *A Cabinet-Order and actual (fac-simile) Signature of Friedrich's.* — After unknown travels over the world, this poor brown Bit of Paper, with a Signature of Friedrich's to it, has wandered hither; and I have had it copied, worthy or not. A Royal Cabinet-Order on the smallest of subjects; but perhaps all the more significant on that account; and a Signature which readers may like to see.

Fordan, or Fordon, is in the Bromberg Department in West Prussen, — Bromberg no longer a heap of ruins; but a lively, new-built, paved, *canalled* and industrious trading Town. At Fordan is a Grain-Magazine: Bein ("Leg," *der Bein*, as they slightly call him) is Proviant-Master there; and must consider his ways, — the King's eye being on him. Readers can now look and understand: —

An den Ober-Proviantmeister Bein, zu Fordan.

"Seiner Königlicher Majestät von Preussen, Unser allergnädigster Herr, lassen dem Ober-Proviantmeister Bein hiebey die Getraide-Preistabelle des Bromberg-schen Departments zufertigen; Woraus derselbe ersiehet wie niedrig solche an einigen Orthen sind, und dass zu Inowraclaw und Strezelnow der Scheffel Roggen um 12 Groschen kostet: da solches nun hier so wohlfeil ist, somuss ja der Preis in Pohlen noch wohl geringer, und ist daher nicht abzusehen warum die Pohlen auf so hohe Preise bestehen; der Bein muss sich daher

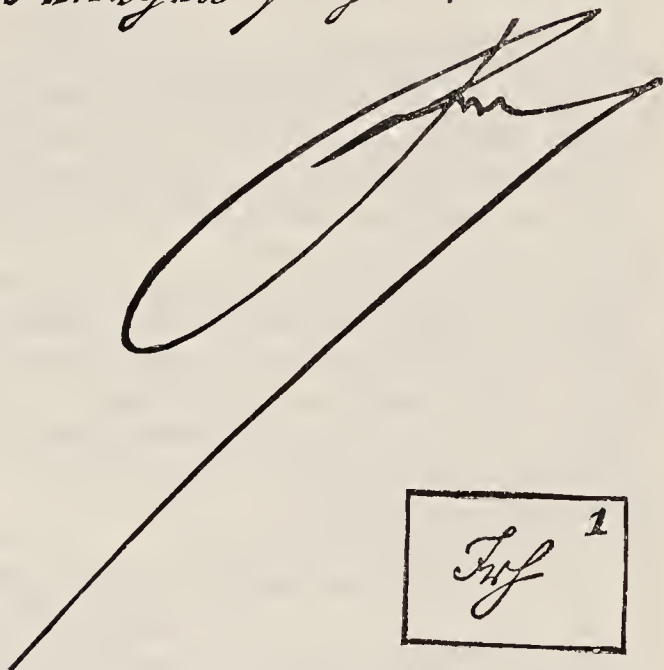
POTSDAM, den 9ten April, 1777.

"His Royal Majesty of Preussen, Our most all-gracious Lord, lets herewith, to the Head Proviant-Master Bein, the Grain-Prices Table of the Bromberg Department be despatched; Wherefrom Bein perceives how low in some places these are, and that at Inowraclaw and Strezelnow the Bushel of Rye costs about 14 Pence: now, as it is so cheap there, the price in Poland must be still smaller; and therefore it is not to be conceived why the Poles demand such high prices," as the said Bein reports: "Bein therefore is charged to take

nun rechte Mühe geben, und den Einkauf so wohlfeil als nur immer möglich zu machen suchen."

especial pains, and try not to make the purchase dearer than is indispensable."

auf, zu neuen Füßen.



¹ Original kindly furnished me by Mr. W. H. Doeg, Barlow Moor, Manchester: whose it now is,—purchased in London, A.D. 1863. The *Frh* of German *cursiv-schrift* (current hand), which the woodcutter has appended, slant off by a square, will show English readers what the King means: an "*Frh*" done as by a flourish of one's stick, in the most compendious and really ingenious manner, — suitable for an economic King, who has to repeat it scores of times every day of his life!

CHAPTER VI.

THE BAVARIAN WAR.

AT the very beginning of 1778, the chronic quarrel with Austria passed, by an accident just fallen out, into the acute state; rose gradually, and, in spite of negotiating, issued in a thing called Bavarian-Succession War, which did not end till Spring of the following year. The accident was this. At München, December 30th, 1777, Max Joseph Kurfürst of Baiern, only Brother of our lively friend the Electress-Dowager of Saxony, died; suddenly, of small-pox unskilfully treated. He was in his fifty-second year; childless, the last of that Bavarian branch. His Heir is Karl Theodor, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine), who is now to unite the Two Electorates, — unless Austria can bargain with him otherwise. Austria's desire to get hold of Baiern is of very old standing; and we have heard lately how much it was an object with Kaunitz and his young Kaiser. With Karl Theodor they did bargain, — in fact, had beforehand as good as bargained, — and were greatly astonished, when King Friedrich, alone of all Teutschland or the world, mildly, but peremptorily, interfered, and said No, — with effect, as is well known.

Something, not much, must be said of this Bavarian-Succession War; which occupied, at a pitch of tension and anxiety foreign to him for a long time, fifteen months of Friedrich's old age (January, 1778–March, 1779); and filled all Europe round him and it, in an extraordinary manner. Something, by no means much, now that we have seen the issue of such mountains all in travail. Nobody could then say but it bade fair to become a Fourth Austrian-Prussian War, as sanguinary as the Seven-Years had been; for in effect there stood once more the Two Nations ranked against each other, as if for

mortal duel, near half a million men in whole; parleying indeed, but brandishing their swords, and ever and anon giving mutual clash of fence, as if the work had begun, though there always intervened new parleying first.

And now everybody sees that the work never did begin; that parleying, enforced by brandishing, turned out to be all the work there was: and everybody has forgotten it, and, except for specific purposes, demands *not* to be put in mind of it. Mountains in labor were not so frequent then as now, when the Penny Newspaper has got charge of them; though then as now to practical people they were a nuisance. Mountains all in terrific travail-throes, threatening to overset the solar system, have always a charm, especially for the more foolish classes: but when once the birth has taken place, and the wretched mouse ducks past you, or even nothing at all can be seen to duck past, who is there but impatiently turns on his heel?

Those Territories, which adjoin on its own dominions, would have been extremely commodious to Austria; — as Austria itself has long known; and by repeatedly attempting them on any chance given (as in 1741–1745, to go no farther back), has shown how well it knows. Indeed, the whole of Bavaria fairly incorporated and made Austrian, what an infinite convenience would it be!

“Do but look on the Map [this Note is not by Büsching, but by somebody of Austrian tendencies]: you would say, Austria without Bavaria is like a Human Figure with its belly belonging to somebody else. Bavaria is the trunk or belly of the Austrian Dominions, shutting off all the limbs of them each from the other; making for central part a huge chasm.

“Ober-Pfalz, --- which used to be Kur-Pfalz’s, which is Bavaria’s since we took it from the Winter-King and bestowed it in that way, — Ober-Pfalz, the country of Amberg, where Maillebois once pleased to make invasion of us; — does not it adjoin on the Bohemian Forest? The *ribs* there, Bohemian all, up to the shoulder, are ours: but the shoulder-blade and left arm, whose are they! Austria Proper and Hungary, these

may be taken as sitting-part and lower limbs, ample and fleshy ; but see, just above the pelvis, on the south side, how Bavaria and its Tyrol sticks itself in upon Austria, who fancied she also had a Tyrol, and far the more important one. Our Tyrol, our Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, — Bavaria blocks these in. Then the Swabian Austria, — Breisach, and those Upper-Rhine Countries, from which we invade France, — we cannot reach them except through Bavarian ground. Swabian Austria should be our right arm, fingers of it reaching into Switzerland ; Ober-Pfalz our left : — and as to the broad breast between these two ; left arm and broad breast are Bavaria's, not ours. Of the Netherlands, which might be called geographically the head of Austria, alas, the long neck, Lorraine, was once ours ; but whose is it ? Irrecoverable for the present, — perhaps may not always be so ! ”

These are Kaunitz's ideas ; and the young Kaiser has eagerly adopted them as the loadstar of his life. “ Make the Reich a reality again,” thinks the Kaiser (good, if only possible, think we too) ; “ make Austria great ; Austria is the Reich, how else can the Reich be real ? ”

In practical politics these are rather wild ideas ; but they are really Kaunitz's and his Kaiser's ; and were persisted in long after this Bavarian matter got its check : and as a whole, they got repeated checks ; being impossible all, and far from the meaning of a Time big with French Revolution, and with quite other things than world-greatness to Austria, and rejuvenescence on such or on any terms to the poor old Holy Roman Reich, which had been a wiggery so long. Nobody could guess of what it was that France or the world might be with child : nobody, till the birth in 1789, and even for a generation afterwards. France is weakly and unwieldy, has strange enough longings for chalky, inky, visionary, foolish substances, and may be in the family-way for aught we know.

To Kaunitz it is pretty clear that France will not stand in his path in this fine little Bavarian business ; which is all he cares for at present. England in war with its Colonies :

Russia attentive to its Turk; foreign Nations, what can they do but talk; remonstrate more or less, as they did in the case of Poland; and permit the thing with protest? Only from one Sovereign Person, and from him I should guess not much, does Kaunitz expect serious opposition: from Friedrich of Prussia; to whom no enlargement of Austria can be matter of indifference. "But cannot we perhaps make it worth his while?" thinks Kaunitz: "Tush, he is old and broken; thought to be dying; has an absolute horror of war. He too will sit quiet; or we must make it worth his while." In this calculation Kaunitz deceived himself; we are now shortly to see how.

Kaunitz's Case, when he brings it before the Reich, and general Public of mankind and its Gazetteers, will by no means prove to be a strong one. His Law "*title*" is this:—

"Archduke Albert V., of Austria, subsequently Kaiser Albert II., had married Elizabeth, only Daughter of Kaiser Sigismund *Super-Grammaticum*: Albert is he who got three crowns in one year, Hungary, Bohemia, Romish Reich; and 'we hope a fourth,' say the Old Historians, 'which was a heavenly and eternal one,'—died, in short (1439, age forty). From him come the now Kaisers.

"In 1426, thirteen years before this event of the Crowns, Sigismund *Grammaticum* had infeoffed him in a thing still of shadowy nature,—the Expectancy of a Straubingen Principdom; pleasant extensive District, only not yet fallen, or like falling vacant: 'You shall inherit, you and yours (who are also my own), so soon as this present line of Wittelsbachers die!' said Kaiser Sigismund, solemnly, in two solemn sheepskins. 'Not a whit of it,' would the Wittelsbachers have answered, had they known of the affair. 'When we die out, there is another Line of Wittelsbaehers, plenty of other lines; and House-treaties many and old, settling all that without help of you and Albert of the Three Crowns!' And accordingly there had never come the least fruit, or attempt at fruit, from these two Sigismund Sheepskins; which were still lying in the Vienna Archives, where they had lain since the creation of them, known to an Antiquary or two, but not even by them

thought worthy of mention in this busy world. This was literally all the claim that Austria had; and every by-stander admitted it to be, in itself, not worth a rush."

"In itself perhaps not," thought Kaunitz; "but the free consent of Karl Theodor the Heir, will not that be a Title in full? One would hope so; in the present state of Europe: France, England, Russia, every Nation weltering overhead in its own troubles and affairs, little at leisure for ours!" And it is with Karl Theodor, to make out a full Title for himself there, that Kaunitz has been secretly busy this long time back, especially in the late critical days of poor Kurfürst Max.

Karl Theodor of the Pfalz, now fallen Heir to Baiern, is a poor idle creature, of purely egoistic, ornamental, dilettante nature; sunk in theatricals, bastard children and the like; much praised by Voltaire, who sometimes used to visit him; and by Collini, to whom he is a kind master. Karl Theodor cares little for the integrity of Baiern, much for that of his own skin. Very long ago, in 1742, in poor Kaiser Karl's Coronation time, we saw him wedded, him and another, to two fair Sister Sulzbach Princesses,¹ Grand-daughters of old Karl Philip, the then Kur-Pfalz, whom he has inherited. It was the last act of that never-resting old Karl Philip, of whom we used to hear so much: "Karl Theodor to have one of my inestimable Grand-daughters; Duke Clement, younger Brother of our blessed new Kaiser, to have another; thereby we unite the kindred branches of the Pfalz-Baiern Families, and make the assurance of the Heritages doubly sure!" said old Karl Philip; and died happy, or the happiest he could.

Readers no doubt have forgotten this circumstance; and, in their total lack of interest in Karl Theodor and his paltry affairs, may as well be reminded of it; — and furthermore, that these brilliant young Wives, "Duchess Clement" especially, called on Wilhelmina during the Frankfurt Gayeties, and were a charm to Kaiser Karl Albert, striving to look forward across clouds into a glittering future for his House. Theodor's

¹ Suprà, viii. 119.

Princess brought him no children; she and her Sister are both still living; a lone woman the latter (Duke Clement dead these seven years), — a still more lone the former, with such a Husband yet living! Lone women both, well forward in the fifties; active souls, I should guess, at least to judge by Duchess Clement, who being a Dowager, and mistress of her movements, is emphatic in denouncing such disaster and disgrace; and plays a great part, at München, in the agitating scenes now on hand. Comes out “like a noble Amazon,” say the admiring by-standers, on this occasion; stirs whatever faculty she has, especially her tongue; and goes on urging, pushing and contriving all she can, regardless of risks in such an imminency.

Karl Theodor finds his Heritages indisputable; but he has no Legitimate Son to leave them to; and has many Illegitimate, whom Austria can provide for, — and richly will. His Heir is a Nephew, Karl August Christian, of Zweibrück; whom perhaps it would not be painful to him to disappoint a little of his high expectations. On the whole, Peace; plentiful provision, titular and other, for his Illegitimates; and a comfortable sum of ready money over, to enliven the Theatricals, Düsseldorf Picture-Galleries and Dilettante operations and Collections, — how much welcomer to Theodor than a Baiern never so religiously saved entire at the expense of quarrel, which cannot but be tedious, troublesome and dangerous! Honor, indeed — but what, to an old stager in the dilettante line, is honor? Old staggers there are who will own to you, like Balzac’s Englishman in a case of conflagration, when honor called on all men to take their buckets, “*Mais je n’ai point d’honneur!*” To whom, unluckily, you cannot answer as in that case, “*C’est égal,*” ’Tis all one; do as if you had some!” Karl Theodor scandalously left Baiern to its fate.

Karl Theodor’s Heir, poor August Christian of Zweibrück, had of course his own gloomy thoughts on this parcelling of his Bavarian reversion: but what power has he? None, he thinks, but to take the inevitable patiently. Nor generally in the Princes of the Reich, though one would have thought them personally concerned, were it only for danger of a like mistreatment, was there any emotion publicly expressed, or the

least hope of help. “Perhaps Prussia will quarrel about it?” think they: “Austria, Prussia, in any of their quarrels we get only crushed; better to keep out of it. We well out of it, the more they quarrel and fight, the better for us!” England, in the shape of Hanover, would perhaps have made some effort to interfere, provided France did: on either side, I incline to think, — that is to say, on the side opposite to France. But poor England is engaged with its melancholy American War; France on the point of breaking out into Alliance with the Insurrection there. Neither France nor England did interfere. France is sinking into bankruptcy; intent to have a Navy before most things; to assist the Cause of Human Liberty over seas withal, and become a sublime spectacle, and a ruin to England, — not as in the Pitt-Choiseul time, but by that improved method. Russia, again involved in Turk business, looks on, with now and then a big word thrown out on the one side and the other. — München, in the interval, we can fancy what an agitated City! One Note says: —

“Kurfürst Max Joseph being dead (30th December, 1777), Privy Councillor Johann Euchar von Obermayr, favorite and factotum Minister of the Deceased, opened the Chatouille [Princely Safe, or Case of Preciösities]; took from it the Act, which already lay prepared, for Homaging and solemn Instalment of Karl Theodor Kur-Pfalz, as heir of Baiern; with immediate intent to execute the same. Euchar orders strict closure of the Town-gates; the Soldiery to draw out, and beset all streets, — especially that street where Imperial Majesty’s Ambassador lives: ‘Rank close with your backs to that House,’ orders Euchar; ‘and the instant anybody stirs to come out, sound your drums, and, at the same instant, let the rearmost rank of you, without looking round [for one would not give offence, unless imperative] smite the butts of their muskets to the ground’ (ready for firing, *if* imperative). Nobody, I think, stirred out from that Austrian Excellency’s House; in any case, Obermayr completed his Act without the least protest or trouble from anybody; and Karl Theodor, almost to his terror [for he meant to sell, and satisfy Austria,

by no means to resist or fight, the paltry old creature, careful of self and skin only], saw himself solemnly secured by all forms of law in all the Lands of the Deceased.¹

“Kaiser Joseph, in a fume at this, shot off an express to Bohemia: ‘Such and such regiments, ten or twelve of you, with your artillery and tools, march instantly into Straubingen, and occupy that Town and District.’ At Vienna, to the Karl-Theodor Ambassador, the Kaunitz Officials were altogether loud-voiced, minatory: ‘What is this, Herr Excellenz? Bargain already made; lying ready for mere signature; and at München such doings. Sign this Bargain, or there cross your frontier 60,000 Austrian men, and seize both Baiern and the Ober-Pfalz; bethink you, Herr!’ The poor Herr bethought him, what could he do? signed the Bargain, Karl Theodor sanctioning, 3d January, 1778,—the fourth day after Obermayr’s Homaging feat;—and completes the first act of this bad business. The Bargain, on Theodor’s side, was of the most liberal kind: All and sundry the Lands and Circles of Duke Johann of Straubingen, Lordship of Mindelheim [Marlborough’s old Place] superadded, and I know not what else; Sovereignty of the Fiefs in Ober-Pfalz to lapse to the Crown of Böhmen on my decease.” Half Bavaria, or better; some reckon it as good as two-thirds.

The figure of Duchess Clement, Amazon in hair-powder, driving incessantly about among the officialities and aristocratic circles; this and the order of “Rattle your muskets on the ground;” let these two features represent to us the München of those months. München, Regensburg, Vienna are loud with pleading, protocolling; but it is not there that the crisis of the game will be found to lie.

Friedrich has, for some time back, especially since the late Kur-Baiern’s illness, understood that Austria, always eager for a clutch at Baiern, had something of that kind in view, but his first positive news of it was a Letter from Duchess Clement (date, *January 3d*), which, by the detail of facts, unveiled to his quick eye the true outline, extent and nature

¹ Fischer, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Zweiten* (Halle, 1787), ii. 358.

of this Enterprise of Austria's; Enterprise which, he could not but agree with Duchess Clement, was one of great concernment not to Baiern alone. "Must be withstood; prevented, at whatever risk," thought Friedrich on the instant: "The new Elector, Karl Theodor, he probably is dead to the matter; but one ought to ask him. If he answer, Dead; then ask his Heir, Have you no life to it?" Heir is a gallant enough young gentleman, of endless pedigree, but small possessions, "Karl August Christian [Karl II. in Official style], Duke of Zweibrück-Birkenfeld," Karl Theodor's eldest Nephew; Friedrich judges that he probably will have haggled to sign any Austrian convention for dismembering Baiern, and that he will start into life upon it so soon as he sees hope.

"A messenger to him, to Karl Theodor and him," thinks Friedrich: "a messenger instantly; and who?" For that clearly is the first thing. And a delicate thing it is; requiring to be done in profoundest secrecy, by hint and innuendo rather than speech; by somebody in a cloak of darkness, who is of adroit quality, and was never heard of in diplomatic circles before, not to be suspected of having business of mine on hand. Friedrich bethinks him that in a late visit to Weimar, he had noticed, for his fine qualities, a young gentleman named Görtz; Eustace von Görtz,¹ late Tutor to the young Duke (Karl August, whom readers know as Goethe's friend): a wise, firm, adroit-looking young gentleman; who was farther interesting as Brother to Lieutenant-General von Görtz, a respectable soldier of Friedrich's. Ex-Tutor at Weimar, we say, and idle for the moment; hanging about Court there, till he should find a new function.

Of this Ex-Tutor Friedrich bethinks him; and in the course of that same day,—for there is no delay,—Friedrich, who is at Berlin, beckons General Görtz to come over to him from Potsdam instantly. "Hither this evening, and in all privacy meet me in the Palace at such an hour" (hour of midnight or thereby); which of course Görtz, duly invisible to mankind, does. Friedrich explains: An errand to München; perfectly

¹ Preuss, iv. 92 n. &c.

secret, for the moment, and requiring great delicacy and address; perhaps not without risk, a timorous man might say: will your Brother go for me, think you? Görtz thinks he will. "Here is his Instruction, if so," adds the King, handing him an Autograph of the necessary outline of procedure,—not signed, nor with any credential, or even specific address, lest accident happen. "Adieu then, Herr General-Lieutenant; rule is, shoes of swiftness, cloak of darkness: adieu!" And Görtz Senior is off on the instant, careering towards Weimar, where he finds Görtz Junior, and makes known his errand. Görtz Junior stares in the natural astonishment; but, after some intense brief deliberation, becomes affirmative, and in a minimum of time is ready and on the road.

Görtz Junior proved to have been an excellent choice on the King's part; and came to good promotion afterwards by his conduct in this affair. Görtz Junior started for München on the instant, masked utterly, or his business masked, from profane eyes; saw this person, saw that, and glided swiftly about, swiftly and with sure aim; and speedily kindled the matter, and had smoke rising in various points. And before January was out, saw the Reichs-Diet at Regensburg, much more the general Gazetteerage everywhere, seized of this affair, and thrown into paroxysms at the size and complexion of it: saw, in fact, a world getting into flame,—kindled by whom or what nobody could guess, for a long time to come. Görtz had great running about in his cloak of darkness, and showed abundant talent of the kind needed. A pushing, clear-eyed, stout-hearted man; much cleverness and sureness in what he did and forebore to do. His adventures were manifold; he had much travelling about: was at Regensburg, at Mannheim; saw many persons whom he had to judge of on the instant, and speak frankly to, or speak darkly, or speak nothing; and he made no mistake. One of his best counsellors, I gather, was Duchess Clement: of course it was not long till Duchess Clement heard some inkling of him; till, in some of his goings and comings, he saw Duchess Clement, who hailed him as an angel of light. In one journey more mysterious than ever, "he was three days invisible in Duchess Clement's Garden-house." "*Ah, Madame,*

3d Jan.-5th April, 1778.

que n'étiez-vous Électeur, Why were not you Elector !” writes Friedrich to her once : “ We should not have seen those shameful events, which every good German must blush for, to the bottom of his heart (*dont tout bon Allemand doit rougir jusqu'au fond du cœur*) !”¹

We cannot afford the least narrative of Görtz and his courses : imagination, from a few traits, will sufficiently conceive them. He had gone first to Karl Theodor's Minister : “ Dead to it, I fear ; has already signed ? ” Alas, yes. Upon which to Zweibrück the Heir's Minister ; whom his Master had distinctly ordered to sign, but who, at his own peril, gallant man, delayed, remonstrated, had not yet done it ; and was able to answer : “ Alive to it, he ? Yes, with a witness, were there hope in the world ! ” — which threw Görtz upon instant gallop towards Zweibrück Schloss, in search of said Heir, the young Duke August Christian ; who, however, had left in the interim (summoned by his Uncle, on Austrian urgency, to consent along with him) ; but whom Görtz, by dexterity and intuition of symptoms, caught up by the road, with what a mutual joy ! As had been expected, August Christian, on sight of Görtz, with an armed Friedrich looming in the distance, took at once into new courses and activities. From him, no consent now ; far other : Treaty with Friedrich ; flat refusal ever to consent : application to the Reich, application even to France, and whatever a gallant young fellow could do.

It was by Friedrich's order that he applied to France ; his younger Brother, Max Joseph, was a soldier there, and strove to back him in Official and other circles, — who were all friendly, even zealous for him ; and gave good words, but had nothing more. This French department of the business was long a delay to Friedrich's operations : and in result, poor Max's industry there, do what he could, proved rather a minus quantity than otherwise. A good young man, they say ; but not the man to kindle into action horses that are dead, — of which he had experience more than once in time coming. He is the same that, 30 years after, having survived his childless elder Brother, became *King* Max, first King of Baiern ; begot

¹ Preuss, iv. 94.

Ludwig, second King,—who, for his part, has begotten Otho King of Greece, and done other feats still less worth mentioning. August Christian's behavior is praised as excellent,—passively firm and polite; the grand requisite, persistence on your ground of “No:”—but his luck, to find such a Friedrich, and also to find such a Görtz, was the saving clause for him.

Friedrich was in very weak health in these months; still considered by the Gazetteers to be dying. But it appears he is not yet too weak for taking, on the instant necessary, a world-important resolution; and of being on the road with it, to this issue or to that, at full speed before the day closed. “Desist, good neighbor, I beseech you. You must desist, and even you shall:” this resolution was entirely his own; as were the equally prompt arrangements he contrived for executing it, should hard come to hard, and Austria prefer war to doing justice. “Excellent methods,” say the most unfriendly judges, “which must at once have throttled Austria into compliance, had he been as prompt in executing them;—which he by no means was. And there lies his error and failure; very lamentable, excusable only by decrepitude of body producing weakness and decay of mind.” This is emphatically and wearisomely Schmettau's opinion,¹ who looks at it only as a military Adjutant, intent on honor and rapid feats of war,—with how much reason, readers not Prussian or military shall judge as we go on.

Saxony, we ought to mention, was also aggrieved. The Dowager-Electress Maria Antoinette, our sprightly friend, had, as sole surviving Sister of the late Kurfürst Max, the undoubted heirship of Kurfürst Max's “allodial properties and territories:” territories, I think, mainly in the Ober-Pfalz (which are *not* Bavaria Proper, but were acquired in the

¹ F. W. C. Graf von Schmettau (this is the *Elder* Schmettau's Son, not the *Dresdener's* whom we used to quote), *Feldzug der Preussischen Armee in Böhmen im Jahre 1778* (Berlin, 1789,—simultaneously in French too, with Plans): with which—as the completest Account by an eager Witness and Participant—compare always Friedrich's own (*Mémoires de la Guerre de 1778*), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 135–208. Schöning (vol. iv.), besides his own loose Narrative, or Summary, has given all the *Correspondence* between Henri and the King.—sufficient to quench the sharpest appetite on this subject.

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Thirty-Years War), which are important in value, and which Austria, regardless of our lively friend, has laid hold of a lapsed fiefs of Bohemia. Clearly Bohemian, says Austria; and keeps hold. Our lively friend hereupon makes over all her rights in that matter to her Son, the reigning Elector; with the counsel, if counsel were needed, "Ask protection of King Friedrich; go wholly with King Friedrich." Mecklenburg too has an interest. Among the lapsed fiefs is one to a Duchy called of Leuchtenberg;—in regard to which, says Mecklenburg, as loud as it can, "That Duchy is not lapsed at all; that is now mine, witness this Document" (of a valid testamentary nature)! Other claims were put in; but these three: Zweibrück endlessly important; Saxony important too, though not in such degree; Mecklenburg unimportant, but just,—were alone recognized in impartial quarters as authentic and worthy of notice.

Of the pleadings and procedures in the Reichs Diet no reader would permit me to speak, were I inclined. Enough to understand that they went on in the usual voluminous dull-droning way, crescendo always; and deserve, what at present they are sure of, oblivion from all creatures. The important thing was, not those pleadings in the Reichs Diet, nor the Austrian proposals there or elsewhere; but the brandishing of arms in emitting and also in successively answering the same. Answer always No by Friedrich, and some new flash of handled arms,—the physiognomy of which was the one significant point. Austria, which is far from ready with arms, though at each fresh pleading or proposal it tries to give a kind of brandish, says mainly three things, in essence somewhat thus. *Austria*: "Cannot two States of the Reich come to a mutual understanding, as Austria and Bavaria have done? And what have third parties to say to it?" *Friedrich*: "Much! Parties of the Reich have much to say to it!" (This several times with variations.) *Austria*: "Our rights seem to us valid: Zweibrück, Saxony, Mecklenburg, if aggrieved, can try in the Reichs Law-Courts." *Friedrich*: "Law-Courts!" with a new brandish; that is, sets more regiments on march, from Pommern to Wesel all on march, to Berlin, to Silesia, towards the

Bohemian Frontier. *Austria*, by the voice of Kaunitz: "We will not give up our rights without sentence of Law. We cannot recognize the King of Prussia as Law-Judge in this matter." *Friedrich*: "The King of Prussia is of the Jury!"

Pulse after pulse, this is something like the course things had, crescendo till, in about three months, they got to a height which was evidently serious. Nay, in the course of the pleadings it became manifest that on the Austrian grounds of claim, not Maria Theresa could be heir to Straubingen, but Friedrich himself: "I descend from Three-Crown Albert's Daughter," said Maria Theresa. "And I from an elder Daughter of his, and do not claim!" Friedrich could have answered, but did not; treating such claim all along as merely colorable and chimerical, not worth attention in serious affairs of fact. Till, at length, after about three months, there comes a really serious brandish.

Sunday, April 5th, 1778, at Berlin, Friedrich holds review of his Army, all assembled, equipped and in readiness; and (in that upper Parole-Room of the Schloss) makes this Speech, which, not without extraneous intention, was printed in the Newspapers: —

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals. "Gentlemen, I have assembled you here for a public object. Most of you, like myself, have often been in arms along with one another, and are grown gray in the service of our Country: to all of us is well known in what dangers, toils and renown we have been fellow-sharers. I doubt not in the least that all of you, as myself, have a horror of bloodshed: but the danger which now threatens our Countries, not only renders it a duty, but puts us in the absolute necessity, to adopt the quickest and most effectual means for dissipating at the right time the storm which threatens to break out on us.

"I depend with complete confidence on your soldierly and patriotic zeal, which is already well and gloriously known to me, and which, while I live, I will acknowledge with the heartiest satisfaction. Before all things, I recommend to you,

and prescribe as your most sacred duty, That, in every situation, you exercise humanity on unarmed enemies ; and be continually attentive that, in this respect too, there be the strictest discipline (*Mannszucht*) kept among those under you.

“To travel with the pomp of a King is not among my wishes : and all of you are aware that I have no pleasure in rich field-furniture : but my increasing age, and the weakness it brings, render me incapable of riding as I did in my youth. I shall, therefore, be obliged to make use of a post-chaise in times of marching ; and all of you have liberty to do the same. But on the day of battle you shall see me on horseback ; and there, also, I hope my Generals will follow that example.”

Voltaire smothered under Roses. King's Speech was on Sunday, April 5th. Evening of last Monday (March 30th), at the Théâtre Français in Paris, poor Voltaire had that world-famous apotheosis of his ; and got “smothered under roses,” as he termed it. He had left Ferney (such the urgency of Niece Denis and her unappeasable desire for a sight of Paris again) February 5th ; arrived in Paris February 10th ; ventured out to see his poor last Tragedy, not till the sixth night of it, March 30th ; was beshouted, crowned, raised to the immortal gods by a repentant Paris world : “Greatest of men, — You were not a miscreant and malefactor, then : on the contrary, you were a spiritual Hercules, a heroic Son of Light ; Slayer of the Nightmare Monsters, and foul Dragons and Devils that were preying on us : to you shall not we now say, Long life, with all our throats and all our hearts,” — and so quench you at last ! Which they managed to do, poor repentant souls. The tottering wayworn Voltaire, over-agitated in this way, took to bed ; never rose again ; and on that day two months was dead.¹ His light all done ; to King Freidrich, or to any of us, no flash of radiancy from him any more forever.

April 6th, Freidrich gets on march — perhaps about 100,000 strong — for Schönwalde, in the Neisse-Schweidnitz neighbor-

¹ In *Duvernet*, and still better in *Longchamp et Wagnière*, ample account of these interesting occurrences.

hood; and there, in the course of the week, has cantoned himself, and sits completing his magazines and appliances for actual work of war. This is a considerable brandish; and a good deal astonishes Kaunitz and the Vienna people, who have not 10,000 at present on those Frontiers, and nothing whatever in a state of readiness. "Dangerous really!" Kaunitz admits; and sets new regiments on march from Hungary, from the Netherlands, from all ends of the Earth where they are. Tempers his own insolent talk, too; but strives to persuade himself that it is "Menace merely. He won't; he abhors war." Kaunitz had hardly exaggerated Friedrich's abhorrence of war; though it turned out there were things which Friedrich abhorred still more.

Schönwalde, head-quarter of this alarming Prussian cantonment, is close on the new Fortress of Silberberg, a beautiful new impregnability, looking into those valleys of the Warta, of the young Neisse, which are the road to Bohemia or from it,—where the Pandour torrents used to issue into the first Silesian Wars; where Friedrich himself was once to have been snapped up, but was not quite,—and only sang Mass as Extempore Abbot, with Tobias Stusche, in the Monastery of Camenz, according to the myth which readers may remember. No more can Pandours issue that way; only Prussians can enter in. Friedrich's windows in the Schloss of Schönwalde,—which are on the left hand, if you be touring in those parts,—look out direct upon Silberberg, and have its battlements between them and the 3-o'clock Sun.¹ In the Town of Silberberg, Friedrich has withal a modest little lodging,—lodging still known,—where he can alight for an hour or a night, in the multifarious businesses that lead him to and fro. "A beautiful place," says Schöning; "where the King stayed twelve weeks" or more; waiting till the Bavarian-Austrian case should ripen better. At Schönwalde, what was important in his private circle, he heard of Lord Marischal's death, then of Voltaire's; not to mention that of English Pitt, and perhaps others interesting to him.²

¹ Schöning, iv. (Introductory Part).

² Voltaire died May 30th; Marischal, May 25th; Pitt, May 11th;—and

“Now was the time,” cry Schmettau and the unfavorable, “when he might have walked across into Eastern Bohemia, into Mähren, whither you like ; to Vienna itself, and taken Austria by the throat at discretion : ‘Do justice, then, will you ! Let go Bavaria, or — !’ In his young years, would not he have done so ? His Plan, long since laid down, was grand : To march into Mähren, leaving Silesia guarded ; nay leaving Bohemia to be invaded, — for Prince Henri, and the Saxons, who are a willing handful, and will complete Henri likewise to 100,000, were to do that feat the while ; — March into Mähren, on to Vienna if he chose ; laying all flat. Infallible,” say the Schmettau people. “He had the fire of head to contrive it all ; but worn down and grown old, he could not execute his great thoughts.” Which is obviously absurd, Friedrich’s object not being to lay Austria flat, or drive animosities to the sanguinary point, and kindle all Europe into war ; but merely to extract, with the minimum of violence, something like justice from Austria on this Bavarian matter. For which end, he may justly consider slow pressure preferable to the cutting method. His problem is most ticklish, not allowed for by Schmettau.

The encampment round Schönwalde, especially as there was nothing ready thereabouts on the Austrian side, produced a visible and great effect on the negotiations ; and notably altered the high Kaunitz tone towards Friedrich. “Must two great Courts quarrel, then, for the sake of a small one ?” murmured Kaunitz, plaintively now, to himself and to the King, — to the King not in a very distinct manner, though to himself the principle is long since clear as an axiom in Politics : “Great Courts should understand one another ; then the small would be less troublesome.” For a quarter of a century this has been the Kaunitz faith. In 1753, when he miraculously screwed round the French into union with the Austrians to put down an upstart Prussia, this was his grand fulcrum, the immovable rock in which the great Engineer fixed down his

May 4th, in the Cantonment here, died General von Rentzel, the same who, as Lieutenant Rentzel, sixty years ago, had taught the little Crown-Prince his drill (Rödenbeck, iii. 187).

political capstans, and levered and screwed. He did triumphantly wind matters round, — though whether they much profited him when round, may be a question.

But the same grand principle, in the later instance of partitioning Poland, has it not proved eminently triumphant, successful in all points? And, doubtless, this King of Prussia recognizes it, if made worth his while, thinks Kaunitz. In a word, Kaunitz's next utterance is wonderfully changed. The great Engineer speaks almost like a Bishop on this new text. "Let the Two Courts," says he, "put themselves each in the other's place; each think what *it* would want;" and in fact each, in a Christian manner, try to do as it would be done by! How touching in the mouth of a Kaunitz, with something of pathos, of plaintiveness, almost of unction in it! "There is no other method of agreeing," urges he: "War is a terrible method, disliked by both of us. Austria wishes this of Bavaria; but his Prussian Majesty's turn will come, perhaps now is (let him say and determine); we will make it worth his while." This is of *April 24th*; notable change since the can-toning round Schönwalde.

Germany at large, though it lay so silent, in its bedrid condition, was in great anxiety. Never had the Holy Romish Reich such a shock before: "Meaning to partition us like Poland?" thought the Reich, with a shudder. "They can, by degrees, if they think good; these Two Great Sovereigns!" Courage, your Durchlaughts: one of the Two great ones has not that in his thoughts; has, and will have, the reverse of that; which will be your anchorage in the storms of fate for a long time to come! Nor was it—as will shortly appear to readers—Kaunitz's immediate intention at all: enough if poor we can begin it, set it fairly under way; let some unborn happier Kaunitz, the last of a series, complete such blessed consummation; in a happier time, far over the practical horizon at present. This we do gather to have been Kaunitz's real view; and it throws a light on the vexed Partition-of-Poland question, and gives weight to Dohm's assertion, That Kaunitz was the actual beginner there.

Weeks before Friedrich heard of this remarkable Memorial,

and ten days before it was brought to paper, there came to Friedrich another unexpected remarkable Document: a *Letter* from Kaiser Joseph himself, who is personally running about in these parts, over in Bohemia, endeavoring to bring Army matters to a footing; and is no doubt shocked to find them still in such backwardness, with a Friedrich at hand. The Kaiser's Letter, we perceive, is pilot-balloon to the Kaunitz episcopal Document, and to an actual meeting of Prussian and Austrian Ministers on the Bavarian point; and had been seen to be a salutary measure by an Austria in alarm. It asks, as the Kaunitz Memorial will, though in another style, "Must there be war, then? Is there no possibility left in negotiation and mutual concession? I am your Majesty's friend and admirer; let us try." This was an unexpected and doubtless a welcome thing to Friedrich; who answers eagerly, and in a noble style both of courtesy and of business sense: upon which there followed two other Imperial Letters with their two Royal answers;¹ and directly afterwards the small Austrian-Prussian Congress we spoke of, Finkenstein and Hertzberg on the Prussian part, Cobenzl on the Austrian (Congress sitting at Berlin), which tried to agree, but could not; and to which Kaunitz's Memorial of April 24th was meant as some helpful sprinkling of presidential quasi-episcopal oil.

Oil merely: for it turned out, Kaunitz had no thought at present of partitioning the German Reich with Friedrich; but intended merely to keep his own seized portion of Baiern, and in return for Friedrich's assent intended to recompense Friedrich with — in fact, with Austria's consent, That if Anspach and Baircuth lapsed home to Prussia (as it was possible they might, the present Margraf, Friedrich's Nephew, the Lady-Craven Margraf, having a childless Wife), Prussia should freely open the door to them! A thing which Friedrich naturally maintained to be in need of nobody's consent, and to lie totally apart from this question; but which Austria

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (vi. 183-193), Three successive Letters from the Kaiser (of dates, "Olmütz," "Litau," "Königsgrätz," 13th-19th April, 1778), with King's Answers ("Schönwalde," all of them, and 14th-20th April), — totally without interest to the general reader.

always considered a very generous thing, and always returned to, with new touches of improvement, as their grand recipe in this matter. So that, unhappily, the Hertzberg-Cobenzl treatyings, Kaiser's Letters and Kaunitz's episcopal oil, were without effect,—except to gain for the Austrians, who infinitely needed it, delay of above two months. The Letters are without general interest: but, for Friedrich's sake, perhaps readers will consent to a specimen? Here are parts of his First Letter: people meaning to be Kings (which I doubt none of my readers are) could not do better than read it, and again read it, and acquire that style, first of knowing thoroughly the object in hand, and then of speaking on it and of being silent on it, in a true and noble manner:—

Friedrich to his Imperial Majesty (at Olmütz).

“SCHÖNWALDE, 14th April, 1778.

“SIRE MY BROTHER,—I have received, with all the satisfaction possible, the Letter which your Imperial Majesty has had the goodness to write to me. I have neither Minister nor Clerk (*scribe*) about me; therefore your Imperial Majesty will be pleased to put up with such Answer as an Old Soldier can give, who writes to you with probity and frankness, on one of the most important subjects which have risen in Politics for a long time.

“Nobody wishes more than I to maintain peace and harmony between the Powers of Europe: but there are limits to everything; and cases so intricate (*épineux*) arise that goodwill alone will not suffice to maintain things in repose and tranquillity. Permit me, Sire, to state distinctly what the question seems to me to be. It is to determine if an Emperor can dispose at his will of the Fiefs of the Empire. Answer in the affirmative, and all these Fiefs become *Timars* [in the Turk way], which are for life only; and which the Sultan disposes of again, on the possessor's death. Now, this is contrary to the Laws, to the Customs and Constitutions of the German Empire.”—“I, as member of the Empire, and as having, by the Treaty of Hubertsburg, re-sanctioned the Peace of West-

phalia, find myself formally engaged to support the immunities, the liberties and rights of the Germanic Body.

“This, Sire, is the veritable state of things. Personal interest I have none: but I am persuaded your Majesty’s self would regard me as a paltry man, unworthy of your esteem, should I basely sacrifice the rights, immunities and privileges, which the Electors and I have received from our Ancestors.

“I continue to speak to your Majesty with the same frankness. I love and honor your person. It will certainly be hard for me to fight against a Prince gifted with excellent qualities, and whom I personally esteem. But”—And is there no remedy? Anspach and Baireuth stand in no need of sanction. I consent to the Congress proposed:—being with the &c. &c.—F.¹

The sittings of this little Congress at Berlin lasted all through May and June; to the disgust of Schmettau and the ardent Prussian mess-rooms, “lying ready here, and forbidden to act.” For the Austrians all the while were at their busicst, improving the moments, marching continually hitherward from Hungary, from Limburg, from all ends of the earth. Both negotiating parties had shown a manifest wish to terminate without war; and both made various attempts or proposals that way; Friedrich offering, in the name of European peace, to yield the Austrians some small rim or paring of Bavaria from the edge adjoining them; the Austrians offering Anspach-Baireuth with some improvements;—always offering Friedrich his own Baireuth-Anspach with some new sauce (as that he might exchange those Territories with Saxony for a fine equivalent in the Lausitz, contiguous to him, which was a real improvement and increase):—but as neither party would in the least give up in essentials, or quit the ground it had taken, the result was nothing. Week after week; so many weeks are being lost to Friedrich; gained to Austria: Schmettau getting more and more disgusted.

Friedrich still waited; not in all points quite ready yet, he said, nor the futile diplomacies quite complete;—evi-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 187.

dently in the highest degree unwilling to come to the cutting point, and begin a War which nobody could see the end of. Many things he tried; Peace so precious to him, try and again try. All through June too, this went on; the result always zero, — obviously certain to be so. As even Friedrich had at last to own to himself; and likewise that the Campaign season was ebbing away; and that if his grand Moravian scheme was to be tried on Austria, there was not now a moment to lose.

Friedrich's ultimate proposal, new modification of what all his proposals had been, "To you some thin rim of Baiern; to Saxony and Mecklenburg some *etcetera* of indemnity, money chiefly (money always to be paid by Karl Theodor, who has left Baiern open to the spoiler in this scandalous manner)," was of June 13th; Austrians for ten days meditating on it, and especially getting forward their Army matters, answer, June 24th, "No, we won't." Upon which Friedrich — to the joy of Schmettau and every Prussian — actually rises. Emits his War-Manifesto (*July 3d*): "Declaration to our Brethren (*Mitstände*) of the Reich," that Austria will listen to nothing but War;¹ and, on and from that day, goes flowing forward in perfect columns and arrangements, 100,000 strong; through the picturesque Glatz Country, straight towards the Bohemian Border, hour by hour. Flows over the Bohemian Border by Nachod Town; his vanguard bursting into field-music and flourishes of trumpeting at that grand moment (*July 5th*); flowed bodily over; and encamped that night on Bohemian ground, with Nachod to rear; thence towards Kwalkowitz, and on the second day to Jaromirtz ("Camp of Jaromirtz"), a little Town which we have heard of before, but which became more famous than ever during the next ten weeks.

Jaromirtz, Kwalkowitz, Königsgrätz: this is the old hill-and-dale labyrinth of an Upper-Elbe Country; only too well known to his Majesty and us, for almost forty years past: here again are the Austrians waiting the King; watching diligently this new Invasion of his out of Glatz and the East!

¹ Fischer, ii. 388; Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i. 110; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 145.

In the same days, Prince Henri, who is also near 100,000, starts from Dresden to invade them from the West. Loudon, facing westward, is in watch of Henri; Lacy, or indeed the Kaiser himself, back-to-back of Loudon, stands in this Königsgrätz-Jaromirtz part; said to be embattled in a very elaborate manner, to a length of fifty miles on this fine ground, and in number somewhat superior to the King;—the Austrians in all counting about 250,000; of whom Lacy has considerably the larger share. The terror at Vienna, nevertheless, is very great: “A day of terror,” says one who was there; “I will not trust myself to describe the sensation which this news, ‘Friedrich in Bohemia again!’ produced among all ranks of people.”¹ Maria Theresa, with her fine motherly heart, in alarm for her Country, and trembling “for my two Sons [Joseph and Leopold] and dear Son-in-Law [of Sachsen-Teschen], who are in the Army,” overcomes all scruples of pride; instantly despatches an Autograph to the King (“Bearer of this, Baron von Thugut, with Full Powers”); and on her own strength starts a new Negotiation, — which, as will be seen, ended no better than the others.²

Schmettau says, “Friedrich, cheated of his Mähren schemes, was still in time; the Austrian position being indeed strong, but not being even yet quite ready.” Friedrich himself, however, on reconnoitring, thought differently. A position such as one never saw before, thinks he; contrived by Lacy; masterly use of the ground, of the rivers, of the rocks, woods, swamps; Elbe and his branches, and the intricate shoulders of the Giant Mountains: no man could have done it better than Lacy here, who, they say, is the contriver and practical hand.³ From Königsgrätz, northward, by Königshof, by Arnau, up to Hohenelbe, all heights are crowned, all passes bristling with cannon. Rivers Aupa, Elbe beset with redoubts, with dams in favorable places, and are become inundations, difficult

¹ Cogniazzo, iv. 316, 320, 321; Preuss, iv. 101, &c.

² Her Letters, four in all, with their Appendixes, and the King's Answers in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 196–200.

³ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 147.

to tap. There are "ditches 8 feet deep by 16 broad." Behind or on the right bank of Elbe, it is mere intrenchment for five-and-twenty miles. With bogs, with thickets full of Croats; and such an amount of artillery, — I believe they have in battery no fewer than 1,500 cannon. A position very considerable indeed: — must have taken time to deliberate, delve and invest; but it is done. Near fifty miles of it: here, clear to your glass, has the head of Lacy visibly emerged on us, as if for survey of phenomena: — head of Lacy sure enough (body of him lying invisible in the heights, passes and points of vantage); and its *neck* of fifty miles, like the neck of a war-horse clothed with thunder. On which (thinks Schmettau privately) you may, too late, make your reflections!

Schmettau asserts that the position, though strong, was nothing like so infinitely strong; and that Friedrich in his younger days would very soon have assaulted it, and turned Lacy inside out: but Friedrich, we know, had his reasons against hurry. He reconnoitred diligently; rode out reconnoitring "fifteen miles the first day" (July 6th), ditto the second and following; and was nearly shot by Croats, — by one specific Croat, says Prussian Mythology, supported by Engraving. An old Engraving, which I have never seen, represents Friedrich reconnoitring those five-and-twenty miles of Elbe, which have so many redoubts on their side of it, and swarm with Croat parties on both sides: this is all the truth that is in the Engraving.¹ Fact says: Friedrich ("on the 8th," if that were all the variation) "was a mark for the Austrian sharpshooters for half an hour." Myth says, and engraves it, with the date of "July 7th:" Friedrich, skirting some thicket, suddenly came upon a single Croat with musket levelled at him, wild creature's finger just on the trigger; — and quietly admonishing, Friedrich lifts *his* finger with a "*Du, Du* (Ah you!);" upon which, such the divinity that hedges one, the wild creature instantly flings down his murder-weapon, and, kneeling, embraces the King's boot, — with kisses, for anything I know. It is certain, Friedrich, about six times over in this paltry War or Quasi No-War, set his attendants on the

¹ Rödénbeck, p. 188.

13th July-10th Aug. 1778.

tremble; was namely, from Croateries and Artilleries, in imminent peril of life; so careless was he, and dangerous to speak to in his sour humor. Humor very sour, they say, for most part; being in reality altogether backward and loath for grand enterprise; and yet striving to think he was not; ashamed that any War of his should be a No-War. Schmettau says: —

“On the day of getting into Jaromirtz [July 8th], the King, tired of riding about while the Columns were slowly getting in, lay down on the ground with his Adjutants about him. A young Officer came riding past; whom the King beckoned to him; — wrote something with pencil (an Order, not of the least importance), and said: ‘Here; that Order to General Lossow, and tell him he is not to take it ill that I trouble him, as I have none in my Suite that can do anything.’” Let the Suite take it as they can! A most pungent, severe old King; quite perverse at times, thinks Schmettau. Thus again, more than once: —

“On arriving with his Column where the Officer, a perfectly skilful man, had marked out the Camp, the King would lift his spy-glass; gaze to right and left, riding round the place at perhaps a hundred yards’ distance; and begin: ‘*Sieht er, Herr*, But look, Herr, what a botching you have made of it again (*was er da wieder für dumm Zeug gemacht hat*)!’ and grumbling and blaming, would alter the Camp, till it was all out of rule; and then say, ‘See there, that is the way to mark out Camps.’”¹

In a week’s time, July 13th, came another fine excuse for inaction; Plenipotentiary Thugut, namely, and the Kaiserinn’s Letter, which we spoke of. Autograph from Maria Theresa herself, inspired by the terror of Vienna and of her beautiful motherly heart. Negotiation to be private utterly: “My Son, the Kaiser, knows nothing of it; I beg the most absolute secrecy;” which was accordingly kept, while Thugut, with Finkenstein and Hertzberg again, held “Congress of Braunau” in those neighborhoods, — with as little effect as ever. Thugut’s Name, it seems, was originally *Tunicotto* (Tyrolese-

Italian); which the ignorant Vienna people changed into "*Thu-nicht-gut* (Do-no-good)," till Maria Theresa, in very charity, struck out the negative, and made him "Do-good." Do-good and his Congress held Friedrich till August 10th: five more weeks gone; and nothing but reconnoitring,—with of course foraging, and diligently eating the Country, which is a daily employment, and produces fencing and skirmishing enough.

Henri, in the interim, has invaded from the West; seen Leitmeritz, Lobositz; — Prag Nobility all running, and I suppose Prayers to St. Vitus going again, — and Loudon in alarm. Loudon, however, saved Prag "by two masterly positions" (not mentionable here); upon which Henri took camp at Niemcs; Loudon, the weaker in this part, seizing the Iser as a bulwark, and ranking himself behind it, back-to-back of Lacy. Here for about five weeks sat Henri, nothing on hand but to eat the Country. Over the heads of Loudon and Lacy, as the crow flies, Henri's Camp may be about 70 miles from Jaromirtz, where the King is. Hussar Belling, our old Anti-Swede friend, a brilliant cutting man, broke over the Iser once, perhaps twice; and there was pretty fencing by him and the like of him: "but Prince Henri did nothing," says the King,¹ — was, in fact, helping the King to do nothing. By the 10th of September, as Henri has computed, this Country will be eaten; "Forage, I find, will be quite done here on September 10th," writes Henri, after a week or two's experience.

There was always talk of Henri and the King, who are 100,000 each, joining hands by the post of Arnau, or some weak point of Lacy's well north of Königsgrätz; thus of cutting off the meal-carts of that back-to-back copartnery, and so of tumbling it off the ground (which was perfectly possible, says Schmettau); and small detachments and expeditions were pushed out, General Dahlwig, General Anhalt, partly for that object: but not the least of it ever took effect. "Futile, lost by loitering, as all else was," groans Schmettau. Prince Henri

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 154.

was averse to attempt, intimates the King, — as indeed (though refusing to own it) was I. “September 10th, my forage will be out, your Majesty,” says Henri, always a punctual calculating man.

The Austrians, on their side, were equally stagnant ; and, except the continual skirmishing with the Prussian foragers, undertook nothing. “Shamefully ill-done our foraging, too,” exclaims Schmettau again and again : “Had we done it with neatness, with regularity, the Country would have lasted us twice as long. Doing it headlong, wastefully and by the rule-of-thumb, the Country was a desert, all its inhabitants fled, all its edibles consumed, before six weeks were over. Friedrich is not now himself at all ; in great things or in little ; what a changed Friedrich !” exclaims Schmettau, with wearisome iteration.

From about August 6th, or especially August 10th, when the Maria-Theresa Correspondence, or “Congress of Braunau,” ended likewise in zero, Friedrich became impatient for actual junction with Prince Henri, actual push of business ; and began to hint of an excellent plan he had : “Burst through on their left flank ; blow up their post of Hohenelbe yonder : thence is but one march to Iser river ; junction with Prince Henri there ; and a Lacy and a Loudon tumbled to the winds.” “A plan perfectly feasible,” says Schmettau ; “which solaced the King’s humor, but which he never really intended to execute.” Possibly not ; otherwise, according to old wont, he would have forborne to speak of it beforehand. At all events, August 15th, in the feeling that one ought really to do something, the rather as forage hereabouts was almost or altogether running out, he actually set about this grand scheme.

Got on march to rightward, namely, up the Aupa river, through the gloomy chasms of Kingdom-Wood, memorable in old days : had his bakery shifted to Trautenau ; his heavy cannon getting tugged through the mire and the rains, which by this time were abundant, towards Hohenelbe, for the great enterprise : and sat encamped on and about the Battle-ground of Sohr for a week or so, waiting till all were forward ; eating Sohr Country, which was painfully easy to do. The Austrians

did next to nothing on him ; but the rains, the mud and scarcity were doing much. Getting on to Hohenelbe region, after a week's wet waiting, he, on ocular survey of the ground about, was heard to say, "This cannot be done, then !" "Had never meant to do it," sneers Schmettau, "and only wanted some excuse." Which is very likely. Schmettau gives an Anecdote of him here : In regard to a certain Hill, the Key of the Austrian position, which the King was continually reconnoitring, and lamenting the enormous height of, "Impossible, so high !" One of the Adjutants took his theodolite, ascertained the height, and, by way of comforting his Majesty, reported the exact number of feet above their present level. "How do you know, Herr?" said the King angrily. "Measured it by Trigonometry, your Majesty." — "Trigonometry ! *Scher' er sich zum Teufel* (Off with you, Sir, to the Devil, your Trigonometry and you !)" — no believer in mathematics, this King.

He was loath to go ; and laid the blame on many things. "Were Prince Henri now but across the Iser. Had that stupid Anhalt, when he was upon it [galloping about, to the ruin of his head], only seized Arnau, Arnau and its Elbe-Bridge ; and had it in hand for junction with Prince Henri !" In fine, just as the last batch of heavy cannon — twenty or thirty hungered horses to a gun, at the rate of five miles a day in roads unspeakable — were getting in, he ordered them all to be dragged back, back to the Trautenau road ; whither we must now all go. And, *September 8th*, in perfect order, for the Austrians little molested him, and got a bad bargain when they did, the great Friedrich with his whole Army got on march homeward, after such a Campaign as we see. Climbed the Trautenau-Landshut Pass, with nothing of effective loss except from the rainy elements, the steep miry ways and the starved horses ; draught-horses especially starved, — whom, poor creatures, "you would see spring at the ropes [draught-harness], thirty of them to a gun, when started and gee-ho'd to ; tug violently with no effect, and fall down in whole rows."

Prince Henri, forage done, started punctually September

10th, two days after his Brother ; and, with little or no pursuit from the Austrians, and with horses unstarved, got home in comparatively tolerable circumstances. Cantoned himself in Dresden neighborhood, and sat waiting : he had never approved this war ; and now, I suppose, would not want for reflections. Friedrich's cantonments were round Landshut, and spread out to right and to left, from Glatz Country and the Upper-Silesian Hills, to Silberberg and Schweidnitz ;—his own quarter is the same region, where he lay so long in Summer, 1759, talking on learned subjects with the late Quintus Icilius, if readers remember, and wearily waiting till Cunctator Daun (likewise now deceased) took his stand, or his seat, at Mark Lissa, and the King could follow him to Schmöttseifen. Friedrich himself on this present occasion stayed at Schatzlar as rear-guard, to see whether the Austrians would not perhaps try to make some Winter Campaign of it, and if so, whether they would attempt on Prince Henri or on him. The Austrians did not attempt on either ; showed no such intention, — though mischievous enough in other small ways. Friedrich wrote the *Éloge* of Voltaire¹ while he waited here at Schatzlar, among the rainy Mountains. Later on, as prospects altered, he was much at Breslau, or running about on civic errands with Breslau as centre : at Breslau he had many Dialogues with Professor Garve,—in whose good, but oppressively solemn, little Book, more a dull-droning Preachment than a Narrative, no reader need look for them or for him.

As to the *Eulogy of Voltaire*, we may say that it is generous, ingenious, succinct ; and of dialect now obsolete to us. There was (and is, though suppressed) another *Eulogy*, brand-new, by a Contemporary of our own, — from which I know not if readers will permit me a sentence or two, in this pause among the rainy Mountains ?

... “A wonderful talent lay in this man — [in Voltaire, to wit ; “such an intellect, the sharpest, swiftest of the world,” thinks our Contemporary ; “fathoming you the deepest subject, to a depth far beyond most men's soundings, and coming

¹ In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 50 et seq. (“finished Nov. 26th, 1778”).

up with victory and something wise and logically speakable to say on it, sooner than any other man,—never doubting but he has been at the bottom, which is from three to ten miles lower!”] wonderful talent; but observe always, if you look closely, it was in essence a mere talent for Speech; which talent Bavius and Mævius and the Jew Apella may admire without looking behind it, but this Eulogist by no means will. Speech, my friend? If your sublime talent of speech consists only in making ignorance appear to be knowledge, and little wisdom appear to be much, I will thank you to walk on with it, and apply at some other shop. The *quantity* of shops where you can apply with thrice-golden advantage, from the Morning Newspapers to the National Senate, is tremendous at this epoch of the poor world’s history;—go, I request you! And while his foot is on the stairs, descending from my garret, I think: O unfortunate fellow-creature in an unfortunate world, why is not there a Friedrich Wilhelm to ‘elect’ you, as he did Gundling, to his *Tobacco* Parliament, and there set Fassmann upon you with the pans of burning peat? It were better even for yourself; wholesomely didactic to your poor self, I cannot doubt; and for the poor multitudes to whom you are now to be sacred *vates*, speaking and singing *your* dismal *Gundlingiana* as if inspired by Heaven, how infinitely better!—Courage, courage! I discern, across these hideous jargons, the reign of greater silence approaching upon repentant men; reign of greater silence, I say; or else that of annihilation, which will be the most silent of all. . . .

“Voltaire, if not a great man, is a remarkably peculiar one; and did such a work in these Ages as will render him long memorable, more or less. He kindled the infinite dry dung-heap of things; set it blazing heaven-high;—and we all thought, in the French Revolution time, it would burn out rapidly into ashes, and then there would a clear Upper Firmament, if over a blackened Earth, be once more vouchsafed us. The flame is now done, I once said; and only the dull dung-heap, smokily burning, but not now blazing, remains,—for it was very damp, *except* on the surface, and is by nature slow of combustion:—who knows but it may have to burn for cen-

turies yet, poisoning by its villainous mal-odors the life-atmosphere of all men? Eternal Author of this Universe, whose throne is Truth, to whom all the True are Sons, wilt thou not look down upon us, then!—Till this sad process is complete, Voltaire is like to be very memorable.” . . .

To Friedrich the Winter was in general tranquil; a Friedrich busy preparing all things for his grand Mähren Enterprise, and for “real work next year.” By and by there came to be real Peace-prospects instead. Meanwhile, the Austrians do try a little, in the small Pandour way, to dislodge him from the Upper-Silesian or Teschen regions, where the Erbprinz of Brunswick is in command; a man not to be pricked into gratis by Pandours. Erbprinz, accordingly, provoked by their Pandourings, broke out at last; and about Zuckmantel instantly scourged them home, and had peace after. Foiled here, they next tried upon Glatz; “Get into his Glatz Country, then;—a snatch of that will balance the account” (which was one of Newspaper glory only): and a certain Würmser of theirs, expert in such things, did burn the Town of Habelschwert one morning;¹ and tried farther, not wisely this time, a surprisal of Glatz Fortress itself; but got smitten home by our old friend General Wunsch, without profit there. This was the same Würmser who came to bad issues in the Napoleon time afterwards; a rising man then; not a dim Old-Newspaper ghost as now.

Most shameful this burning of Habelschwert by way of mere bravura, thinks Friedrich, in a time of actual Treaty for Peace, when our Congress of Teschen was just struggling to get together! It was the chief stroke done by the Austrians in this War; glorious or shameful, we will not think of inquiring. Nor in fact of adding one word more on such a War,—except, what everybody longs for, That, *November 27th, 1778*, Czarina Catharine, by her Prince Galitzin at Vienna, intervened in the matter, in a lofty way; and ended it. Czarina Catharine,—small thanks to her, it seems, for it was Friedrich that by his industries and world-diplomacies, French and other, had got

¹ “18th January, 1779” (Rödenbeck, iii. 195; Schmettau, &c.).

her Turks, who had been giving trouble again, eompesced into peace for her; and indeed, to Friedrich or his interests, though bound by Treaty, she had small regard in taking this step, but wished merely to appear in German Politics as a She-Jove,—Czarina Catharine signified, in high and peremptory though polite Diplomatic terms, at Vienna, “Imperial Madam, how long is such a War to last? Be at Peace, both of you; or—! I shall, however, mediate, if you like, being the hearty friend of both.”¹

“Do,” answers Maria Theresa, whose fiancée is quite out, whose motherly heart is almost broken, though a young Kaiser still pranecs violently, and kicks against the prieks: “Do, your noble Czarish Majesty; France too is interfering: France and you will decide what is just, and we will end.” “Congress of Teschen” met accordingly, *March 10th*, 1779: Teschen, in Austrian Silesia, where we have been;—Repnin as Russian, Breteuil the Frenchman, Cobentzl and Hertzberg as Austrian and Prussian;—and, *May 13th* (in two montls’ time, not in two weeks’, as had been expected, for there rose unexpected haggles), did elose everything, firm as Diplomaey could do it, into equitable, or approximately equitable finis: “Go home, you Austria; quit your stolen Bavaria (all but a rim or paring, Circle of Burghausen, since you must have something!): Saxony, Meeklenburg, these must be satisfied to moderate length; and therewith general *As-you-were*.”

Russia and France were agreed on the case; and Friedrich, bitterly longing to have done with it, had said to himself, “In two weeks or so:” but it proved far otherwise. Never were such haggles, provocations and unreasonable confusions as now rose. The burning of Habelschwert was but a type of them. Haggles on the part of worthless Karl Theodor, kindled by Joseph and his Kaunitz, kicking against the prieks. Haggles on Saxony’s part: “I elaimed £7,000,000 sterling, and you allow me £600,000.” “Better that than nothing,” answered Friedrich. Haggles with Meeklenburg: “Instead of my Leuchtenberg, I get an improvement in my Law-Courts, right of Judging without Appeal; what is that!” Haggles with

¹ Copy of Galitzin’s “Declaration,” in *Fischer*, ii. 406–411

the once grateful Duke of Zweibrück: "Can't part with my Burghausen." "Suppose you had had to part with your Bavaria altogether?" In short, Friedrich, who had gained nothing for himself, but such infinity of outlay in all kinds, never saw such a coil of human follies and cupidities before; and had to exhaust his utmost patience, submit to new losses of his own, and try all his dexterities in pig-driving: overjoyed, at last, to get out of it on any terms. Outlay of Friedrich is about Two Millions sterling, and above 10,000 men's lives (his own narrowly *not* included), with censures, criticisms, provocations and botherations without end. In return for which, he has, truly, put a spoke in Austria's proud wheel for this time, and managed to see fair play in the Reich; which had seemed to him, and seems, a considerable thing. By way of codicil, Austria agrees not to chicane him in regard to Anspach-Baireuth,—how generous of Austria, after this experience!—

In reality, the War was an Imaginary War; deserving on its own score little record anywhere; to readers here requiring almost less than it has got. Schmettau, Schöning and others have been abundantly minute upon it; but even to soldiers there is little either of interest or instruction; to us, all it yields is certain Anecdotes of Friedrich's temper and ways in that difficult predicament; which, as coming at first-hand, gathered for us by punctual authentic Schmettau, who was constantly about him, with eyes open and note-book ready, have a kind of worth in the Biographic point of view.

The Prussian Soldiery, of whom we see a type in Schmettau, were disgusted with this War, and called it, in allusion to the foraging, A scramble for potatoes, "*Der Kartoffel-Krieg*, The Potato War;" which is its common designation to this day. The Austrians, in a like humor, called it "*Zwetschken-Rummel*" (say "*Three-button Loo*"); a game not worth playing; especially not at such cost. Combined cost counted to have been in sum-total £4,350,000 and 20,000 men.¹ "The Prussian Army was full of ardor, never abler for fight" (insists Schmettau), which indeed seems to have been the fact on every small

¹ Preuss, iv. 115.

occasion; — “but fatally forbidden to try.” Not so fatally perhaps, had Schmettau looked beyond his epaulettes: was not the thing, by that slow method, got done? By the swifter method, awakening a new Seven-Years business, how infinitely costlier might it have been!

Schmettau’s *Narrative*, deducting the endless lamentings, especially the extensive didactic digressions, is very clear, ocular, exact; and, in contrast with Friedrich’s own, is really amusing to read. A Schmettau giving us, in his haggard light and oblique point of vision, the naked truth, *naked* and all in a shiver; a Friedrich striving to drape it a little, and make it comfortable to himself. Those bits of Anecdotes in *Schmettau*, clear, credible, as if we had seen them, are so many crevices through which it is curiously worth while to look.

CHAPTER VII.

MILLER ARNOLD’S LAWSUIT.

ABOUT the Second Law-Reform, after reading and again reading much dreary detail, I can say next to nothing, except that it is dated as beginning in 1776, near thirty years after Cocceji’s;¹ that evidently, by what causes is not stated, but may be readily enough conjectured (in the absence of Cocceji by death, and of a Friedrich by affairs of War), the abuses of Law had again become more or less unendurable to this King; that said abuses did again get some reform (again temporary, such the Law of Nature, which bids you sweep vigorously your kitchen, though it will next moment recommence the gathering of dirt upon it); and that, in fine, after some reluctance in the Law circles, and debating *pro* and *contra*, oral some of it, and

¹ “In 1748” Cocceji’s was completed; “in 1774–1775,” on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, Von Carmer, Chancellor of Silesia, knowing of the King’s impatience at the state of Law, presented successively Two *Memorials* on the subject; the Second of which began “4th January, 1776” to have visible fruit.

done in the King's presenee, who is so intent to be convinced and see his practieal way in it,¹—there was, as supplement to the mere Project or Theory of a *Codex Fredericianus* in Cocceji's time, an actual *Prussian Code* set about; Von Carmer, the Silesian Chancellor, the chief agent: and a First Folio, or a First and partly a Second of it, were brought out in Friedrich's lifetime, the remainder following in that of his Successor; which Code is ever since the Law of the Prussian Nation to this day.² Of its worth as a Code I have heard favorable opinions, comparatively favorable; but can myself say nothing: famed Savigny finds it superior in intelligence and law-knowledge to the *Code Napoléon*,—upon which indeed, and upon all Codes possible to poor hag-ridden and wig-ridden generations like ours, Savigny feels rather desperate. Unfortunate mortals do want to have their bits of lawsuits settled, nevertheless; and have, on trial, found even the ignorant *Code Napoléon* a mighty benefit in comparison to none!—

Readers all see how this Second Prussian Law-Reform was a thing important to Prussia, of liveliest interest to the then King of Prussia; and were my knowledge of it greater than it is, this is all I could hope to say of it that would be suitable or profitable at present. Let well-disposed readers take it up in their imaginations, as a fact and mass of facts, very serious there and then; and color with it in some degree those five or six last years of this King's life.

Connected with this Second Law-Reform, and indeed partially a source of it, or provocation to go on with it, mending your speed, there is one little Lawsuit, called the *Miller Arnold Case*, which made an immense noise in the world, and is still known by rumor to many persons, who would probably

¹ At Potsdam, "4th January, 1776," Debate, by solemn appointment, in the King's presence (King very unwell), between Silesian-Chancellor von Carmer and Grand-Chancellor von Fürst, as to the feasibility of Carmer's ideas; old Fürst strong in the negative;—King, after reflection, determining to go on nevertheless. (Rödenbeck, iii. 131, 133.)

² Not finished and promulgated till "5th February, 1794;" First Volume (containing *Prozess-Ordnung*, Form of Procedure, in all its important details) had come out "26th April, 1784" (Preuss, iii. 418-422).

be thankful, as certainly I myself should, for some intelligible word on it. In regard to which, and to which alone, in this place, we will permit ourselves a little more detail.

In the sandy moors towards the Silesian border of the Neumark, southwest of Züllichau, — where we once were, with Dictator Wedell, fighting the Russians in a tragic way, — there is, as was casually then indicated, on one of the poor Brooks trickling into Oder, a Mill called *Krebsmühle* (Crab-mill); Millers of which are a line of dusty Arnolds, laboriously for long generations grinding into meal the ryes, pulses, barleys of that dim region; who, and whose Crabmill, in the year 1779–1780, burst into a notoriety they little dreamt of, and became famous in the fashionable circles of this Universe, where an indistinct rumor of them lives to this day. We indicated Arnold and his Mill in Wedell's time; Wedell's scene being so remote and empty to readers: in fact, nobody knows on what paltriest of moors a memorable thing will not happen; — here, for instance, is withal the Birthplace of that Rhyming miracle, Frau Karsch (Karschin, Karchess as they call her), the Berlin literary Prodigy, to whom Friedrich was not so flush of help as had been expected. The child of utterly poor Peasants there; whose poverty, shining out as thrift, unweariable industry and stoical valor, is beautiful to me, still more their poor little girl's bits of fortunes, "tending three cows" in the solitudes there, and gazing wistfully into Earth and Heaven with her ingenuous little soul, — desiring mainly one thing, that she could get Books, any Book whatever; having half-accidentally picked up the art of reading, and finding hereabouts absolutely nothing to read. Frau Karsch, I have no doubt, knows the Crabmill right well; and can, to all permissible lengths, inform the Berlin Circles on this point.¹

¹ See *Jördens* (§ Karschin), ii. 607–640. An excellent Silesian Nobleman lifted her miraculously from the sloughs of misery, landed her from his travelling-carriage in the upper world of Berlin, "January, 1761" (age then thirty-nine, husband Karsch a wretched drunken Tailor at Glogau, who thereupon enlisted, and happily got shot or finished): Berlin's enthusiasm was, and continued to be, considerable; — Karschin's head, I fear, proved weakish, though

Crabmill is in Pommerzig Township, not far from Kay :— Züllichau, Kay, Palzig, Crossen, all come to speech again, in this Narrative; fancy how they turned up in Berlin dinner-circles, to Dietator Wedell, gray old gentleman, who is now these many years War-Minister, peaceable, and well accepted, but remembers the flamy youth he had. Landlord of these Arnolds and their Mill is Major Graf von Schmettau (no connection of our Schmettaus),—to what insignificantly small amount of rent, I could not learn on searching; £10 annually is a too liberal guess. Innumerable things, of no pertinency to us, are wearisomely told, and ever again told, while the pertinent are often missed out, in that dreary cart-load of Arnold Law-Papers, barely readable, barely intelligible, to the most patient intellect: with despatch let us fish up the small cardinal particles of it, and arrange in some chronological or human order, that readers may form to themselves an outline of the thing. In 1759, we mentioned that this Mill was going; Miller of it an old Arnold, Miller's Lad a young. Here is the subsequent succession of occurrences that concern us.

In 1762, Young Arnold, as I dimly gather, had got married, apparently a Wife with portion; bought the Mill from his Father, he and Wife co-possessors thenceforth; — “Rosine his Spouse” figuring jointly in all these Law-Papers; and the Spouse especially as a most shifty litigant. There they continue totally silent to mankind for about eight years. Happy the Nation, much more may we say the Household, “whose Public History is blank.” But in the eighth year,

In 1770, Freyherr Baron von Gersdorf in Kay, who lies farther up the stream, bethinks him of Fish-husbandry; makes a Fish-pond to himself, and for part supply thereof, lays some

her rhyming faculty was great. Friedrich saw her once, October, 1763, spoke kindly to her (*Dialogue* reported by herself, with a Chodowiecki *Engraving* to help, in the *Musen-Almanachs* ensuing); and gave her a £10, but never much more: — “somebody had done me ill with him,” thinks the Karschin (not thinking, “Or perhaps nobody but my poor self, and my weakness of head”). She continued rhyming and living — certain Principalities and High People still standing true — till “12th October, 1791.”

beam or weir across the poor Brook, and deducts a part of Arnold's water.

In 1773, the Arnolds fall into arrear of rent: "Want of water; Fish-pond spoils our water," plead they to Major Graf von Schmettau. "Prosecute Von Gersdorf, then," says Schmettau: "I must have my rent! You shall have time, lengthened terms; but pay *then*, or else—!" For four years the Arnolds tried more or less to pay, but never could, or never did completely: during which period Major von Schmettau had them up in his Court of Pommerzig,—manorial or feudal kind of Court; I think it is more or less his, though he does not sit there; and an Advocate, not of his appointing, though probably of his accepting, dispenses justice there. Schlecker is the Advocate's name; acquitted by all Official people of doing anything wrong. No appearance that the Herr Graf von Schmettau put hand to the balances of justice in this Court; with his *eye*, however, who knows but he might act on them more or less! And, at any rate, be suspected by distressed Arnolds, especially by a distressed Frau Arnold, of doing so. The Frau Arnold had a strong suspicion that way; and seems to have risen occasionally upon Schlecker, who did once order the poor woman to be locked up for contempt of Court: "Only two hours!" asseverates Schlecker afterwards; after which she came out cool and respectful to Court.

Not the least account survives of those procedures in Schlecker's Court; but by accident, after many readings, you light upon a little fact which does shed a transient ray over them. Namely, that already in 1775, four years before the Case became audible in Official circles, much more in general society, Frau Arnold had seized an opportunity, Majesty being at Crossen in those neighborhoods, and presented a Petition: "Oh, just King, appoint a *Military Commission* to investigate our business; impartial Officers will speedily find out the facts, and decide what is just!"¹ Which denotes an irritating experience in Schlecker's Court. Certain it is, Schlecker's Court did, in this tedious harassing way, decide against Frau Arnold in every point. "Pay Herr Graf von Schmettau, or

¹ Preuss, iii. 382.

else disappear; prosecute Von Gersdorf, if you like!" And, in fine, as the Arnolds could not pay up, nor see any daylight through prosecuting Baron von Gersdorf, the big gentleman in Kay,—Schlecker, after some five years of this, decreed Sale of the Mill:—and sold it was. In Züllichau, September 7th, 1778, there is Auction of the Mill; Herr Landeinnnehmer (*Cess-Collector*) Kuppisch bought it; knocked down to him for the moderate sum of 600 thalers, or £90 sterling, and the Arnolds are an ousted family. "September 7th,"—Potato-War just closing its sad Campaign; to-morrow, march for Trautenau, thirty horses to a gun.—

The Arnolds did make various attempts and appeals to the Neumark *Regierung* (College of Judges); but it was without the least result. "Schlecker right in every point; Gersdorf right," answered the College: "go, will you!" A Mill forfeited by every Law, and fallen to the highest bidder. Cess-Collector Kuppisch, it was soon known, had sold his purchase to Von Gersdorf: "Hah!" said the rural public, smelling something bad. Certain it is, Von Gersdorf is become proprietor both of Pond and Mill; and it is not to the ruined Arnolds that Schlecker law can seem an admirable sample.

And truly, reading over those barrow-loads of pleadings and *relationes*, one has to admit that, taken as a reason for seeing oneself ruined, and one's Mill become the big gentleman's who fancies carp, they do seem considerably insufficient. The Law-Pleadings are duly voluminous. Barrow-loads of them, dréariest reading in Creation, remain; going into all manner of questions, proving, from Grotius and others, that landlords have rights upon private rivers, and another sort upon public ditto; that Von Gersdorf, by Law of 1566, had verily the right to put down his Fish-pond,—whether Schmettau the duty to indemnify Arnold for the same? that is not touched upon: nor, singular to say, is it anywhere made out, or attempted to be made out, How much of water Arnold lost by the Pond, much less what degree of real impediment, by loss of his own time, by loss of his customers (tired of such waiting on a mill), Arnold suffered by the Pond. This, which you

would have thought the soul of the matter, is absolutely left out; altogether unsettled,—after, I think, four, or at least three, express Commissions had sat on it, at successive times, with the most esteemed hydraulic sages opining and examining;—and remains, like the part of Hamlet, omitted by particular desire. No wonder Frau Arnold begged for a Military Commission; that is to say, a decision from rational human creatures, instead of juridical wigs proceeding at this rate.

It was some time in 1775 that Rosine (what we reckoned a very elucidative point!) had given in her Petition to the King at Crossen, showing how ill Schlecker was using them. She now, “about Mayday, 1779,” in a new Petition, referred to that, and again begged a Commission of Soldier-people to settle it. May 4th, 1779, —King not yet home, but coming,¹—King’s Cabinet, on Order, “*sends* this to Justice-Department;” nothing *said* on it, the existence of the Petition sufficiently *saying*. Justice-Department thereupon demands the Law-Records, documentary Narrative of *res* Arnold, from Cüstrin; finds all right: “Peace, ye Arnolds; what would you have?”²

Same year, 1779 (no express date), Grand-Chancellor von Fürst, being at Cüstrin, officially examining the condition of Law-matters, Frau Arnold failed not to try there also with a Petition: “Sec, great Law-gentleman come to reform abuses, can that possibly be Law; or if so, is it not Injustice as well?” “Tush!” answered Fürst;—for I believe Law-people, ever since this new stringency of Royal vigilance upon them, are plagued with such complaints from Dorfships and dark greedy Peasant people; “Tush!” and flung it promptly into his waste-basket.

Is there no hope at all, then? Arnold remembers that a Brother of his is a Prussian soldier; and that he has for Colonel, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, a Princee always kind to the poor. The Leopold Regiment lies at Frankfurt: try Princee Leopold by that channel. Princee Leopold listened;—the Soldier Arnold probably known to him as rational and respectable. Prince Leopold now likewise applies to Fürst: “A defect, not of Law, Herr Kanzler, but of Equity, there does seem. Schmettau

¹ “Arrived at Berlin May 27th” (Rödenbeck. iii. 201). ² Preuss, iii. 382.

had a right to his rent; Von Gersdorf, by Deed of 1566, to his Pond: but the Arnolds had not water, and have lost their Mill. Could not there," suggests Leopold, "be appointed, without noise of any kind, a Commission of neutral people, strangers to the Neumark, to search this matter to the actual root of it, and let Equity ensue?" To whom also Fürst answers, though in a politer shape, "Tush, Durchlaucht! Every man to his trade!"

So that Prince Leopold himself, the King's own Nephew, proves futile? Some think Leopold did, this very Autumn, casually, or as if casually, mention the matter to the King,—whose mind is uneasily awake to all such cases, knowing what a buckram set his Lawyers are. "At the Reviews," as these people say, Leopold could not have done it; there being, this Year, no Reviews, merely return of King and Army from the Bavarian War. But during August, and on into September this Year, it is very evident, there was a Visit of the Brunswick Family at Potsdam,¹ Leopold's Mamma and certain of his Brothers,—of which, Colonel Prince Leopold, though not expressly mentioned in the Books, may very possibly have been permitted, for a day or two, to form part, for Mamma's behoof and his own; and may have made his casual observation, at some well-chosen moment, with the effect intended. In which case, Leopold was by no means futile, but proved, after all, to be the saving clause for the Arnolds.

Gallant young fellow, one loves to believe it of him; and to add it to the one other fact now known of him, which was also beautiful, though tragic. Six years after, Spring, 1785, Oder River, swollen by rains, was in wild deluge; houses in the suburbs like to be washed away. Leopold, looking on it from the Bridge or shore, perhaps partly with an Official eye, saw the inhabitants of some houses like to be drowned; looked wildly for assistance, but found none; and did, himself, in uncontrollable pity, dash off in a little boat, through the wild-eddying surges; and got his own death there, himself drowned in struggling to save others. Which occasioned loud lamentation in the world; in his poor Mother's heart what unnamable

¹ Rördenbeck, iii. 206 et seq.

voiceless lamentation!¹ He had founded a Garrison School at Frankfurt; spared no expenditure of pains or of money. A man adored in Frankfurt. "His Brother Friedrich, in memory of him, presented, next year, the Uniform in which Leopold was drowned, to the Freemason Lodge of Berlin, of which he had been member."² *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

But to return to the Arnolds, and have done with them: for we are now, by Leopold's help or otherwise, got to the last act of that tedious business.

August 21st, 1779 (these high Brunswickers still at Potsdam, if that had any influence), the Arnolds again make Petition to the King: "Alas, no justice yet, your Majesty!" "Shall we never see the end of this, then?" thinks the King: "some Soldier, with human eyes, let him, attended by one of their Law-wigs, go upon the ground; and search it!" And, next day, having taken Protocol of the Arnold Complaint, issues Cabinet-Order, or King's Message to the Cüstrin Law-wigs: "Colonel Heucking [whose regiment lies in Züllichau district, a punctual enough man], he shall be the Soldier; to whom do *you* adjoin what member of your Court you think the fittest: and let, at last, justice be done. And swift, if you please!"

The Cüstrin Regierung, without delay, name *Regierungs-Rath* Neumann; who is swiftly ready, as is Colonel Heucking swiftly,—and they two set out together up the Pommerzig Brook, over that moor Country; investigating, pondering, hearing witnesses, and no doubt consulting, and diligently endeavoring to get to the bottom of this poor Arnold question. For how many September days, I know not: everybody knows, however, that they could not agree; in other words, that they saw *two* bottoms to it,—the Law gentleman one bottom, the Soldier another. "True bottom is already there," argued the Law gentleman: "confirm Decision of Court in every point." "No; Arnold has lost water, has suffered wrong," thinks

¹ Friedrich's Letter to her: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 351 ("12th May, 1785").

² *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 24.

Heucking; "that is the true bottom." And so they part, each with his own opinion. Neumann affirmed afterwards, that the Colonel came with a predetermination that way, and even that he said, once or oftener, in his eagerness to persuade: "His Majesty has got it into his thought; there will be nothing but trouble if you persist in that notion." To which virtuous Neumann was deaf. Neumann also says, The Colonel, acquainted with Austrian enemies, but not with Law, had brought with him his Regiment's-Auditor, one Bech, formerly a Law-practitioner in Crossen (readers know Crossen, and Ex-Dictator Wedell does), — Law-practitioner in Crossen; who had been in strife with the Cüstrin *Regierung*, under rebuke from them (too importunate for some of his pauper clients, belike); was a cunning fellow too, and had the said *Regierung* in ill-will. An adroit fellow Bech might be, or must have been; but his now office of Regiment's-Auditor is certificate of honesty, — good, at least, against Neumann.

Neumann's Court was silent about these Neumann surmises; but said afterwards, "Heucking had not gone to the bottom of the thing." This was in a subsequent report, some five or six weeks subsequent. Their present report they redacted to the effect, "All correct as it stood," without once mentioning Heucking. Gave it in, 27th September; by which time Heucking's also was in, and had made a strong impression on his Majesty. Presumably an honest, intelligible report; though, by ill-luck for the curious, it is now lost; among the barrow-loads of vague wigged stuff, this one Piece, probably human, is not to be discovered.

Friedrich's indignation at the Cüstrin report, "Perfectly correct as it stood," and no mention of Heucking or his dissent, was considerable: already, 27th September, — that is, on the very day while those Cüstrin people were signing their provoking report, — Friedrich, confident in Heucking, had transmitted to his Supreme Board of Justice (*Kammergericht*) the impartial Heucking's account of the affair, with order, "See there, an impartial human account, clear and circumstantial (*deutliches und ganz umständliches*), going down to the true roots of the business: swift, get me justice for these

Arnolds!"¹ Scarcely was this gone, when, September 29th, the Cüstrin impertinence, "Perfectly right as it stood," came to hand; kindling the King into hot provocation; "extreme displeasure, *äusserstes Misfallen*," as his Answer bore: "Rectify me all that straightway, and relieve these Arnolds of their injuries!" You Pettifogging Pedant Knaves, bring that Arnold matter to order, will you; you had better!—

The Cüstrin Knaves, with what feelings I know not, proceed accordingly; appoint a new Commission, one or more Lawyers in it, and at least one Hydraulic Gentleman in it, Schade the name of him; who are to go upon the ground, hear witnesses and the like. Who went accordingly; and managed, not too fast, Hydraulic Schade rather disagreeing from the Legal Gentlemen, to produce a Report, reported *upon* by the Cüstrin Court, 28th October: "That there is one error found: £6 12s. as value of corn *left*, clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold; that, with this improvement, all is *now* correct to the uttermost; and that Heucking had not investigated things to the bottom." By some accident, this Report did not come at once to Friedrich, or had escaped his attention; so that—

November 21st, matters hanging fire in this way, Frau Arnold applies again, by Petition to his Majesty; upon which is new Royal Order,² far more patient than might have been expected: "In God's name, rectify me that Arnold matter, and let us at last see the end of it!" To which the Cüstriners answer: "All is rectified, your Majesty. Frau Arnold, in her Petition, has not mentioned that she gained £6 12s.;"—important item that; £6 12s. for *corn left* (clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold)! "Our sentence we cannot alter; a Court's sentence is alterable only by appeal; your Majesty decides where the appeal is to lie!" Friedrich's patience is now wearing out; but he does not yet give way: "Berlin Kammergericht be your Appeal Court," decides he, 28th November: and will admit of no delay on the Kammergericht's part either "Papers all at Cüstrin, say you? Send for them by express; they will come in one day: be swift, I say!"

Chancellor Fürst is not a willing horse in this case; but he

¹ Preuss, iii. 489.

² Ib. iii. 490.

is obliged to go. December 7th, Kammergericht sits on the Arnold Appeal; Kammergericht's view is: "Cüstrin papers all here, not the least delay permitted; you, Judge Rannsleben, take these Papers to you; down upon them: let us, if humanly possible, have a Report by to-morrow." Rannsleben takes the Papers in hand December 7th; works upon them all day, and all night following, at a rate of energy memorable among Legal gentlemen; and December 8th attends with lucid Report upon them, or couple of Reports; one on Arnold *versus* Schmettau, in six folios; one on Arnold *versus* Gersdorf, in two ditto; draws these two Documents from his pocket December 8th; reads them in assembled Court (six of the Judges present¹), — which, with marked thankfulness to the swift Rannsleben, at once adopts his Report, and pronounces upon the Cüstrin Rathes, "Right in every particular." Witness our hands: every one affixing his signature, as to a matter happily got done with.

It was Friday, 10th December, 1779, before Friedrich got this fine bit of news; Saturday 11th, before he authentically saw their Sentence. He is lying miserably ill of gout in the Schloss of Berlin; and I suppose, since his Father, of blessed memory, took cudgel to certain Judges and knocked out teeth from them, and broke the judicial crowns, nobody in that Schloss has been in such humor against men of Law. "Attend me here at 2 P.M. with the Three Rathes who signed in Arnold's Case:" Saturday, about 11 A.M., Chancellor Fürst receives this command; gets Rannsleben, and two others, Friedel, Graun, — and there occurred such a scene — But it will be better to let Rannsleben himself tell the story; who has left an *Autobiography*, punctually correct, to all appearance, but except this alone notable passage of it, still unpublished, and like to continue so: —

"Berlin, Tuesday, 7th December, 1779," says Rannsleben (let him tell it again in his own words), "the *Acta*, which had arrived from Cüstrin *in re* Miller Arnold and his Wife *versus*

¹ Preuss, iii. 496.

Landrath von Gersdorf, as also those, in the same matter, *versus* Count von Schmettau, were assigned to me, to be reported on *quàm primum* ; — our President von Rebeur," President of the Supreme *Kammergericht* (King's-Chamber Tribunal, say Exchequer High Court, or *Collegium*), whereof I have the honor to be one of the Seven Judges, or *Raths*, — "our President von Rebeur enjoining me to make such utmost despatch that my Report on both these sets of Papers might be read to the assembled Court next day ; whereby said Court might then and there be enabled to pronounce judgment on the same. I at once set to work ; went on with it all night ; and on the morrow I brought both my Reports (*Relationes*)," — one referring to the Gersdorf, the other to the Schmettau part of the suit, — "one of six sheets, the other of two sheets, to the *Kammergericht* ; where both *Relationes* were read. There were present, besides me, the following six members of the *Collegium* : President von Rebeur, *Raths* Uhl, Friedel, Kircheisen, Graun, Gässler.

"Appellant," as we all know, "was Miller Arnold ; and along with the *Acta* were various severe Cabinet-Orders, in which the King, who had taken quite particular notice of the Case, positively enjoined, That Miller Arnold should have justice done him. The King had not, however, given formally any authoritative Decision of his own (*keinen eigentlichen Machtspruch gethan*)," which might have given us pause, though not full-stop by any means : "but, in his Order to the *Kammergericht*, had merely said, we were to decide with the utmost despatch, and then at once inform his Majesty how." With the speed of light or of thought, Rannsleben hardly done reading, this *Kammergericht* decided, — it is well known how : "In the King's name ; right in every particular, you Cüstrin Gentlemen ; — which be so good as publish to parties concerned !"

Report of *Kammergericht*'s Judgment to this effect, for behoof of Cüstrin, was at once got under way ; and *Kammergericht*, in regard to his Majesty, agreed merely to announce the fact in that quarter : "Judgment arrived at, please your Majesty ; — Judgment already under way for Cüstrin : " —

you, Rannsleben, without saying what the Judgment is, you again write for us. And Rannsleben does so; writes the above little Message to his Majesty, "which got to the King's hand, Friday, December 10th. And the same day," continues Rannsleben, "the King despatched a very severe Cabinet-Order to Minister von Dörnberg,"—head of the Department to which the Kammergericht belongs,— "demanding a Copy of the Judgment. Which order was at once obeyed.

"Hereupon, on Saturday, about 11 A.M., there came to Grand-Chancellor von Fürst," sublime head of us and of all Lawyers, "a Cabinet-Order, 'Appear before me here, this day, at 2 o'clock; and bring with you your Three Kammergericht Rathes who drew up (*minutirt*) the Judgment in the Arnold Case.'" Message bodeful to Fürst and the three Rathes.

"*Nota*," says Rannsleben here, "the King is under the impression that, in judging a Case, Three Rathes are always employed, and therefore demands Three of us. But, properly, all the above-named Six *Membra Collegii*, besides myself, ought to have gone to the Palace, or else I alone." On some points an ill-informed King. Rannsleben continues:—

"President von Rebeur came to me in his carriage, at a quarter to 12; told me of the King's Order; and said, as the King demanded only Three Rathes, there was nothing for it but to name me and Rathes Friedel and Kircheisen, my usual partners in Judgment business. Finding, however, on looking into the Sentence itself, that Kircheisen was not amongst the signers of it, he [Rebeur] named, instead of him, Rath Graun, who was. For the Herr President apprehended the King might demand to see our Sentence *in Originali*, and would then be angry that a person had been sent to him who had not signed the same. President von Rebeur instructed me farther, That I, as Reporter in the Case, was to be spokesman at the Palace; and should explain to his Majesty the reasons which had weighed with the Kammergericht in coming to such decision.

"To my dear Wife I," as beseemed a good husband, "said nothing of all this; confiding it only to my Father-in-law, who tried to cheer me. Nor, indeed, did I feel any fear within

me, being persuaded in my conscience that, in this decision of the Arnold Case, I had proceeded according to the best of my knowledge and conviction.

“At 1 o’clock I drove to the Grand-Chancellor’s, where I found the Rath Friedel and Graun already arrived. The Chancellor,” old Fürst, “instructed us as to what we had to do when we came before the King. And then, towards 2 o’clock, he took us in his carriage to the Palace. We entered the room immediately at the end of the Great Hall. Here we found a heyduc [tall porter], by whom the Chancellor announced to the King that we were here. Heyduc soon came back to inquire, Whether the *Cabinets-Rath* Stellter, “a Secretary or Short-hand writer of his Majesty’s,” had arrived yet; and whether we [*we*, what a doubt!] were Privy Counsellors. We were then shortly after shown in to the King. We passed through three rooms, the second of which was that in which stands the *Confidenz Tafel* [Table that goes by pulleys through the floor, and comes up refurnished, when you wish to be specially private with your friends]. In the fourth, a small room with one window, was the King. The Chancellor walked first; I followed him close; behind me came the Rath Friedel, and then Graun. Some way within, opposite the door, stood a screen; with our backs to this,” the Kingward side of this. “we ranged ourselves,” — in respectful row of Four, Fürst at the inward end of us (right or left is no matter). “The King sat in the middle of the room, so that he could look point-blank at us; he sat with his back to the chimney, in which there was a fire burning. He had on a worn hat, of the clerical shape [old-military in fact, not a shovel at all]; *cassaquin*,” short dressing-gown, “of red-brown (*mordoré*) velvet; black breeches, and boots which came quite up over the knee. His hair was not dressed. Three little benchlets or stools, covered with green cloth, stood before him, on which he had his feet lying [terribly ill of gout]. In his lap he had a sort of muff, with one of his hands in it, which seemed to be giving him great pain. In the other hand he held our Sentence on the Arnold Case. He lay reclining (*lag*) in an easy-chair; at his left stood a table, with various papers on it, — and two gold

snuffboxes, rich set with brilliants, from which he kept taking snuff now and then.

“Besides us, there was present in the room the Cabinets-Rath Stellter [of the short-hand], who stood at a desk, and was getting ready for writing. The King looked at us, saying, ‘Come nearer!’ Whereupon we advanced another step, and were now within less than two steps of him. He addressed himself to us three Rathes, taking no notice at all of the Grand-Chancellor:—

King. “‘Is it you who drew up the judgment in the Arnold case?’

We (especially I, with a bow). “‘Yea.’

“The King then turned to the Rath Friedel [to Friedel, as the central figure of the Three, perhaps as the portliest, though poor Friedel, except signing, had little cognizance of the thing, in which not he but Rannleben was to have been spokesman], and addressed to Friedel those questions, of which, with their answers, there is Protocol published, under Royal authority, in the Berlin newspapers of December 14th, 1779;”¹ Short-hand Stellter taking down what was said,—quite accurately, testifies Rannleben. From Stellter (that is to say from the “Protocol” just mentioned), or from Stellter and Rannleben together, we continue the Dialogue:—

King to Friedel [in the tone of a Rhadamanthus suffering from gout]. “‘To give sentence against a Peasant from whom you have taken wagon, plough and everything that enables him to get his living, and to pay his rent and taxes: is that a thing that can be done?’

Friedel (and the two Mutes, bowing). “‘No.’

King. “‘May a Miller who has no water, and consequently cannot grind, and, therefore, not earn anything, have his mill taken from him, on account of his not having paid his rent: is that just?’

Friedel (and Mutes as aforesaid). “‘No.’

¹ *Von seiner Königlichen Majestät Höchstselbst angehaltenes Protocoll*: “Protocol [Minute of Proceedings] held by Royal Majesty’s Highest-self, on the 11th December, 1779, concerning the three Kammergerichts-Raths, Friedel, Graun and Rannleben;” in *Preuss*, iii. 495.

King. “ ‘But here now is a Nobleman, wishing to make a Fish-pond : to get more water for his Pond, he has a ditch dug, to draw into it the water from a small stream which drives a water-mill. Thereby the Miller loses his water, and cannot grind; or, at most, can only grind in the spring for the space of a fortnight, and late in the autumn, perhaps another fortnight. Yet, in spite of all this, it is pretended that the Miller shall pay his rent quite the same as at the time when he had full water for his mill. Of course, he cannot pay his rent; his incomings are gone! And what does the Cüstrin Court of Justice do? It orders the mill to be sold, that the Nobleman may have his rent. And the Berlin Tribunal’ ” — Chancellor Fürst, standing painfully mute, unspoken to, unnoticed hitherto, more like a broomstick than a Chancellor, ventures to strike in with a syllable of emendation, a small correction, of these words “Berlin Tribunal” —

Fürst (suggestively). “ ‘Kammergericht [mildly suggestive, and perhaps with something in his tone which means, “I am not a broomstick!”]: Kammergericht!’ ”

King (to short-hand Steller). “ ‘Kammergerichts-Tribunal: — [then to Fürst] Go you, Sir, about your business, on the instant! Your Successor is appointed; with you I have nothing more to do. Disappear!’ ” — “Ordered,” says Official Rannleben, “ordered the Grand-Chancellor, in very severe terms, To be gone! telling him that his Successor was already appointed. Which order Herr von Fürst, without saying a word, hastily obeyed, passing in front of us three, with the utmost speed.” In front, — screen, I suppose, not having room behind it, — and altogether vanishes from Friedrich’s History; all but some *ghost* of him (so we may term it), which reappears for an instant once, as will be noticed.

King (continues to Friedel, not in a lower tone probably): — “ ‘the Kammergerichts-Tribunal confirms the same. That is highly unjust; and such Sentence is altogether contrary to his Majesty’s landsfatherly intentions: — my name [you give it, “In the King’s Name,” forsooth] cruelly abused!’ ”

So far is set forth in the “Royal Protocol printed next Tuesday,” as well as in Rannleben. But from this point, the

Dialogue — if it can be called Dialogue, being merely a rebuke and expectoration of Royal wrath against Friedel and his 'Two, who are all mute, so far as I can learn, and stand like criminals in the dock, feeling themselves unjustly condemned — gets more and more into conflagration, and cannot be distinctly reported. “*My* name to such a thing! When was I found to oppress a poor man for love of a rich? To follow wiggeries and forms with solemn attention, careless what became of the internal fact? Act of 1566, allowing Gersdorf to make his Pond? Like enough; — and Arnold's loss of water, that is not worth the ascertaining; you know not yet what it was, some of you even say it was nothing; care not whether it was anything. Could Arnold grind, or not, as formerly? What is Act of 1566, or any or all Acts, in comparison? Wretched mortals, had you wigs a fathom long, and Law-books on your back, and Acts of 1566 by the hundredweight, what could it help, if the right of a poor man were left by you trampled under foot? What is the meaning of your sitting there as Judges? Dispensers of Right in God's Name and mine? I will make an example of you which shall be remembered: — Out of my sight!” Whereupon *exeunt* in haste, all Three, — though not far, not home, as will be seen.

Only the essential sense of all this, not the exact terms, could (or should) any Stellter take in short-hand; and in the Protocol it is decorously omitted altogether. Rammsleben merely says: “The King farther made use of very strong expressions against us,” — too strong to be repeated, — “and, at last, dismissed us without saying what he intended to do with us. We had hardly left the room, when he followed us, ordering us to wait. The King, during the interview with us, held the Sentence, of my composition, in his hand; and seemed particularly irritated about the circumstance of the judgment being pronounced in his name, as is the usual form. He struck the paper again and again with his other hand,” — heat of indignation quite extinguishing gout, for the moment, — “exclaiming at the same time repeatedly, ‘Cruelly abused my name (*meinen Namen cruel missbraucht*)!’”¹ — We will

¹ Preuss, iii. 495-498.

now give the remaining part of the Protocol (what directly follows the above *catechetical* or *Dialogue* part before that caught fire), — as taken down by Stellter, and read in all the Newspapers next Tuesday: —

“*Protocol* [of December 11th, Title already given;’ Docketing adds], *which is to be printed.*”

. . . (*Catechetics as above, — and then*): “The King’s desire always is and was, That everybody, be he high or low, rich or poor, get prompt justice; and that, without regard of person or rank, no subject of his fail at any time of impartial right and protection from his Courts of Law.

“Wherefore, with respect to this most unjust Sentence against the Miller Arnold of the Pommerzig Crabmill, pronounced in the Neumark, and confirmed here in Berlin, his Majesty will establish an emphatic example (*ein nachdrückliches Exempel statuiren*); to the end that all Courts of Justice, in all the King’s Provinces, may take warning thereby, and not commit the like glaring unjust acts. For, let them bear in mind, That the least peasant, yea, what is still more, that even a beggar, is, no less than his Majesty, a human being, and one to whom due justice must be meted out. All men being equal before the Law, if it is a prince complaining against a peasant, or *vice versa*, the prince is the same as the peasant before the Law; and, on such occasions, pure justice must have its course, without regard of person: Let the Law-Courts, in all the Provinces, take this for their rule. And whenever they do not carry out justice in a straightforward manner, without any regard of person and rank, but put aside natural fairness, — then they shall have to answer his Majesty for it (*sollen sie es mit Seiner Königlichen Majestät zu thun kriegen*). For a Court of Law doing injustice is more dangerous and pernicious than a band of thieves: against these one can protect oneself; but against rogues who make use of the cloak of justice to accomplish their evil passions, against such no man can guard himself. These are worse than the greatest knaves the world contains, and deserve double punishment.

¹ *Suprà*, p. 439 n.

“For the rest, be it also known to the various Courts of Justice, That his Majesty has appointed a new Grand-Chancellor.” Fürst dismissed. “Yet his Majesty will not the less look sharply with his own eyes after the Law-proceedings in all the Provinces; and he commands you” — that is, all the Law-courts — “urgently herewith: *Firstly*,” — which is also lastly, — “to proceed to deal equally with all people seeking justice, be it prince or peasant; for, there, all must be alike. However, if his Majesty, at any time hereafter, come upon a fault committed in this regard, the guilty Courts can now imagine beforehand how they will be punished with rigor, President as well as Raths, who shall have delivered a judgment so wicked and openly opposed to justice. Which all Colleges of Justice in all his Majesty’s Provinces are particularly to take notice of.”

“*Mem.* By his Majesty’s special command, measures are taken that this Protocol be inserted in all the Berlin Journals.”¹

The remainder of Rannsleben’s Narrative is beautifully brief and significant. — “We had hardly left the room,” said he *suprà*, “when the King followed us,” lame as he was, with a fulminant “Wait there!” Rannsleben continues: “Shortly after came an Aide-de-Camp, who took us in a carriage to the common Town-prison, the Kalandshof; here two Corporals and two Privates were set to guard us. On the 13th December, 1779,” third day of our arrest, “a Cabinet-Order was published to us, by which the King had appointed a Commission of Inquiry; but had, at the same time, commanded beforehand that the Sentence should not be less than a year’s confinement in a fortress, dismissal from office, and payment of compensation to the Arnold people for the losses they had sustained.” Which certainly was a bad outlook for us.

Precisely the same has befallen our Brethren of Cüstrin; all suddenly packed into Prison, just while reading our Approval of them; — there they sit, their Sentence to be like

¹ In *Berlin’sche Nachrichten von Staats und Gelehrten Sachen*, No. 149, “Tuesday, 14th December, 1779.” Preuss, iii. 494.

ours. "Our arrest in the Kalandshof lasted from 11th December, 1779, till 5th January, 1780," three weeks and three days, — when (with Two Exceptions, to be noted presently) we were all, Kammergerichters and Cüstriners alike, transferred to Spandau.

I spoke of what might be called a ghost of Kanzler Fürst once revisiting the glimpses of the Moon, or Sun if there were any in the dismal December days. This is it, witness one who saw it: "On the morning of December 12th, the day after the Grand-Chancellor's dismissal, the Street in which he lived was thronged with the carriages of callers, who came to testify their sympathy, and to offer their condolence to the fallen Chancellor. The crowd of carriages could be seen from the windows of the King's Palace." The same young Legal Gentleman, by and by a very old one, who, himself one of the callers at the Ex-Chancellor's house that day, saw this, and related it in his old age to Herr Preuss,¹ remembers and relates also this other significant fact: —

"During the days that followed" the above event and Publication of the Royal Protocol, "I often crossed, in the forenoon, the Esplanade in front of the Palace (*Schlossplatz*), at that side where the King's apartments were; the same which his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince now [1833] occupies. I remember that here, on that part of the Esplanade which was directly under Friedrich's windows, there stood constantly numbers of Peasants, not ten or twelve, but as many as a hundred at a time; all with Petitions in their hands, which they were holding up towards the window; shouting, 'Please his Majesty to look at these; we have been still worse treated than the Arnolds!' And indeed, I have understood the Law-Courts, for some time after, found great difficulty to assert their authority: the parties against whom judgment went, taking refuge in the Arnold precedent, and appealing direct to the King."

Far graver than this Spectre of Fürst, Minister Zedlitz hesitates, finally refuses, to pronounce such a Sentence as the

¹ Preuss, iii. 499, 500.

King orders on these men of Law! Estimable, able, eonseientious Zedlitz; zealous on Education matters, too; — whom I always like for contriving to attend a Course of Kant's Lectures, while 500 miles away from him (actual Course in Königsberg University, by the illustrious Kant; every Lecture punctually taken in short-hand, and transmitted to Berlin, post after post, for the busy man).¹ Here is now some painful Correspondence between the King and him, — painful, yet pleasant: —

King to Minister von Zedlitz, who has alarming Doubts (Berlin, 28th December, 1779). — “Your Report of the 20th instant in regard to Judgment on the arrested Rathes has been received. But do you think I don't understand your Advocate fellows and their quirks; or how they can polish up a bad cause, and by their hyperboles exaggerate or extenuate as they find fit? The Goose-quill class (*Federzeug*) can't look at facts. When Soldiers set to investigate anything, on an order given, they go the straight way to the kernel of the matter; upon which, plenty of objections from the Goose-quill people! — But you may assure yourself I give more belief to an honest Officer, who has honor in the heart of him, than to all your Advocates and sentencees. I perceive well they are themselves afraid, and don't want to see any of their fellows punished.

“If, therefore, you will not obey my Order, I shall take another in your place who will; for depart from it I will not. You may tell them that. And know, for your part, that such miserable jargon (*miserabel Styl*) makes not the smallest impression on me. Hereby, then, you are to guide yourself: and merely say whether you will follow my Order or not; for I will in no wise fall away from it. I am your well-affectioned King, — FRIEDRICH.”

Marginal (in Autograph). — “My Gentleman [you, Herr von Zedlitz, with your dubitatings] won't make me believe black is white. I know the Advocate sleight-of-hand, and won't be taken in. An example has become necessary here, — those Scoundrels (*Canaille*) having so enormously misused my name, to practise arbitrary and unheard-of injustices. A

¹ Kuno Fischer, *Kant's Leben* (Mannheim, 1860), pp. 34, 35.

Judge that goes upon chicaning is to be punished more severely than a highway Robber. For you have trusted to the one; you are on your guard against the other."

Zedlitz to the King (Berlin, 31st December, 1779). — "I have at all times had your Royal Majesty's favor before my eyes as the supreme happiness of my life, and have most zealously endeavored to merit the same: but I should recognize myself unworthy of it, were I capable of an undertaking contrary to my conviction. From the reasons indicated by myself, as well as by the Criminal-Senate [Paper of reasons fortunately lost], your Majesty will deign to consider that I am unable to draw up a condemnatory Sentence against your Majesty's Servants-of-Justice now under arrest on account of the Arnold Affair. Your Majesty's till death, — VOX ZEDLITZ."

King to Zedlitz (Berlin, 1st January, 1780). — "My dear State's-Minister Freiherr von Zedlitz, — It much surprises me to see, from your Note of yesterday, that you refuse to pronounce a judgment on those Servants-of-Justice arrested for their conduct in the Arnold Case, according to my Order. If you, therefore, will not, I will; and do it as follows: —

"1°. The Cüstrin Regierungs-Rath Scheibler, who, it appears in evidence, was of an opposite opinion to his Colleagues, and voted That the man up-stream had *not* a right to cut off the water from the man down-stream; and that the point, as to Arnold's wanting water, should be more closely and strictly inquired into, — he, Scheibler, shall be set free from his arrest, and go back to his post at Cüstrin. And in like manner, Kammergerichts-Rath Rannsleben — who has evidently given himself faithful trouble about the cause, and has brought forward with a quite visible impartiality all the considerations and dubieties, especially about the condition of the water and the alleged hurtfulness of the Pond — is absolved from arrest.

"2°. As for the other arrested Servants-of-Justice, they are one and all dismissed from office (*cassirt*), and condemned to one year's Fortress-Arrest. Furthermore, they shall pay to Arnold the value of his Mill, and make good to him, out of

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their own pocket, all the loss and damage he has suffered in this business; the Neumark *Kammer* (Revenue-Board) to tax and estimate the same. [Damage came to 1,358 thalers, 11 groschen, 1 pfennig, — that is, £203 14s. and some pence and farthings; the last farthing of which was punctually paid to Arnold, within the next eight months;] ¹ — so that

“3°. The Miller Arnold shall be completely put as he was (*in integrum restituit*).

“And in such way must the matter, in all branches of it, be immediately proceeded with, got ready, and handed in for my Completion (*Vollziehung*) by Signature. Which you, therefore, will take charge of, without delay. For the rest, I will tell you farther, that I am not ill pleased to know you on the side you show on this occasion [as a man that will not go against his conscience], and shall see, by and by, what I can farther do with you. [Left him where he was, as the best thing.] Whereafter you are accordingly to guide yourself. And I remain otherwise your well-affectioned King, FRIEDRICH.” ²

This, then, is an impartial account of the celebrated passage between Friedrich and the Lawyers known by the name of “the *Miller-Arnold Case*,” which attracted the notice of all Europe, — just while the decennium of the French Revolution was beginning. In Russia, the Czarina Catharine, the friend of Philosophers, sent to her Senate a copy of Friedrich’s *Protocol of December 11th*, as a noteworthy instance of Royal supreme judicature. In France, Prints in celebration of it, — “one Print by Vangelisti, entitled *Balance de Frédéric*,” — were exhibited in shop-windows, expounded in newspapers, and discoursed of in drawing-rooms. The Case brought into talk again an old Miller Case of Friedrich’s, which had been famous above thirty years ago, when Sans-Souci was getting built. Readers know it: Potsdam Miller, and his obstinate Windmill, which still grinds on its knoll in those localities, and would not, at any price, become part of the King’s Gardens. “Not at any price?” said the King’s agent: “Cannot the King take it from you for nothing, if he chose?” “Have n’t we the

¹ Preuss, iii. 409.² Ib. iii. 519, 520; see ib. 405 n.

Kammergericht at Berlin!" answered the Miller. To Friedrich's great delight, as appears; — which might render the Windmill itself a kind of ornament to his Gardens thenceforth. The French admiration over these two Miller Cases continued to be very great.¹

As to Miller Arnold and his Cause, the united voice of Prussian Society condemned Friedrich's procedure: Such harshness to Grand-Chancellor Fürst and respectable old Official Gentlemen, amounting to the barbarous and tyrannous, according to Prussian Society. To support which feeling, and testify it openly, they drove in crowds to Fürst's (some have told me to the Prison-doors too, but that seems hypothetic); and left cards for old Fürst and Company. In sight of Friedrich, who inquired, "What is this stir on the streets, then?" — and, on learning, made not the least audible remark; but continued his salutary cashierment of the wigged Gentlemen, and imprisonment till their full term ran.

My impression has been that, in Berlin Society, there was more sympathy for mere respectability of wig than in Friedrich. To Friedrich respectability of wig that issues in solemnly failing to do justice, is a mere enormity, greater than the most wigless condition could be. Wigless, the thing were to be endured, a thing one is born to, more or less: but in wig, — out upon it! And the wig which screens, and would strive to disguise and even to embellish such a thing: To the gutters with such wig!

In support of their feeling for Fürst and Company, Berlin Society was farther obliged to pronounce the claim of Miller Arnold a nullity, and that no injustice whatever had been done him. Mere pretences on his part, subterfuges for his idle conduct, for his inability to pay due rent, said Berlin Society. And that impartial Soldier-person, whom Friedrich sent to examine by the light of nature, and report? "Corrupted he!" answer they: "had intrigues with —" I forget whom; somebody of the womankind (perhaps Arnold's old hard-featured

¹ Dieulafoi, *Le Meunier de Sans-Souci* (Comedy or farce, of I know not what year); Andrieux, *Le Moulin de Sans-Souci* ("Poem," at Institut National 15 Germinal, An 5). &c. &c.: Preuss, iii. 412, 413.

Wife, if you are driven into a corner !) — “and was not to be depended on at all !” In which condemned state, Berlin Society almost wholly disapproving it, the Arnold Process was found at Friedrich’s death (restoration of honors to old Fürst and Company, one of the first acts of the New Reign, sure of immediate popularity) ; and, I think, pretty much continues so still, few or none in Berlin Society admitting Miller Arnold’s claim to redress, much less defending that onslaught on Fürst and the wigs.¹

Who, from the remote distance, would venture to contradict ? Once more, my own poor impression was, which I keep silent except to friends, that Berlin Society was wrong ; that Miller Arnold had of a truth lost portions of his dam-water, and was entitled to abatement ; and that in such case, Friedrich’s horror at the Fürst-and-Company Phenomenon (horror aggravated by gout) had its highly respectable side withal.

When, after Friedrich’s death, on Von Gersdorf’s urgent reclamations, the case was reopened, and allowed to be carried “into the Secret Tribunal, as the competent Court of Appeal in third instance,” the said Tribunal found, That the law-maxim depended upon by the Lower Courts, as to “the absolute right of owners of private streams,” did *not* apply in the present case ; but that the Deed of 1566 did ; and also that “the facts as to pretended damage [*pretence* merely] from loss of water, were satisfactorily proved against Arnold :” Gersdorf, therefore, may have his Pond ; and Arnold must refund the money paid to him for “damages” by the condemned Judges ; and also the purchase-money of his Mill, if he means to keep the latter. All which moneys, however, his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm II., Friedrich’s Successor, to have done with the mat-

¹ Herr Preuss himself inclines that way, rather condemnatory of Friedrich ; but his Account, as usual, is exact and authentic, — though distressingly confused, and scattered about into different corners (Preuss, iii. 381-413 ; then again, *ibid.* 520 &c.). On the other hand, there is one Segebusch, too, a learned Doctor, of Altona, who takes the King’s side, — and really is rather stupid, argumentative merely, and unilluminative, if you read him : Segebusch, *Historisch-rechtliche Würdigung der Einmischung Friedrich’s des Grossen in die bekannte Rechtssache des Müllers Arnold, auch für Nicht-Juristen* (Altona, 1829).

ter, handsomely paid out of his own pocket: the handsome way of ending it.

In his last journey to West-Preussen, June, 1784, Friedrich said to the new Regierungs-President (Chief Judge) there: "I am Head Commissary of Justice; and have a heavy responsibility lying on me," — as will you in this new Office. Friedrich at no moment neglected this part of his functions; and his procedure in it throughout, one cannot but admit to have been faithful, beautiful, human. Very impatient indeed when he comes upon Imbecility and Pedantry threatening to extinguish Essence and Fact, among his Law People! This is one *marginale* of his, among many such, some of them still more stinging, which are comfortable to every reader. The Case is that of a murderer, — murder indisputable; "but may not insanity be suspected, your Majesty, such the absence of motive, such the —?" Majesty answers: "That is nothing but inanity and stupid pleading against right. The fellow put a child to death; if he were a soldier, you would execute him without priest; and because this *canaille* is a citizen, you make him 'melancholic' to get him off. Beautiful justice!"¹ —

Friedrich has to sign all Death-Sentences; and he does it, wherever I have noticed, rigorously well. For the rest, his Criminal Calendar seems to be lighter than any other of his time; "in a population of 5,200,000," says he once, "14 to 15 are annually condemned to death."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FÜRSTENBUND: FRIEDRICH'S LAST YEARS.

AT Vienna, on November 29th, 1780, the noble Kaiserinn Maria Theresa, after a short illness, died. Her end was beautiful and exemplary, as her course had been. The disease, which seemed at first only a bad cold, proved to have been induration of the lungs; the chief symptom throughout, a

¹ Preuss, iii. 375.

more and more suffocating difficulty to breathe. On the edge of death, the Kaiserinn, sitting in a chair (bed impossible in such struggle for breath), leant her head back as if inclined to sleep. One of her women arranged the cushions, asked in a whisper, "Will your Majesty sleep, then?" "No," answered the dying Kaiserinn; "I could sleep, but I must not; Death is too near. He must not steal upon me. These fifteen years I have been making ready for him; I will meet him awake." Fifteen years ago her beloved Franz was snatched from her, in such sudden manner: and ever since, she has gone in Widow's dress; and has looked upon herself as one who had done with the world. The 18th of every month has been for her a day of solitary prayer; 18th of every August (Franz's death-day) she has gone down punctually to the vaults in the Stephans-Kirche, and sat by his coffin there;—last August, something broke in the apparatus as she descended; and it has ever since been an omen to her.¹ Omen now fulfilled.

On her death, Joseph and Kaunitz, now become supreme, launched abroad in their ambitious adventures with loose rein. Schemes of all kinds; including Bavaria still, in spite of the late check; for which latter, and for vast prospects in Turkey as well, the young Kaiser is now upon a cunning method, full of promise to him,—that of ingratiating himself with the Czarina, and cutting out Friedrich in that quarter. Summer, 1780, while the Kaiserinn still lived, Joseph made his famous First Visit to the Czarina (May-August, 1780),²—not yet for some years his thrice-famous Second Visit (thrice-famous Cleopatra-Voyage with her down the Dnieper; dramaturgic cities and populations keeping pace with them on the banks, such the scenic faculty of Russian Officials, with Potemkin as stage-manager):—in the course of which First Visit, still more in the Second, it is well known the Czarina and Joseph came to an understanding. Little articulated of it as yet; but the meaning already clear to both. "A frank partnership, high Madam: to you, full scope in your glorious notion of a Greek Capital and Empire, Turk quite trampled away, Constantinople

¹ Hormayr, *Österreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 94; Keith, ii. 114.

² Hermann, vi. 132-135.

a Christian metropolis once more [and your next Grandson a *Constantine*, — to be in readiness]: why not, if I may share too, in the Donau Countries, that lie handy? To you, I say, an Eastern Empire; to me, a Western: Revival of the poor old Romish Reich, so far as may be; and no hindrance upon Bavaria, next time. Have not we had enough of that old Friedrich, who stands perpetually upon *status quo*, and to both of us is a mere stoppage of the way?"

Czarina Catharine took the hint; christened her next Grandson "Constantine" (to be in readiness);¹ and from that time stiffly refused renewing her Treaty with Friedrich; — to Friedrich's great grief, seeing her, on the contrary, industrious to forward every German scheme of Joseph's, Bavarian or other, and foreshadowing to himself dismal issues for Prussia when this present term of Treaty should expire. As to Joseph, he was busy night and day, — really perilous to Friedrich and the independence of the German Reich. His young Brother, Maximilian, he contrives, Czarina helping, to get elected Co-adjutor of Köln; Successor of our Lanky Friend there, to be Kur-Köln in due season, and make the Electorate of Köln a bit of Austria henceforth.² Then there came "*Panis-Briefe*,"³ — who knows what? — usurpations, graspings and pretensions without end: — finally, an open pretension to incorporate Bavaria, after all. Bavaria, not in part now, but in whole: "You, Karl Theodor, injured man, cannot we give you Territory in the Netherlands; a King there you shall be, and have your vote as Kur-Pfalz still; only think! In return for which, Bavaria ours in fee-simple, and so finish that?" Karl Theodor is perfectly willing, — only perhaps some others are not.

Then and there, these threatening complexities, now gone

¹ This is the Constantine who renounced, in favor of the late Czar Nicholas; and proved a failure in regard to "New Greek Empire," and otherwise.

² Lengthy and minute account of that Transaction, in all the steps of it, in *Dohm*, i. 295-379.

³ *Panis* (Bread) *Brief* is a Letter with which, in ancient centuries, the Kaiser used to furnish an old worn-out Servant, addressed to some Monastery, some Abbot or Prior in easy circumstances: "Be so good as present this old Gentleman with *Panis* (Bread, or Board and Lodging) while he lives." Very pretty in Barbarossa's time: — but now — !

like a dream of the night, were really life-perils for the Kingdom of Prussia; never to be lost sight of by a veteran Shepherd of the People. They kept a vigilant King Friedrich continually on the stretch, and were a standing life-problem to him in those final Years. Problem nearly insoluble to human contrivance; the Russian card having palpably gone into the other hand. Problem solved, nevertheless; it is still remembered how.

On the development of that pretty Bavarian Project, the thing became pressing; and it is well known by what a stroke of genius Friedrich checkmated it; and produced instead a "*Fürstenbund*," or general "Confederation of German Princes," Prussia atop, to forbid peremptorily that the Laws of the Reich be infringed. *Fürstenbund*: this is the victorious summit of Friedrich's Public History, towards which all his efforts tended, during these five years: Friedrich's last feat in the world. Feat, how obsolete now, — fallen silent everywhere, except in German Parish-History, and to the students of Friedrich's character in old age! Had no result whatever in European History; so unexpected was the turn things took. A *Fürstenbund* which was swallowed bodily within few years, in that World-Explosion of Democracy, and War of the Giants; and — unless Napoleon's "Confederation of the Rhine" were perhaps some transitory ghost of it? — left not even a ghost behind. A *Fürstenbund* of which we must say something, when its Year comes; but obviously not much.

Nor are the Domesticities, as set forth by our Prussian authorities, an opulent topic for us. Friedrich's Old Age is not unamiable; on the contrary, I think it would have made a pretty Picture, had there been a Limner to take it, with the least felicity or physiognomic coherency; — as there was not. His Letters, and all the symptoms we have, denote a sound-hearted brave old man; continually subduing to himself many ugly troubles; and, like the stars, always steady at his work. To sit grieving or desponding is, at all times, far from him: "Why despond? Won't it be all done presently; is it of much moment while it lasts?" A fine, unaffectedly vigorous, sim-

ple and manful old age;—rather serene than otherwise; in spite of electric outbursts and cloudy weather that could not be wanting.

Of all which there is not, in this place, much more to be said. Friedrich's element is itself wearing dim, sombre of hue; and the records of it, too, seem to grow dimmer, more and more intermittent. Old friends, of the intellectual kind, are almost all dead; the new are of little moment to us,—not worth naming in comparison. The chief, perhaps, is a certain young Marchese Lucchesini, who comes about this time,¹ and continues in more and more favor both with Friedrich and his Successor,—employed even in Diplomacies by the latter. An accomplished young Gentleman, from Lucca; of fine intelligence, and, what was no less essential to him here, a perfect propriety in breeding and carriage. One makes no acquaintance with him in these straggling records, nor desires to make any. It was he that brought the inane, ever scribbling Denina hither, if that can be reckoned a merit. Inane Denina came as Academician, October, 1782; saw Friedrich,² at least once ("Academician, Pension; yes, yes!")—and I know not whether any second time.

Friedrich, on loss of friends, does not take refuge in solitude; he tries always for something of substitute; sees his man once or twice,—in several instances once only, and leaves him to his pension in sinecure thenceforth. Cornelius de Pauw, the rich Canon of Xanten (Uncle of Anacharsis Klöotz, the afterwards renowned), came on those principles; hung on for six months, not liked, not liking; and was then permitted to go home for good, his pension with him. Another, a Frenchman, whose name I forget, sat gloomily in Potsdam, after his rejection; silent (not knowing German), unclipt, unkempt, rough as Nebuchadnezzar, till he died. De Catt is still a resource; steady till almost the end, when somebody's tongue, it is thought, did him ill with the King.

Alone, or almost alone, of the ancient set is Bastiani; a tall,

¹ "Chamberlain [titular, with Pension, &c.], 9th May, 1780, age then 28" (Preuss, iv. 211);—arrived when or how is not said.

² Rödenbeck, iii. 285, 286.

black-browed man, with uncommonly bright eyes, now himself old, and a comfortable Abbot in Silesia; who comes from time to time, awakening the King into his pristine topics and altitudes. Bastiani's history is something curious: as a tall Venetian Monk (son of a tailor in Venice), he had been crimped by Friedrich Wilhelm's people; Friedrich found him serving as a Potsdam Giant, but discerned far other faculties in the bright-looking man, far other knowledges; and gradually made him what we see. Banterers him sometimes that he will rise to be Pope one day, so cunning and clever is he: "What will you say to me, a Heretic, when you get to be Pope; tell me now; out with it, I insist!" Bastiani parried, pleaded, but unable to get off, made what some call his one piece of wit: "I will say: O Royal Eagle, screen me with thy wings, but spare me with thy sharp beak!" This is Bastiani's one recorded piece of wit; for he was tacit rather, and practically watchful, and did not waste his fine intellect in that way.

Foreign Visitors there are in plenty; now and then something brilliant going. But the old Generals seem to be mainly what the King has for company. Dinner always his bright hour; from ten to seven guests daily. Seidlitz, never of intelligence on any point but Soldiering, is long since dead; Ziethen comes rarely, and falls asleep when he does; General Görtz (brother of the Weimar-München Görtz); Buddenbrock (the King's comrade in youth, in the Reinsberg times), who has good faculty; Prittwitz (who saved him at Kunersdorf, and is lively, though stupid); General and Head-Equerry Schwerin, of headlong tongue, not witty, but the cause of wit; Major Graf von Pinto, a magniloquent Ex-Austrian ditto ditto: these are among his chief dinner-guests. If fine speculation do not suit, old pranks of youth, old tales of war, become the staple conversation; always plenty of banter on the old King's part; — who sits very snuffy (says the privately ill-humored Büsching) and does not sufficiently abhor grease on his fingers, or keep his nails quite clean. Occasionally laughs at the Clergy, too; and has little of the reverence seemly in an old King. The truth is, Doctor, he has had his sufferings from Human Stupidity; and was always fond of hitting objects on the raw.

For the rest, as you may see, heartily an old Stoic, and takes matters in the rough; avoiding useless despondency above all; and intent to have a cheerful hour at dinner if he can.

Visits from his Kindred are still pretty frequent; never except on invitation. For the rest, completely an old Bachelor, an old Military Abbot; with business for every hour. Princess Amelia takes care of his linen, not very well, the dear old Lady, who is herself a cripple, suffering, and voiceless, speaking only in hoarse whisper. I think I have heard there were but twelve shirts, not in first-rate order, when the King died. A King supremely indifferent to small concerns; especially to that of shirts and tailorages not essential. Holds to Literature, almost more than ever; occasionally still writes;¹ has his daily Readings, Concerts, Correspondences as usual:—readers can conceive the dim Household Picture, dimly reported withal. The following Aneedotes may be added as completion of it, or at least of all I have to say on it:—

You go on Wednesday, then?—“Loss of time was one of the losses Friedrich could least stand. In visits even from his Brothers and Sisters, which were always by his own express invitation, he would say some morning (call it Tuesday morning): ‘You are going on Wednesday, I am sorry to hear’ (what *you* never heard before)!—‘Alas, your Majesty, we must!’ ‘Well, I am sorry: but I will lay no constraint on you. Pleasant moments cannot last forever!’ And sometimes, after this had been agreed to, he would say: ‘But cannot you stay till Thursday, then? Come, one other day of it!’—‘Well, since your Majesty does graciously press!’ And on Thursday, not Wednesday, on those curious terms, the visit would terminate. This trait is in the Aneedote-Books: but its authenticity does not rest on that uncertain

¹ For one instance: The famous Pamphlet, *De la Littérature Allemande* (containing his onslaught on Shakspeare, and his first salutation, with the reverse of welcome, to Goethe’s *Götz von Berlichingen*);—printed, under stupid Thiébault’s care, Berlin, 1780. Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 89-122. The last Pieces of all are chiefly *Military Instructions* of a practical or official nature.

basis ; singularly enough, it comes to me, individually, by two clear stages, from Friedrich's Sister the Duchess of Brunswick, who, if anybody, would know it well !”¹

Dinner with the Queen. — The Queen, a prudent, simple-minded, worthy person, of perfect behavior in a difficult position, seems to have been much respected in Berlin Society and the Court Circles. Nor was the King wanting in the same feeling towards her ; of which there are still many proofs : but as to personal intercourse, — what a figure has that gradually taken ! Preuss says, citing those who saw : “ When the King, after the Seven-Years War, now and then, in Carnival season, dined with the Queen in her Apartments, he usually said not a word to her. He merely, on entering, on sitting down at table and on leaving it, made the customary bow ; and sat opposite to her. Once, in the Seventies [years 1770, years now past], the Queen was ill of gout ; table was in her Apartments ; but she herself was not there, she sat in an easy-chair in the drawing-room. On this occasion the King stepped up to the Queen, and inquired about her health. The circumstance occasioned, among the company present, and all over Town as the news spread, great wonder and sympathy (*Verwunderung und Theilnahme*). This is probably the last time he ever spoke to her.”²

The Two Grand-Nephews. — “ The King was fond of children ; liked to have his Grand-Nephews about him. One day, while the King sat at work in his Cabinet, the younger of the two, a boy of eight or nine [who died soon after twenty], was playing ball about the room ; and knocked it once and again into the King's writing operation ; who twice or oftener flung it back to him, but next time put it in his pocket, and went on. ‘ Please your Majesty, give it me back ! ’ begged the Boy ; and again begged : Majesty took no notice ; continued writing. Till at length came, in the tone of indignation, ‘ Will your Majesty give me my ball, then ? ’ The King looked up ;

¹ My informant is Sir George Sinclair, Baronet, of Thurso ; his was the distinguished Countess of Finlater, still remembered for her graces of mind and person, who had been Maid-of-Honor to the Duchess.

² Preuss, iv. 187.

found the little Hohenzollern planted firm, hands on haunches, and wearing quite a peremptory air. 'Thou art a brave little fellow; they won't get Silesia out of thee!' cried he laughing, and flinging him his ball."¹

Of the elder Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm III. (Father of the now King), there is a much more interesting Anecdote, and of his own reporting too, though the precise terms are irrecoverable: "How the King, questioning him about his bits of French studies, brought down a *La Fontaine* from the shelves, and said, 'Translate me this Fable;' which the Boy did, with such readiness and correctness as obtained the King's praises: praises to an extent that was embarrassing, and made the honest little creature confess, 'I did it with my Tutor, a few days since!' To the King's much greater delight; who led him out to walk in the Gardens, and, in a mood of deeper and deeper seriousness, discoursed and exhorted him on the supreme law of truth and probity that lies on all men, and on all Kings still more; one of his expressions being, 'Look at this high thing [the Obelisk they were passing in the Gardens], its *uprightness* is its strength (*sa droiture fait sa force*);' and his final words, 'Remember this evening, my good Fritz; perhaps thou wilt think of it, long after, when I am gone.' As the good Friedrich Wilhelm III. declares piously he often did, in the storms of fate that overtook him."²

Industrial matters, that of Colonies especially, of drainages, embankments, and reclaiming of waste lands, are a large item in the King's business,—readers would not guess how large, or how incessant. Under this head there is on record, and even lies at my hand translated into English, what might be called a Colonial *Day with Friedrich* (Day of July 23d, 1779; which Friedrich, just come home from the Bavarian War, spent

¹ Fischer, ii. 445 ("year 1780").

² R. F. Eylert, *Charakterzüge und historische Fragmente aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen Friedrich Wilhelm III.* (Magdeburg, 1843), i. 450-456. This is a "King's Chaplain and Bishop Eylert:" undoubtedly he heard this Anecdote from his Master, and was heard repeating it; but the dialect his Editors have put it into is altogether tawdry, modern, and impossible to take for that of Friedrich, or even, I suppose, of Friedrich Wilhelm III.

wholly, from 5 in the morning onward, in driving about, in earnest survey of his Colonies and Land-Improvements in the Potsdam-Ruppin Country); curious enough Record, by a certain Bailiff or Overseer, who rode at his chariot-side, of all the questions, criticisms and remarks of Friedrich on persons and objects, till he landed at Ruppin for the night. Taken down, with forensic, almost with religious exactitude, by the Bailiff in question; a Nephew of the Poet Gleim, — by whom it was published, the year after Friedrich's death;¹ and by many others since. It is curiously authentic, characteristic in parts, though in its bald forensic style rather heavy reading. Luckier, for most readers, that inexorable want of room has excluded it, on the present occasion!²

No reader adequately fancies, or could by any single Document be made to do so, the continual assiduity of Friedrich in regard to these interests of his. The strictest Husbandman is not busier with his Farm, than Friedrich with his Kingdom throughout; — which is indeed a *Farm* leased him by the Heavens; in which not a gate-bar can be broken, nor a stone or sod roll into the smallest ditch, but it is to his the Husbandman's damage, and must be instantly looked after. There are Meetings with the Silesian manufacturers (in Review time), Dialogues ensuing, several of which have been preserved; strange to read, however dull. There are many scattered evidences; — and only slowly does, not the thing indeed, but the degree of the thing, become fully credible. Not communicable, on the terms prescribed us at present; and must be left to the languid fancy, like so much else.

Here is an Ocular View, here are several such, which we yet happily have, of the actual Friedrich as he looked and lived. These, at a cheap rate, throw transiently some flare of illumination over his Affairs and him: these let me now give; and these shall be all.

¹ Is in *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge*, No. 8 (Berlin, 1787), pp. 15-79.

² Printed now (in Edition 1868, for the first time), as *Appendix* to this Volume.

Prince de Ligne, after Ten Years, sees Friedrich a Second Time; and reports what was said.

In Summer, 1780, as we mentioned, Kaiser Joseph was on his first Visit to the Czarina. They met at Mohilow on the Dnieper, towards the end of May; have been roving about, as if in mere galas and amusements (though with a great deal of business incidentally thrown in), for above a month since, when Prince de Ligne is summoned to join them at Petersburg. He goes by Berlin, stays at Potsdam with Friedrich for about a week; and reports to Polish Majesty these new Dialogues of 1780, the year after sending him those of Mährisch-Neustadt of 1770, which we read above. Those were written down from memory, in 1785; these in 1786,—and “towards the end of it,” as is internally evident. Let these also be welcome to us on such terms as there are.

“Since your Majesty [Quasi-Majesty, of Poland] is willing to lose another quarter of an hour of that time, which you employ so well in gaining the love of all to whom you deign to make yourself known, here is my Second Interview. It can be of interest only to you, Sire, who have known the King, and who discover traits of character in what to another are but simple words. One finds in few others that confidence, or at least that kindness (*bonhomie*), which characterizes your Majesty. With you, one can indulge in rest; but with the King of Prussia, one had always to be under arms, prepared to parry and to thrust, and to keep the due middle between a small attack and a grand defence. I proceed to the matter in hand, and shall speak to you of him for the last time.

“He had made me promise to come to Berlin. I hastened thither directly after that little War [Potato-War], which he called ‘an action where he had come as bailiff to perform an execution.’ The result for him, as is known, was a great expense of men, of horses and money; some appearance of good faith and disinterestedness; little honor in the War; a

little honesty in Policy, and much bitterness against us Austrians. The King began, without knowing why, to prohibit Austrian Officers from entering his Territories without an express order, signed by his own hand. Similar prohibition, on the part of our Court, against Prussian Officers and mutual constraint, without profit or reason. I, for my own part, am of confident humor; I thought I should need no permission, and I think still I could have done without one. But the desire of having a Letter from the great Friedrich, rather than the fear of being ill-received, made me write to him. My Letter was all on fire with my enthusiasm, my admiration, and the fervor of my sentiment for that sublime and extraordinary being; and it brought me three charming Answers from him. He gave me, in detail, almost what I had given him in the gross; and what he could not return me in admiration, — for I do not remember to have gained a battle, — he accorded me in friendship. For fear of missing, he had written to me from Potsdam, to Vienna, to Dresden, and to Berlin. [In fine, at Potsdam I was, *Saturday, 9th July, 1780*, waiting ready; — stayed there about a week.]¹

“While waiting for the hour of 12, with my Son Charles and M. de Lille [Abbé de Lille, prose-writer of something now forgotten; by no means lyrical *De Lisle*, of *Les Jardins*], to be presented to the King, I went to look at the Parade; — and, on its breaking up, was surrounded, and escorted to the Palace, by Austrian deserters, and particularly from my own regiment, who almost caressed me, and asked my pardon for having left me.

“The hour of presentation struck. The King received me with an unspeakable charm. The military coldness of a General’s Head-quarters changed into a soft and kindly welcome. He said to me, ‘He did not think I had so big a Son.’

Ego. “‘He is even married, Sire; has been so these twelve months.’

King. “‘May I (*oserais-je*) ask you to whom?’ He often used this expression, ‘*oserais-je* ;’ and also this: ‘If you per-

¹ “9th (or 10th) July, 1780” (Rödenbeck, iii. 233): “Stayed till 16th.”

mit me to have the honor to tell you, *Si vous me permettez d'avoir l'honneur de vous dire.*'

Ego. "'To a Polish Lady, a Massalska.'

King (to my Son). "'What, a Massalska? Do you know what her Grandmother did?'

"'No, Sire,' said Charles.

King. "'She put the match to the cannon at the Siege of Dantzic with her own hand; ¹ she fired, and made others fire, and defended herself, when her party, who had lost head, thought only of surrendering.'

Ego. "'Women are indeed undefinable; strong and weak by turns, indiscreet, dissembling, they are capable of anything.' 'Without doubt,' said M. de Lille, distressed that nothing had yet been said to him, and with a familiarity which was not likely to succeed; 'Without doubt. Look —' said he. The King interrupted him. I cited some traits in support of my opinion, — as that of the woman Hachette at the Siege of Beauvais.² The King made a little excursion to Rome and to Sparta: he liked to promenade there. After half a second of silence, to please De Lille, I told the King that M. de Voltaire died in De Lille's arms. That caused the King to address some questions to him; he answered in rather too long-drawn a manner, and went away. Charles and I stayed dinner." This is day first in Potsdam.

"Here, for five hours daily, the King's encyclopedical conversation enchanted me completely. Fine arts, war, medicine, literature and religion, philosophy, ethics, history and legislation, in turns passed in review. The fine centuries of Augustus and of Louis XIV.; good society among the Romans, among the Greeks, among the French; the chivalry of François I.; the frankness and valor of Henri IV.; the new-birth (*renaissance*) of Letters and their revolution since Leo X.; anecdotes about the clever men of other times, and

¹ February, 1734, in poor Stanislaus Leczinski's *second* fit of Royalty: *suprà* vi. 465.

² A.D. 1472; Burgundians storming the wall had their flag planted; flag and flag-bearer are hurled into the ditch by Hachette and other inspired women, — with the finest results.

the trouble they give; M. de Voltaire's slips; susceptibilities of M. de Maupertuis; Algarotti's agreeable ways; fine wit of Jordan; D'Argens's hypochondria, whom the King would send to bed for four-and-twenty hours by simply telling him that he looked ill;—and, in fine, what not? Everything, the most varied and piquant that could be said, came from him,—in a most soft tone of voice; rather low than otherwise, and no less agreeable than were the movements of his lips, which had an inexpressible grace.

“It was this, I believe, which prevented one's observing that he was, in fact, like Homer's heroes, somewhat of a talker (*un peu babillard*), though a sublime one. It is to their voices, their noise and gestures, that talkers often owe their reputation as such; for certainly one could not find a greater talker than the King; but one was delighted at his being so. Accustomed to talk to Marquis Lucchesini, in the presence of only four or five Generals who did not understand French, he compensated in this way for his hours of labor, of study, of meditation and solitude. At least, said I to myself, I must get in a word. He had just mentioned Virgil. I said:—

Ego. “‘What a great Poet, Sire; but what a bad gardener!’

King. “‘Ah, to whom do you tell that! Have not I tried to plant, sow, till, dig, with the *Georgics* in my hand? “But, Monsieur,” said my man, “you are a fool (*bête*), and your Book no less; it is not in that way one goes to work.” Ah, *mon Dieu*, what a climate! Would you believe it, Heaven, or the Sun, refuse me everything? Look at my poor orange-trees, my olive-trees, lemon-trees: they are all starving.’

Ego. “‘It would appear, then, nothing but laurels flourish with you, Sire.’ (The King gave me a charming look; and to cover an inane observation by an absurd one, I added quickly:) ‘Besides, Sire, there are too many *grénadiers* [means, in French, *pomegranates* as well as *grenadiers*,—peg of one's little joke!] in this Country; they eat up everything!’ The King burst out laughing; for it is only absurdities that cause laughter.

“One day I had turned a plate to see of what porcelain it was. ‘Where do you think it comes from?’ asked the King.

Ego. “‘I thought it was Saxon; but instead of two swords [the Saxon mark], I see only one, which is well worth both of them.’

King. “‘It is a sceptre.’

Ego. “‘I beg your Majesty’s pardon; but it is so much like a sword, that one could easily mistake it for one.’ And such was really the case. This, it is known, is the mark of the Berlin china. As the King sometimes *played King*, and thought himself, sometimes, extremely magnificent while taking up a walking-stick or snuffbox with a few wretched little diamonds running after one another on it, I don’t quite know whether he was infinitely pleased with my little allegory.

“One day, as I entered his room, he came towards me, saying, ‘I tremble to announce bad news to you. I have just heard that Prince Karl of Lorraine is dying.’¹ He looked at me to see the effect this would have; and observing some tears escaping from my eyes, he, by gentlest transitions, changed the conversation; talked of war, and of the Maréchal de Lacy. He asked me news about Lacy; and said, ‘That is a man of the greatest merit. In former time, Count Mercy among yourselves [killed, while commanding in chief, at the Battle of Parma in 1733], Puységur among the French, had some notions of marches and encampments; one sees from Hyginus’s Book [ancient Book] *on Castrametation*, that the Greeks also were much occupied with the subject: but your Maréchal surpasses the Ancients, the Moderns and all the most famous men who have meddled with it. Thus, whenever he was your Quartermaster-General, if you will permit me to make the remark to you, I did not gain the least advantage. Recollect the two Campaigns of 1758 and 1759; you succeeded in everything. I often said to myself, ‘Shall I never get rid of that man, then?’ You yourselves got me rid of him; and —[some liberal or even profuse eulogy of Lacy, who is De Ligne’s friend; which we can omit].

“Next day, the King, as soon as he saw me, came up;

¹ Is already dead, “at Brussels, July 4th;” Duke of Sachsen-Teschen and Wife Christine succeeded him as Joint-Governors in those parts.

9th-16th July, 1780.

saying with the most penetrated air: 'If you are to learn the loss of a man who loved you, and who did honor to mankind, it will be better that it be from some one who feels it as deeply as I do. Poor Prince Karl is no more. Others, perhaps, are made to replace him in your heart; but few Princes will replace him with regard to the beauty of his soul and to all his virtues.' In saying this, his emotion became extreme. I said: 'Your Majesty's regrets are a consolation; and you did not wait for his death to speak well of him. There are fine verses with reference to him in the Poem, *Sur l'Art de la Guerre*.' My emotion troubled me against my will; however, I repeated them to him.¹ The Man of Letters seemed to appreciate my knowing them by heart.

King. "His passage of the Rhine was a very fine thing;—but the poor Prince depended upon so many people! I never depended upon anybody but myself; sometimes too much so for my luck. He was badly served, not too well obeyed: neither the one nor the other ever was the case with me.—Your General Nadasti appeared to me a great General of Cavalry?' Not sharing the King's opinion on this point, I contented myself with saying, that Nadasti was very brilliant, very fine at musketry, and that he could have led his hussars to the world's end and farther (*dans l'enfer*), so well did he know how to animate them.

King. "What has become of a brave Colonel who played the devil at Rossbach? Ah, it was the Marquis de Voghera, I think?—Yes, that's it; for I asked his name after the Battle.'

Ego. "He is General of Cavalry.'

King. "Perdi! It needed a considerable stomach for fight, to charge like your Two Regiments of Cuirassiers there, and, I believe, your Hussars also: for the Battle was lost before it began.'

¹ "Soutien de mes rivaux, digne appui de ta reine,

Charles, d'un ennemi sourd aux cris de la haine

Reçois l'éloge" . . . (for crossing the Rhine in 1744): ten rather noble lines, still worth reading; as indeed the whole Poem well is, especially to soldier students (*L'Art de la Guerre*, Chant vi.: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 273).

Ego. “‘Apropos of M. de Voghera, is your Majesty aware of a little thing he did before charging? He is a boiling, restless, ever-eager kind of man; and has something of the good old Chivalry style. Seeing that his Regiment would not arrive quick enough, he galloped ahead of it; and coming up to the Commander of the Prussian Regiment of Cavalry which he meant to attack, he saluted him as on parade; the other returned the salute; and then, Have at each other like madmen.’

King. “‘A very good style it is! I should like to know that man; I would thank him for it. — Your General von Ried, then, had got the devil in him, that time at Eilenburg [spurt of fight there, in the Meissen regions, I think in Year 1758, when the D’Ahremberg Dragoons got so cut up], to let those brave Dragoons, who so long bore your Name with glory, advance between Three of my Columns?’ — He had asked me the same question at the Camp of Neustadt ten years since; and in vain had I told him that it was not M. de Ried; that Ried did not command them at all; and that the fault was Maréchal Daun’s, who ought not to have sent them into that Wood of Eilenburg, still less ordered them to halt there without even sending a patrol forward. The King could not bear our General von Ried, who had much displeased him as Minister at Berlin; and it was his way to put down everything to the account of people he disliked.

King. “‘When I think of those devils of Saxon Camps [Summer, 1760], — they were unattackable citadels! If, at Torgau, M. de Lacy had still been Quartermaster-General, I should not have attempted to attack him. But there I saw at once the Camp was ill chosen.’

Ego. “‘The superior reputation of Camps sometimes causes a desire to attempt them. For instance, I ask your Majesty’s pardon, but I have always thought you would at last have attempted that of Plauen, had the War continued.’

King. “‘Oh, no, indeed! There was no way of taking that one.’

Ego. “‘Does n’t your Majesty think: With a good battery on the heights of Dolschen, which commanded us; with some

battalions, ranked behind each other in the Ravine, attacking a quarter of an hour before daybreak [and so forth, at some length, — excellent for soldier readers who know the Plauen Chasm], you could have flung us out of that almost impregnable Place of Refuge ?’

King. “ ‘And your battery on the Windberg, which would have scourged my poor battalions, all the while, in your Ravine ?’ ”

Ego. “ ‘But, Sire, the night ?’ ”

King. “ ‘Oh, you could not miss us even by grope. That big hollow that goes from Burg, and even from Potschappel, — it would have poured like a water-spout [or fire-spout] over us. You see, I am not so brave as you think.’ ”

“The Kaiser had set out for his Interview [First Interview, and indeed it is now more than half done, a good six weeks of it gone] with the Czarina of Russia. That Interview the King did not like [no wonder]: — and, to undo the good it had done us, he directly, and very unskilfully, sent the Prince Royal to Petersburg [who had not the least success there, loutish fellow, and was openly snubbed by a Czarina gone into new courses]. His Majesty already doubted that the Court of Russia was about to escape him: — and I was dying of fear lest, in the middle of all his kindnesses, he should remember that I was an Austrian. ‘What,’ said I to myself, ‘not a single epigram on us, or on our Master ? What a change !’

“One day, at dinner, babbling Pinto said to the person sitting next him, ‘This Kaiser is a great traveller ; there never was one who went so far.’ ‘I ask your pardon, Monsieur,’ said the King ; ‘Charles Fifth went to Africa ; he gained the Battle of Oran.’ And, turning towards me, — who could n’t guess whether it was banter or only history, — ‘This time,’ said he, ‘the Kaiser is more fortunate than Charles Twelfth ; like Charles, he entered Russia by Mohilow ; but it appears to me *he* will arrive at Moscow.’

“The same Pinto, one day, understanding the King was at a loss whom to send as Foreign Minister some-whither, said to him : ‘Why does not your Majesty think of sending Lucchesini,

who is a man of much brilliancy (*homme d'esprit*)?' 'It is for that very reason,' answered the King, 'that I want to keep him. I had rather send you than him, or a dull fellow like Monsieur —' I forget whom, but believe it is one whom he did appoint Minister somewhere.

"M. de Lucchesini, by the charm of his conversation, brought out that of the King's. He knew what topics were agreeable to the King; and then, he knew how to listen; which is not so easy as one thinks, and which no stupid man was ever capable of. He was as agreeable to everybody as to his Majesty, by his seductive manners and by the graces of his mind. Pinto, who had nothing to risk, permitted himself everything. Says he: 'Ask the Austrian General, Sire, all he saw me do when in the service of the Kaiser.'

Ego. "'A fire-work at my Wedding, was n't that it, my dear Pinto?'

King (interrupting). "'Do me the honor to say whether it was successful?'

Ego. "'No, Sire; it even alarmed all my relations, who thought it a bad omen. Monsieur the Major here had struck out the idea of joining Two flaming Hearts, a very novel image of a married couple. But the groove they were to slide on, and meet, gave way: my Wife's heart went, and mine remained.'

King. "'You see, Pinto, you were not good for much to those people, any more than to me.'

Ego. "'Oh, Sire, your Majesty, since then, owes him some compensation for the sabre-cuts he had on his head.'

King. "'He gets but too much compensation. Pinto, did n't I send you yesterday some of my good Preussen honey?'

Pinto. "'Oh, surely; — it was to make the thing known. If your Majesty could bring that into vogue, and sell it all, you would be the greatest King in the world. For your Kingdom produces only that; but of that there is plenty.'

"'Do you know,' said the King, one day, to me, — 'Do you know that the first soldiering I did was for the House of Austria? *Mon Dieu*, how the time passes!' — He had a way of slowly bringing his hands together, in ejaculating

these *Mon-Dieus*, which gave him quite a good-natured and extremely mild air. — ‘Do you know that I saw the glittering of the last rays of Prince Eugen’s genius?’

Ego. “‘Perhaps it was at these rays that your Majesty’s genius lit itself.’

King. “‘*Eh, mon Dieu!* who could equal the Prince Eugen?’

Ego. “‘He who excels him; — for instance, he who could win Twelve Battles!’ — He put on his modest air. I have always said, it is easy to be modest, if you are in funds. He seemed as though he had not understood me, and said: —

King. “‘When the cabal which, during forty years, the Prince had always had to struggle with in his Army, were plotting mischief on him, they used to take advantage of the evening time, when his spirits, brisk enough in the morning, were jaded by the fatigues of the day. It was thus they persuaded him to undertake his bad March on Mainz’ [March not known to me].

Ego. “‘Regarding yourself, Sire, and the Rhine Campaign, you teach me nothing. I know everything your Majesty did, and even what you said. I could relate to you your Journeys to Strasburg, to Holland, and what passed in a certain Boat. Apropos of this Rhine Campaign, one of our old Generals, whom I often set talking, as one reads an old Manuscript, has told me how astonished he was to see a young Prussian Officer, whom he did not know, answering a General of the late King, who had given out the order, Not to go a-foraging: “And I, Sir, I order you to go; our Army needs it; in short, I will have it so (*je le veux*)! —”’

King. “‘You look at me too much from the favorable side! Ask these Gentlemen about my humors and my caprices; they will tell you fine things of me.’

“We got talking of some Anecdotes which are consigned to, or concealed in, certain obscure Books. ‘I have been much amused,’ said I to the King, ‘with the big cargo of Books, true or false, written by French Refugees, which perhaps are unknown in France itself.’ [Discourses a little on this subject.]

King. “‘Where did you pick up all these fine old Pieces? These would amuse me on an evening; better than the conver-

sation of my Doctor of the Sorbonne [one Peyrau, a wandering creature, not otherwise of the least interest to us],¹ whom I have here, and whom I am trying to convert.'

Ego. " 'I found them all in a Bohemian Library, where I sat diverting myself for two Winters.'

King. " 'How, then ? Two Winters in Bohemia ? What the devil were you doing there ! Is it long since ?'

Ego. " 'No, Sire ; only a year or two [Potato-War time] ! I had retired thither to read at my ease.' — He smiled, and seemed to appreciate my not mentioning the little War of 1778, and saving him any speech about it. He saw well enough that my Winter-quarters had been in Bohemia on that occasion ; and was satisfied with my reticence. Being an old sorcerer, who guessed everything, and whose tact was the finest ever known, he discovered that I did not wish to tell him I found Berlin changed since I had last been there. I took care not to remind him that I was at the capturing of it in 1760, under M. de Lacy's orders [M. de Lacy's indeed !]. — It was for having spoken of the first capture of Berlin, by Marshal Haddick [highly temporary as it was, and followed by Rossbach], that the King had taken a dislike to M. de Ried.

"Apropos of the Doctor of the Sorbonne [uninteresting Peyrau] with whom he daily disputed, the King said to me once, 'Get me a Bishopric for him.' 'I don't think,' answered I, 'that my recommendation, or that of your Majesty, could be useful to him with us.' 'Ah, truly no !' said the King : 'Well, I will write to the Czarina of Russia for this poor devil ; he does begin to bore me. He holds out as Jansenist, forsooth. *Mon Dieu*, what blockheads the present Jansenists are ! But France should not have extinguished that nursery (*foyer*) of their genius, that Port Royal, extravagant as it was. Indeed, one ought to destroy nothing ! Why have they destroyed, too, the Depositaries of the graces of Rome and of Athens, those excellent Professors of the Humanities, and perhaps of Humanity, the Ex-Jesuit Fathers ? Education will be the loser by it. But as my Brothers the Kings, most Catholic, most

¹ Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii. 133 n.

Christian, most Faithful and Apostolic, have tumbled them out, I, most Heretical, pick up as many as I can; and perhaps, one day, I shall be courted for the sake of them by those who want some. I preserve the breed: I said, counting my stock the other day, "A Rector like you, my Father, I could easily sell for 300 thalers; you, Reverend Father Provincial, for 600; and so the rest, in proportion." When one is not rich, one makes speculations.'

"From want of memory, and of opportunities to see oftener and longer the Greatest Man that ever existed [Oh, *mon Prince!*], I am obliged to stop. There is not a word in all this but was his own; and those who have seen him will recognize his manner. All I want is, to make him known to those who have not had the happiness to see him. His eyes are too hard in the Portraits: by work in the Cabinet, and the hardships of War, they had become intense, and of piercing quality; but they softened finely in hearing, or telling, some trait of nobleness or sensibility. Till his death, and but quite shortly before it, — notwithstanding many levities which he knew I had allowed myself, both in speaking and writing, and which he surely attributed only to my duty as opposed to my interest, — he deigned to honor me with marks of his remembrance; and has often commissioned his Ministers, at Paris and at Vienna, to assure me of his good-will.

"I no longer believe in earthquakes and eclipses at Cæsar's death, since there has been nothing of such at that of Friedrich the Great. I know not, Sire, whether great phenomena of Nature will announce the day when you shall cease to reign [great phenomena must be very idle if they do, your Highness!] — but it is a phenomenon in the world, that of a King who rules a Republic by making himself obeyed and respected for his own sake, as much as by his rights" (Hear, hear).¹

Prince de Ligne thereupon hurries off for Petersburg, and the final Section of his Kaiser's Visit. An errand of his own, too, the Prince had, — about his new Daughter-in-law Massalska,

¹ Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires et Mélanges*, i. 22-40.

and claims of extensive Polish Properties belonging to her. He was the charm of Petersburg and the Czarina; but of the Massalska Properties could retrieve nothing whatever. The munificent Czarina gave him "a beautiful Territory in the Crim," instead; and invited him to come and see it with her, on his Kaiser's next Visit (1787, the aquatic Visit and the highly scenic). Which it is well known the Prince did; and has put on record, in his pleasant, not untrue, though vague, high-colored and fantastic way,—if it or he at all concerned us farther.

How General von der Marwitz, in early Boyhood, saw Friedrich the Great Three Times (1782-1785).

General von der Marwitz, who died not many years ago, is of the old Marwitz kindred, several of whom we have known for their rugged honesties, genialities and peculiar ways. This General, it appears, had left a kind of Autobiography; which friends of his thought might be useful to the Prussian Public, after those Radical distractions which burst out in 1848 and onwards; and a first Volume of the *Marwitz Posthumous Papers* was printed accordingly,¹—whether any more I have not heard; though I found this first Volume an excellent substantial bit of reading; and the Author a fine old Prussian Gentleman, very analogous in his structure to the fine old English ditto; who showed me the *per-contra* side of this and the other much-celebrated modern Prussian person and thing, Prince Hardenberg, Johannes von Müller and the like;—and yielded more especially the following Three Reminiscences of Friedrich, beautiful little Pictures, bathed in morning light, and evidently true to the life:—

1°. *June, 1782 or 1783.* "The first time I saw him was in 1782 (or it might be 1783, in my sixth year)," middle of June, whichever year, "as he was returning from his Annual Review in Preussen [*West-Preussen*, never revisits the Königsberg region], and stopped to change horses at Dolgelin." Dolgelin is in Müllrose Country, westward of Frankfurt-on-Oder; our

¹ *Nachlass des General von der Marwitz* (Berlin, 1852), 1 vol. 8vo.

Marwitz Schloss not far from it. "I had been sent with Mamsell Bénézet," my French Governess; "and, along with the Clergyman of Dolgelin, we waited for the King.

"The King, on his journeys, generally preferred, whether at mid-day or for the night, to halt in some Country place, and at the Parsonages most of all; probably because he was quieter there than in the Towns. To the Clergyman this was always a piece of luck; not only because, if he pleased the King, he might chance to get promoted; but because he was sure of profitable payment, at any rate; the King always ordering 50 thalers [say 10 guineas] for his noon halt, and for his night's lodging 100. The little that the King ate was paid for over and above. It is true, his Suite expected to be well treated; but this consisted only of one or two individuals. Now, the King had been wont almost always, on these journeys homewards, to pass the last night of his expedition with the Clergyman of Dolgelin; and had done so last year, with this present one who was then just installed; with him, as with his predecessor, the King had talked kindly, and the 100 thalers were duly remembered. Our good Parson flattered himself, therefore, that this time too the same would happen; and he had made all preparations accordingly.

"So we waited there, and a crowd of people with us. The team of horses stood all ready (peasants' horses, poor little cats of things, but the best that could be picked, for there were then no post-horses *that could run fast*); — the country-fellows that were to ride postilion all decked, and ten head of horses for the King's coach: wheelers, four, which the coachman drove from his box; then two successive pairs before, on each pair a postilion-peasant; and upon the third pair, foremost of all, the King's outriders were to go.

"And now, at last, came the *Feldjäger* [Chacer, Hunting-groom], with his big whip, on a peasant's horse, a peasant with him as attendant. All blazing with heat, he dismounted; said, The King would be here in five minutes; looked at the relays, and the fellows with the water-buckets, who were to splash the wheels; gulped down a quart of beer; and so, his saddle in the interim having been fixed on another horse,

sprang up again, and off at a gallop. The King, then, was *not* to stay in Dolgelin! Soon came the Page, mounted in like style; a youth of 17 or 18; utterly exhausted; had to be lifted down from his horse, and again helped upon the fresh one, being scarcely able to stand;—and close on the rear of him arrived the King. He was sitting alone in an old-fashioned glass-coach, what they call a *vis-à-vis* (a narrow carriage, two seats fore and aft, and on each of them room for only one person). The coach was very long, like all the old carriages of that time; between the driver's box and the body of the coach was a space of at least four feet; the body itself was of pear-shape, peaked below and bellied out above; hung on straps, with rolled knuckles [*winden*], did not rest on springs; two beams, connecting fore wheels and hind, ran not *under* the body of the coach, but along the sides of it, the hind-wheels following with a goodly interval.

"The carriage drew up; and the King said to his coachman [the far-famed Pfund]: 'Is this Dolgelin?' 'Yes, your Majesty!'—'I stay here.' 'No,' said Pfund; 'The sun is not down yet. We can get on very well to Müncheberg to-night [ten miles ahead, and a Town too, perfidious Pfund!]—and then to-morrow we are much earlier in Potsdam.' 'Na, hm,—well, if it must be so!'—

"And therewith they set to changing horses. The peasants who were standing far off, quite silent, with reverently bared heads, came softly nearer, and looked eagerly at the King. An old Gingerbread-woman (*Semmelfrau*) of Lebbenichen [always knew her afterwards] took me in her arm, and held me aloft close to the coach-window. I was now at farthest an ell from the King; and I felt as if I were looking in the face of God Almighty (*es war mir als ob ich den lieben Gott ansähe*). He was gazing steadily out before him," into the glowing West, "through the front window. He had on an old three-cornered regimental hat, and had put the hindward straight flap of it foremost, undoing the loop, so that this flap hung down in front, and screened him from the sun. The hat-strings (*Hut-cordons*," trimmings of silver or gold cord) "had got torn loose, and were fluttering about on this down-hanging

front flap; the white feather in the hat was tattered and dirty; the plain blue uniform, with red cuffs, red collar and gold shoulder-bands [epaulettes *without* bush at the end], was old and dusty, the yellow waistcoat covered with snuff; — for the rest, he had black-velvet breeches [and, of course, the perpetual *boots*, of which he would allow no polishing or blacking, still less any change for new ones while they would hang together]. I thought always he would speak to me. The old woman could not long hold me up; and so she set me down again. Then the King looked at the Clergyman, beckoned him near, and asked, Whose child it was? ‘Herr von Marwitz of Friedersdorf’s.’ — ‘Is that the General?’ ‘No, the Chamberlain.’ The King made no answer: he could not bear Chamberlains, whom he considered as idle fellows. The new horses were yoked; away they went. All day the peasants had been talking of the King, how he would bring this and that into order, and pull everybody over the coals who was not agreeable to them.

“Afterwards it turned out that all Clergymen were in the habit of giving 10 thalers to the coachman Pfund, when the King lodged with them: the former Clergyman of Dolgelin had regularly done it; but the new one, knowing nothing of the custom, had omitted it last year; — and that was the reason why the fellow had so pushed along all day that he could pass Dolgelin before sunset, and get his 10 thalers in Müncheberg from the Bürgermeister there.”

2°. *January, 1785.* “The second time I saw the King was at the Carnival of Berlin in 1785. I had gone with my Tutor to a Cousin of mine who was a Hofdame (*Dame de Cour*) to the Princess Henri, and lived accordingly in the Prince-Henri Palace, — which is now, in our days, become the University; — her Apartments were in the third story, and looked out into the garden. As we were ascending the great stairs, there came dashing past us a little old man with staring eyes, jumping down three steps at a time. My Tutor said, in astonishment, ‘That is Prince Henri!’ We now stepped into a window of the first story, and looked out to see what the little man

had meant by those swift boundings of his. And lo, there came the King in his carriage to visit him.

"Friedrich the Second *never* drove in Potsdam, except when on journeys, but constantly rode. He seemed to think it a disgrace, and unworthy of a Soldier, to go in a carriage: thus, when in the last Autumn of his life (this very 1785) he was so unwell in the windy Sans-Souci (where there were no stoves, but only hearth-fires), that it became necessary to remove to the Schloss in Potsdam, he could not determine to *drive* thither, but kept hoping from day to day for so much improvement as might allow him to ride. As no improvement came, and the weather grew ever colder, he at length decided to go over under cloud of darkness, in a sedan-chair, that nobody might notice him. — So likewise during the Reviews at Berlin or Charlottenburg he appeared always on horseback: but during the Carnival in Berlin, where he usually stayed four weeks, he *drove*, and this always in Royal pomp, — thus: —

"Ahead went eight runners with their staves, plumed caps and runner-aprons [*Läufer-schürze*, whatever these are], in two rows. As these runners were never used for anything except this show, the office was a kind of post for Invalids of the Life-guard. A consequence of which was, that the King always had to go at a slow pace. His courses, however, were no other than from the Schloss to the Opera twice a week; and during his whole residence, one or two times to Prince Henri and the Princess Amelia [once always, too, to dine with his Wife, to whom he did not speak one word, but merely bowed at beginning and ending!]. After this the runners rested again for a year. Behind them came the Royal Carriage, with a team of eight; eight windows round it; the horses with old-fashioned harness, and plumes on their heads. Coachman and outriders all in the then Royal livery, — blue; the collar, cuffs, pockets, and all seams, trimmed with a stripe of red cloth, and this bound on both sides with small gold-cord; the general effect of which was very good. In the four boots (*Nebentritten*) of the coach stood four Pages, red with gold, in silk stockings, feather-hats (crown all covered with feathers), but not having plumes; — the valet's boot behind, empty; and

to the rear of it, down below, where one mounts to the valet's boot [*Bedienten-tritt*, what is now become *foot-board*], stood a groom (*Stallknecht*). Thus came the King, moving slowly along; and entered through the portal of the Palace. We looked down from the window in the stairs. Prince Henri stood at the carriage-door; the pages opened it, the King stepped out, saluted his Brother, took him by the hand, walked upstairs with him, and thus the two passed near us (we retiring upstairs to the second story), and went into the Apartment, where now Students run leaping about."

3°. *May 23d*, 1785. "The third time I saw him was that same year, at Berlin still, as he returned home from the Review.¹ My Tutor had gone with me for that end to the Halle Gate, for we already knew that on that day he always visited his Sister, Princess Amelia. He came riding on a big white horse, — no doubt old *Condé*, who, twenty years after this, still got his *free-board* in the *École Vétérinaire*; for since the Bavarian War (1778), Friedrich hardly ever rode any other horse. His dress was the same as formerly at Dolgelin, on the journey; only that the hat was in a little better condition, properly looped up, and with the peak (but not with the *long* peak, as is now the fashion) set in front, in due military style. Behind him were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and finally the grooms of the party. The whole 'Rondeel' (now Belle-Alliance Platz) and the Wilhelms-Strasse were crammed full of people; all windows crowded, all heads bare, everywhere the deepest silence; and on all countenances an expression of reverence and confidence, as towards the just steersman of all our destinies. The King rode quite alone in front, and saluted people, *continually* taking off his hat. In doing which he observed a very marked gradation, according as the on-lookers bowing to him from the windows seemed to deserve. At one time he lifted the hat a very little; at another he took it from his head, and held it an instant beside the same; at another he sunk it as far as the elbow. But these motions lasted continually; and no sooner had he put

¹ "May 21st-23d" (Rödenbeck, iii. 327).

on his hat, than he saw other people, and again took it off. From the Halle Gate to the Koch-Strasse he certainly took off his hat 200 times.

"Through this reverent silence there sounded only the trampling of the horses, and the shouting of the Berlin street-boys, who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung up their hats into the air, or skipped along close by him, wiping the dust from his boots. I and my Tutor had gained so much room that we could run alongside of him, hat in hand, among the boys. — You see the difference between then and now. Who was it that then made the noise? Who maintained a dignified demeanor? — Who is it that bawls and bellows now? [Nobilities ought to be noble, thinks this old Marwitz, in their reverence to Nobleness. If Nobilities themselves become Washed Populaces in a manner, what are we to say?] And what value can you put on such bellowing?

"Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace (which, lying in the Wilhelms-Strasse, fronts also into the Koch-Strasse), the crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there: the fore-court was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence of any police, there was open space left for him and his attendants. He turned into the Court; the gate-leaves went back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two Ladies, the *Oberhofmeisterinn* (Chief Lady) behind her, came hitching down the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her, he put his horse to the gallop, pulled up, sprang rapidly down, took off his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her up the steps. The gate-leaves went to; all had vanished, and the multitude still stood, with bared head, in silence, all eyes turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted a while, till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.

"And yet there had nothing happened! No pomp, no fireworks, no cannon-shot, no drumming and fife, no music, no event that had occurred! No, nothing but an old man of 73, ill-dressed, all dusty, was returning from his day's work. But everybody knew that this old man was toiling also for him;

5th-11th Aug. 1784.

that he had set his whole life on that labor, and for five-and-forty years had not given it the slip one day ! Every one saw, moreover, the fruits of this old man's labor, near and far, and everywhere around ; and to look on the old man himself awakened reverence, admiration, pride, confidence, — in short, all the nobler feelings of man." ¹

This was May 21st, 1785 ; I think, the last time Berlin saw its King in that public manner, riding through the streets. The *Fürstenbund* Affair is now, secretly, in a very lively state, at Berlin and over Germany at large ; and comes to completion in a couple of months hence, — as shall be noticed farther on.

General Bouillé, home from his West-Indian Exploits, visits Friedrich (August 5th-11th, 1784).

In these last years of his life Friedrich had many French of distinction visiting him. In 1782, the Abbé Raynal (whom, except for his power of face, he admired little) ; ² in 1786, Mirabeau (whose personal qualities seem to have pleased him) ; — but chiefly, in the interval between these two, various Military Frenchmen, now home with their laurels from the American War, coming about his Reviews : eager to see the Great Man, and be seen by him. Lafayette, Ségur and many others came ; of whom the one interesting to us is Marquis de Bouillé : already known for his swift sharp operation on the English Leeward Islands ; and memorable afterwards to all the world for his presidency in the *Flight to Varennes* of poor Louis XVI. and his Queen, in 1791 ; which was by no means so successful. "The brave Bouillé," as we called him long since, when writing of that latter operation, elsewhere. Bouillé left *Mémoires* of his own : which speak of Friedrich : in the *Vie de Bouillé*, published recently by friendly hands, ³ there is Summary given of all that his Papers say on Friedrich ; this, in still briefer shape, but unchanged otherwise, readers shall now see.

¹ *Nachlass des General von der Marwitz*, i. 15-20. ² Rödenbeck, iii. 277 n.

³ René de Bouillé, *Essai sur la Vie du Marquis de Bouillé* (Paris, 1853).

"In July, 1784, Marquis de Bouillé (lately returned from a visit to England), desirous to see the Prussian Army, and to approach the great Friedrich while it was yet time, travelled by way of Holland to Berlin, through Potsdam [no date; got to Berlin "August 6th;"¹ so that we can guess "August 5th" for his Potsdam day]. Saw, at Sans-Souci, in the vestibule, a bronze Bust of Charles XII.; in the dining-room, among other pictures, a portrait of the Châteauroux, Louis XV.'s first Mistress. In the King's bedroom, simple camp-bed, coverlet of crimson taffetas, — rather dirty, as well as the other furniture, on account of the dogs. Many books lying about: Cicero, Tacitus, Titus Livius [in French Translations]. On a chair, Portrait of Kaiser Joseph II.; same in King's Apartments in Berlin Schloss, also in the Potsdam New Palace: '*C'est un jeune homme que je ne dois pas perdre de vue.*'

"King entering, took off his hat, saluting the Marquis, whom a Chamberlain called Görtz presented [no Chamberlain; a Lieutenant-General, and much about the King; his Brother, the Weimar Görtz, is gone as Prussian Minister to Petersburg some time ago]. King talked about the War *des Isles* [my West-India War], and about England. 'They [the English] are like sick people who have had a fever; and don't know how ill they have been, till the fit is over.' Fox he treated as a noisy fellow (*de brouillon*); but expressed admiration of young Pitt. 'The coolness with which he can stand being not only contradicted, but ridiculed and insulted, *cela paraît au-dessus de la patience humaine.*' King closed the conversation by saying he would be glad to see me in Silesia, whither he was just about to go for Reviews [will go in ten days, August 15th].

"Friedrich was 72," last January 24th. "His physiognomy, dress, appearance, are much what the numerous well-known Portraits represent him. At Court, and on great Ceremonies, he appears sometimes in black-colored stockings rolled over the knee, and rose-colored or sky-blue coat (*bleu céleste*). He is fond of these colors, as his furniture too shows. The Marquis dined with the Prince of Prussia, without previous pre-

¹ Rödenbeck, iii. 309.

sentation; so simple are the manners of this Soldier Court. The Heir Presumptive lodges at a brewer's house, and in a very mean way; is not allowed to sleep from home without permission from the King."

Bouillé set out for Silesia 11th August; was at Neisse in good time. "Went, at 5 A.M. [date is August 19th, Review lasts till 24th],¹ to see the King mount. All the Generals, Prince of Prussia among them, waited in the street; outside of a very simple House, where the King lodged. After waiting half an hour, his Majesty appeared; saluted very graciously, without uttering a word. This was one of his special Reviews [that was it!]. He rode (*marchait*) generally alone, in utter silence; it was then that he had his *regard terrible*, and his features took the impress of severity, to say no more. [Is displeased with the Review, I doubt, though Bouillé saw nothing amiss;—and merely tells us farther:] At the Reviews the King inspects strictly one regiment after another: it is he that selects the very Corporals and Sergeants, much more the Upper Officers; nominating for vacancies what Cadets are to fill them, — all of whom are Nobles." Yes, with rare exceptions, all. Friedrich, democratic as his temper was, is very strict on this point; "because," says he repeatedly, "Nobles have honor; a Noble that misbehaves, or flinches in the moment of crisis, can find no refuge in his own class; whereas a man of lower birth always can in his."² Bouillé continues:—

"After Review, dined with his Majesty. Just before dinner he gave to the assembled Generals the 'Order' for to-morrow's Manœuvres [as we saw in Conway's case, ten years ago]. This lasted about a quarter of an hour; King then saluted everybody, taking off *très-affectueusement* his hat, which he immediately put on again. Had now his affable mien, and was most polite to the strangers present. At dinner, conversation turned on the Wars of Louis XIV.; then on English-American War, — King always blaming the English, whom he does not like. Dinner lasted three hours. His Majesty said more than once to me [in ill humor, I should almost guess, and wishful

¹ Rödénbeck, iii. 310.

² *Œuvres de Frédéric* (more than once).

to hide it]: ‘Complete freedom here, as if we were in our Tavern, Sir (*Ici, toute liberté, Monsieur, comme si nous étions au cabaret*)!’ On the morrow,” August 20th, “dined again. King talked of France; of Cardinal Richelieu, whose principles of administration he praised. Repeated several times, that ‘he did not think the French Nation fit for Free Government.’ At the Reviews, Friedrich did not himself command; but prescribed, and followed the movements; criticised, reprimanded and so forth. On horseback six hours together, without seeming fatigued.

“King left for Breslau 25th August [24th, if it were of moment]. Bouillé followed thither; dined again. Besides Officers, there were present several Polish Princes, the Bishop of the Diocese, and the Abbot Bastiani. King made pleasantries about religion [pity, that]; Bastiani not slow with repartees,” of a defensive kind. “King told me, on one occasion, ‘Would you believe it? I have just been putting my poor Jesuits’ finances into order. They understand nothing of such things, *ces bons hommes*. They are useful to me in forming my Catholic Clergy. I have arranged it with his Holiness the Pope, who is a friend of mine, and behaves very well to me.’ Pointing from the window to the Convent of Capuchins, ‘Those fellows trouble me a little with their bell-rings. They offered to stop it at night, for my sake: but I declined. One must leave everybody to his trade; theirs is to pray, and I should have been sorry to deprive them of their chimes (*carillon*).’

“The 20,000 troops, assembled at Breslau, did not gain the King’s approval,” — far from it, alas, as we shall all see! “To some Chiefs of Corps he said, ‘*Vous ressemblez plus à des tailleurs qu’à des militaires* (You are more like tailors than soldiers)!’ He cashiered several, and even sent one Major-General to prison for six weeks.” That of the tailors, and Major-General Erlach clapt in prison, is too true; — nor is that the saddest part of the Affair to us. “Bouillé was bound now on an excursion to Prag, to a Camp of the Kaiser’s there. ‘Mind,’ said the King, alluding to Bouillé’s *blue* uniform, — ‘mind, in the Country you are going to, they don’t like the

blue coats; and your Queen has even preserved the family repugnance, for she does not like them either.'¹

"September 5th, 1784, Bouillé arrived at Prag. Austrian Manœuvres are very different; troops, though more splendidly dressed, contrast unfavorably with Prussians;" — unfavorably, though the strict King was so dissatisfied. "Kaiser Joseph, speaking of Friedrich, always admiringly calls him '*Le Roi.*' Joseph a great questioner, and answers his own questions. His tone *brusque et décidé.* Dinner lasted one hour.

"Returned to Potsdam to assist at the Autumn Reviews," 21st-23d September, 1784.² "Dinner very splendid, magnificently served; twelve handsome Pages, in blue or rose-colored velvet, waited on the Guests, — these being forty old rude Warriors booted and spurred. King spoke of the French, approvingly: 'But,' added he, 'the Court spoils everything. Those Court-fellows, with their red heels and delicate nerves, make very bad soldiers. Saxe often told me, In his Flanders Campaigns the Courtiers gave him more trouble than did Cumberland.' Talked of Maréchal Richelieu; of Louis XIV., whose apology he skilfully made. Blamed, however, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Great attachment of the 'Protestant Refugees' to France and its King. 'Would you believe it?' said he: 'Under Louis XIV. they and their families used to assemble on the day of St. Louis, to celebrate the *fête* of the King who persecuted them!' Expressed pity for Louis XV., and praised his good-nature.

"Friedrich, in his conversation, showed a modesty which seemed a little affected. '*S'il m'est permis d'avoir une opinion,*' a common expression of his; — said 'opinion' on most things, on Medicine among others, being always excellent. Thinks French Literature surpasses that of the Ancients. Small opinion of English Literature: turned Shakspeare into ridicule; and made also bitter fun of German Letters, — their Language barbarous, their Authors without genius. . . .

"I asked, and received permission from the King, to bring

¹ *Essai sur la Vie du Marquis de Bouillé*, pp. 134-149.

² Rödénbeck, iii. 313.

my Son to be admitted in his *Académie des Gentilshommes*; an exceptional favor. On parting, the King said to me: 'I hope you will return to me Maréchal de France; it is what I should like; and your Nation could n't do better, nobody being in a state to render it greater services.' "

Bouillé will reappear for an instant next year. Meanwhile he returns to France, "first days of October, 1784," where he finds Prince Henri; who is on Visit there for three months past.¹ A shining event in Prince Henri's Life; and a profitable; poor King Louis — what was very welcome in Henri's state of finance — having, in a delicate kingly way, insinuated into him a "Gift of 400,000 francs" (£16,000):² — partly by way of retaining-fee for France; "may turn to excellent account," think some, "when a certain Nephew comes to reign yonder, as he soon must."

What Bouillé heard about the Silesian Reviews is perfectly true; and only a part of the truth. Here, to the person chiefly responsible, is an indignant Letter of the King's: to a notable degree, full of settled wrath against one who is otherwise a dear old Friend: —

Friedrich to Lieutenant-General Tauentzien, Infantry Inspector-General of Silesia.

"POTSDAM, 7th September, 1784.

"MY DEAR GENERAL VON TAUENTZIEN, — While in Silesia I mentioned to you, and will now repeat in writing, That my Army in Silesia was at no time so bad as at present. Were I to make Shoemakers or Tailors into Generals, the Regiments could not be worse. Regiment *Thadden* is not fit to be the most insignificant militia battalion of a Prussian Army; *Rothkirch* and *Schwartz*" — bad as possible all of them — "of *Erlach*, the men are so spoiled by smuggling [sad industry, instead of drilling], they have no resemblance to Soldiers; *Keller* is

¹ "2d July, 1784," Prince Henri had gone (*Rédenbeck*, iii. 309).

² Anonymous (*De la Roche-Aymon*), *Vie privée, politique et militaire du Prince Henri, Frère de Frédéric II.* (a poor, vague and uninteresting little Book: Paris, 1809), pp. 219-239.

like a heap of undrilled boors; *Hager* has a miserable Commander; and your own Regiment is very mediocre. Only with Graf von Anhalt [in spite of his head], with *Wendessen* and *Margraf Heinrich*, could I be content. See you, that is the state I found the Regiments in, one after one. I will now speak of their Manœuvring [in our Mimic Battles on the late occasion]:—

“Schwartz, at Neisse, made the unpardonable mistake of not sufficiently besetting the Height on the Left Wing; had it been serious, the Battle had been lost. At Breslau, Erlach [who is a Major-General, forsooth!], instead of covering the Army by seizing the Heights, marched off with his Division straight as a row of cabbages into that Defile; whereby, had it been earnest, the enemy's Cavalry would have cut down our Infantry, and the Fight was gone.

“It is not my purpose to lose Battles by the base conduct (*lâcheté*) of my Generals: wherefore I hereby appoint, That you, next year, if I be alive, assemble the Army between Breslau and Ohlau; and for four days before I arrive in your Camp, carefully manœuvre with the ignorant Generals, and teach them what their duty is. Regiment *Von Arnim* and Garrison-Regiment *Von Kanitz* are to act the Enemy: and whoever does not then fulfil his duty shall go to Court-Martial, —for I should think it shame of any Country (*jeden Puissance*) to keep such people, who trouble themselves so little about their business. Erlach sits four weeks longer in arrest [to have six weeks of it in full]. And you have to make known this my present Declared Will to your whole Inspection. — F.”¹

What a peppering is the excellent old Tauentzien getting! Here is a case for Kaltenborn, and the sympathies of Opposition people. But, alas, this King knows that Armies are not to be kept at the working point on cheaper terms, —though some have tried it, by grog, by sweetmeats, sweet-speeches, and found it in the end come horribly dearer! One thing is certain: the Silesian Reviews, next Year, if this King be alive,

¹ Rödenbeck, iii. 311.

will be a terrible matter; and Military Gentlemen had better look to themselves in time! Kaltenborn's sympathy will help little; nothing but knowing one's duty, and visibly and indisputably doing it, will the least avail.

Just in the days when Bouillé left him for France, Friedrich ("October, 1784") had conceived the notion of some general Confederation, or Combination in the Reich, to resist the continual Encroachments of Austria; which of late are becoming more rampant than ever. Thus, in the last year, especially within the last six months, a poor Bishop of Passau, quasi-Bavarian, or in theory Sovereign Bishop of the Reich, is getting himself pulled to pieces (Diocese torn asunder, and masses of it forcibly sewed on to their new "Bishopric of Vienna"), in the most tragic manner, in spite of express Treaties, and on all the outeries the poor man and the Holy Father himself can make against it.¹ To this of Passau, and to the much of *Panis-Briefe* and the like which had preceded, Friedrich, though studiously saying almost nothing, had been paying the utmost of attention:—part of Prince Henri's errand to France is thought to have been, to take soundings on those matters (on which France proves altogether willing, if able); and now, in the general emotion about Passau, Friedrich jots down in a Note to Hertzberg the above idea; with order to put it into form a little, and consult about it in the Reich with parties interested. Hertzberg took the thing up with zeal; instructed the Prussian Envoys to inquire, cautiously, everywhere; fancied he did find willingness in the Courts of the Reich, in Hanover especially: in a word, got his various irons into the fire;—and had not proceeded far, when there rose another ease of Austrian Encroachment, which eclipsed all the preceding; and speedily brought Hertzberg's irons to the welding-point. Too brief we cannot be in this matter; here are the dates, mostly from Dohm:—

¹ Dohm (*Denkwürdigkeiten*, iii. 46, — *Geschichte der letzten Periode Friedrichs des Zweiten*) gives ample particulars. Dohm's first 3 volumes call themselves "History of Friedrich's last Period, 1778–1786;" and are full of Bavarian War, 3d vol. mostly of *Fürstenbund*;—all in a candid, authentic, but watery and rather wearisome way.

New-year's Day, 1785, on or about that day, Romanzow, Son of our old Colberg and Anti-Turk friend, who is Russian "Minister in the Ober-Rheinish Circle," appears at the little Court of Zweibrück, with a most sudden and astounding message to the Duke there: —

"Important bargain agreed upon between your Kaiser and his Highness of the Pfalz and Baiern; am commanded by my Sovereign Lady, on behalf of her friend the Kaiser, to make it known to you. Baiern all and whole made over to Austria; in return for which the now Kur-Baiern gets the Austrian Netherlands (Citadels of Limburg and Lûxemburg alone excepted); and is a King henceforth, 'King of Burgundy' to be the Title, he and his fortunate Successors for all time coming. To your fortunate self, in acknowledgment of your immediate consent, Austria offers the free-gift of £100,000, and to your Brother Max of £50,000; Kur-Baiern, for his loyal conduct, is to have £150,000; and to all of you, if handsome, Austria will be handsome generally. For the rest, the thing is already settled; and your refusal will not hinder it from going forward. I request to know, within eight days, what your Highness's determination is!"

His poor Highness, thunderstruck as may be imagined, asks: "But — but — What would your Excellency advise me?" "Have n't the least advice," answers his Excellency: "will wait at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, for eight days, what your Highness's resolution is; hoping it may be a wise one; — and have the honor at present to say Good-morning." Sudden, like a thunder-bolt in winter, the whole phenomenon. This, or *January 3d*, when Friedrich, by Express from Zweibrück, first heard of this, may be considered as birthday of a Fürstenbund now no longer hypothetic, but certain to become actual.

Zweibrück naturally shot off expresses: to Petersburg (no answer ever); to Berlin (with answer on the instant); — and in less than eight days, poor Zweibrück, such the intelligence from Berlin, was in a condition to write to Frankfurt: "Excellency, No; I do not consent, nor ever will." For King Friedrich is broad-awake again; — and Hertzberg's smithy-

fires, we may conceive how the winds rose upon these, and brought matters to a welding heat!—

The Czarina, — on Friedrich's urgent remonstrance, "What is this, great Madam? To your old Ally, and from the Guaranty and Author of the Peace of Teschen!" — had speedily answered: "Far from my thoughts to violate the Peace of Teschen; very far: I fancied this was an advantageous exchange, advantageous to Zweibrück especially; but since Zweibrück thinks otherwise, of course there is an end." "Of course;" — though my Romanzow did talk differently; and the forge-fires of a certain person are getting blown at a mighty rate! Hertzberg's operation was conducted at first with the greatest secrecy; but his Envoys were busy in all likely places, his Proposal finding singular consideration; acceptance, here, there, — "A very mild and safe-looking Project, most mild in tone surely!" — and it soon came to Kaunitz's ear; most unwelcome to the new Kingdom of Burgundy and him!

Thrice over, in the months ensuing (April 13th, May 11th, June 23d), in the shape of a "Circular to all Austrian Ambassadors,"¹ Kaunitz lifted up his voice in severe dehortation, the tone of him waxing more and more indignant, and at last snuffling almost tremulous quite into alt, "against the calumnies and malices of some persons, misinterpreters of a most just Kaiser and his actions." But as the Czarina, meanwhile, declared to the Reich at large, that she held, and would ever hold, the Peace of Teschen a thing sacred, and this or any Kingdom of Burgundy, or change of the Reichs Laws, impossible, — the Kaunitz clangors availed nothing; and Fürstenbund privately, but at a mighty pace, went forward. And, *June 29th*, 1785, after much labor, secret but effective, on the part of Dohm and others, Three Plenipotentiaries, the Prussian, the Saxon, the Hanoverian ("excellent method to have only the principal Three!") met, still very privately, at Berlin; and laboring their best, had, in about four weeks, a Fürstenbund Covenant complete; signed, *July 23d*, by these Three, — to whom all others that approved append themselves. As an

¹ Dohm, iii. 64. 68.

effective respectable number, Brunswick, Hessen, Mainz and others, did,¹ — had not, indeed, the first Three themselves, especially as Hanover meant England withal, been themselves moderately sufficient. — Here, before the date quite pass, are two Clippings which may be worth their room : —

1°. *Bouillé's Second Visit* (Spring, 1785). May 10th, 1785, — just while *Fürstenbund*, so privately, was in the birth-throes, — “Marquis de Bouillé had again come to Berlin, to place his eldest Son in the *Académie des Gentilshommes* ; where the young man stayed two years. Was at Potsdam ” May 13th-16th ;² “well received ; dined at Sans-Souci. Informed the King of the Duc de Choiseul's death [Paris, May 8th]. King, shaking his head, ‘*Il n'y a pas grand mal.*’ Seems piqued at the Queen of France, who had not shown much attention to Prince Henri. Spoke of Peter the Great, ‘whose many high qualities were darkened by singular cruelty.’ When at Berlin, going on foot, as his custom was, unattended, to call on King Friedrich Wilhelm, the people in the streets crowded much about him. ‘Brother,’ said he to the King, ‘your subjects are deficient in respect ; order one or two of them to be hanged ; it will restrain the others !’ During the same visit, one day, at Charlottenburg, the Czar, after dinner, stepped out on a balcony which looked into the Gardens. Seeing many people assembled below, he gnashed his teeth (*grinça des dents*), and began giving signs of frenzy. Shifty little Catharine, who was with him, requested that a certain person down among the crowd, who had a yellow wig, should be at once put away, or something bad would happen. This done, the Czar became quiet again. The Czarina added, he was subject to such attacks of frenzy ; and that, when she saw it, she would scratch his head, which moderated him. ‘*Voilà Monsieur,*’ concluded the King, addressing me : ‘*Voilà les grands hommes !*’

“Bouillé spent a fortnight at Reinsberg, with Prince Henri ; who represents his Brother as impatient, restless, envious, suspicious, even timid ; of an ill-regulated imagination,” — noth-

¹ List of them in Dohm.

² Rödenbeck, iii. 325.

ing like so wise as some of us ! “Is too apprehensive of war ; which may very likely bring it on. On the least alarm, he assembles troops at the frontier ; Joseph does the like ; and so ” — A notably spleretic little Henri ; head of an Opposition Party which has had to hold its tongue. Cherishes in the silent depths of him an almost ghastly indignation against his Brother on some points. “Bouillé returned to Paris June, 1785.”¹

2°. *Comte de Ségur* (on the road to Petersburg as French Minister) *has seen Friedrich* : January 29th, 1785. Ségur says : “With lively curiosity I gazed at this man ; there as he stood, great in genius, small in stature ; stooping, and as it were bent down under the weight of his laurels and of his long toils. His blue coat, old and worn like his body ; his long boots coming up above the knee ; his waistcoat covered with snuff, formed an odd but imposing whole. By the fire of his eyes, you recognized that in essentials he had not grown old. Though bearing himself like an invalid, you felt that he could strike like a young soldier ; in his small figure, you discerned a spirit greater than any other man’s. . . .

“If used at all to intercourse with the great world, and possessed of any elevation of mind, you have no embarrassment in speaking to a King ; but to a Great Man you present yourself not without fear. Friedrich, in his private sphere, was of sufficiently unequal humor ; wayward, wilful ; open to prejudices ; indulged in mockery, often enough epigrammatic upon the French ; — agreeable in a high degree to strangers whom he pleased to favor ; but bitterly piquant for those he was prepossessed against, or who, without knowing it, had ill-chosen the hour of approaching him. To me, luck was kind in all these points ;” my Interview delightful, but not to be reported farther.²

Except Mirabeau, about a year after this, Ségur is the last distinguished French visitor. French Correspondence the King has now little or none. October gone a year, his D’Alembert,

¹ *Essai sur la Vie de Bouillé* (ubi suprâ).

² “*Mémoires par M. le Comte de Ségur* (Paris, 1826), ii. 133, 120 :” cited in *Preuss*, iv. 218. For date, see Rôdenbeck, iii. 322, 323.

the last intellectual Frenchman he had a real esteem for, died. Paris and France seem to be sinking into strange depths; less and less worth hearing of. Now and then a straggling Note from Condorcet, Grimm or the like, are all he gets there.

That of the Fürstenbund put a final check on Joseph's notions of making the Reich a reality; his reforms and ambitions had thenceforth to take other directions, and leave the poor old Reich at peace. A mighty reformer he had been, the greatest of his day. Broke violently in upon quiescent Austrian routine, on every side: monkeries, school-pedantries, trade-monopolies, serfages,—all things, military and civil, spiritual and temporal, he had resolved to make perfect in a minimum of time. Austria gazed on him, its admiration not unmixed with terror. He rushed incessantly about; hardy as a Charles Twelfth; slept on his bearskin on the floor of any inn or hut;—flew at the throat of every Absurdity, however broad-based or dangerously armed, “Disappear, I say!” Will hurl you an Official of Rank, where need is, into the Pillory; sets him, in one actual instance, to permanent sweeping of the streets in Vienna. A most prompt, severe, and yet beneficent and charitable kind of man. Immensely ambitious, that must be said withal. A great admirer of Friedrich; bent to imitate him with profit. “Very clever indeed,” says Friedrich; “but has the fault [a terribly grave one!] of generally taking the second step without having taken the first.”

A troublesome neighbor he proved to everybody, not by his reforms alone;—and ended, pretty much as here in the *Fürstenbund*, by having, in all matters, to give in and desist. In none of his foreign Ambitions could he succeed; in none of his domestic Reforms. In regard to these latter, somebody remarks: “No Austrian man or thing articulately contradicted his fine efforts that way; but, inarticulately, the whole weight of Austrian *vis inertiae* bore day and night against him;—whereby, as we now see, he bearing the other way with the force of a steam-ram, a hundred tons to the square inch, the one result was, To dislocate every joint in the Austrian Edifice, and have it ready for the Napoleonic Earth-

quakes that ensued." In regard to ambitions abroad it was no better. The Dutch fired upon his Scheld Frigate: "War, if you will, you most aggressive Kaiser; but this Toll is ours!" His Netherlands revolted against him, "Can holy religion, and old use-and-wont be tumbled about at this rate?" His Grand Russian Copartneries and Turk War went to water and disaster. His reforms, one and all, had to be revoked for the present. Poor Joseph, broken-hearted (for his private griefs were many, too), lay down to die. "You may put for epitaph," said he with a tone which is tragical and pathetic to us, "Here lies Joseph," the grandly attempting Joseph, "who could succeed in nothing."¹ A man of very high qualities, and much too conscious of them. A man of an ambition without bounds. One of those fatal men, fatal to themselves first of all, who mistake half-genius for whole; and rush on the second step without having made the first. Cannot trouble the old King or us any more.

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

To the present class of readers, Fürstenbund is become a Nothing; to all of us the grand Something now is, strangely enough, that incidental item which directly followed, of Reviewing the Silesian soldieries, who had so angered his Majesty last year. "If I be alive next year!" said the King to Tauentzien. The King kept his promise; and the Fates had appointed that, in doing so, he was to find his — But let us not yet pronounce the word.

August 16th, 1785, some three weeks after finishing the

¹ Died, at Vienna, 20th February, 1790, still under fifty; — born there 13th March, 1741. Hormayr, *Österreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 125–223 (and five or six recent *Lives* of Joseph, none of which, that I have seen, was worth reading, in comparison).

Fürstenbund, Friedrich set out for Silesia: towards Strehlen, long known to him and us all; — at Gross-Tinz, a Village in that neighborhood, the Camp and Review are to be. He goes by Crossen, Glogau; in a circling direction: Glogau, Schweidnitz, Silberberg, Glatz, all his Fortresses are to be inspected as well, and there is much miscellaneous business by the road. At Hirschberg, not on the military side, we have sight of him; the account of which is strange to read: —

“*Thursday, August 18th,*” says a private Letter from that little Town,¹ “he passed through here: concourse of many thousands, from all the Country about, had been waiting for him several hours. Outriders came at last; then he himself, the Unique; and, with the liveliest expression of reverence and love, all eyes were directed on one point. I cannot describe to you my feelings, which of course were those of everybody, to see him, the aged King; in his weak hand the hat; in those grand eyes such a fatherly benignity of look over the vast crowd that encircled his Carriage, and rolled tide-like, accompanying it. Looking round when he was past, I saw in various eyes a tear trembling. [“Alas, we sha’n’t have him long!”]

“His affability, his kindliness, to whoever had the honor of speech with this great King, who shall describe it! After talking a good while with the Merchants-Deputation from the Hill Country, he said, ‘Is there anything more, then, from anybody?’ Upon which, the President (*Kaufmannsälteste*,” Merchants’-Eldest) “Lachmann, from Greiffenberg,” which had been burnt lately, and helped by the King to rebuild itself, “stepped forward, and said, ‘The burnt-out Inhabitants of Greiffenberg had charged him to express once more their most submissive gratitude for the gracious help in rebuilding; their word of thanks, truly, was of no importance, but they daily prayed God to reward such Royal beneficence.’ The King was visibly affected, and said, ‘You don’t need to thank me; when my subjects fall into misfortune, it is my duty to help them up again; for that reason am I here.’” . . .

¹ Given *in extenso*, Rödenbeck, iii. 331-333.

Saturday 20th, he arrived at Tinz; had a small Cavalry Manœuvre, next day; and on Monday the Review Proper began. Lasted four days, — 22d–25th August, Monday to Thursday, both inclusive. “Head-quarter was in the *Dorf-Schulze’s* (Village Mayor’s) house; and there were many Strangers of distinction quartered in the Country Mansions round.” Gross-Tinz is about 12 miles straight north from Strehlen, and as far straight east from the Zobtenberg: Gross-Tinz, and its Review of August, 1785, ought to be long memorable.

How the Review turned out as to proficieny recovered, I have not heard; and only infer, by symptoms, that it was not unsatisfactory. The sure fact, and the forever memorable, is, That on Wednesday, the third day of it, from 4 in the morning, when the Manœuvres began, till well after 10, when they ended, there was a rain like Noah’s; rain falling as from buckets and water-spouts; and that Friedrich (and perhaps most others too), so intent upon his business, paid not the least regard to it; but rode about, intensely inspecting, in lynx-eyed watchfulness of everything, as if no rain had been there. Was not at the pains even to put on his eloak. Six hours of such down-pour; and a weakly old man of 73 past. Of course he was wetted to the bone. On returning to head-quarters, his boots were found full of water; “when pulled off, it came pouring from them like a pair of pails.”

He got into dry clothes; presided in his usual way at dinner, which soon followed; had many Generals and guests, — Lafayette, Lord Cornwallis, Duke of York; — and, as might be expected, felt unusually feverish afterwards. Hot, ehill, quite poorly all afternoon; glad to get to bed: — where he fell into deep sleep, into profuse perspiration, as his wont was; and awoke, next morning, greatly recovered; altogether well again, as he supposed. Well enough to finish his Review comfortably; and start for home. Went — round by Neisse, inspection not to be omitted there, though it doubles the distanee — to Brieg that day; a drive of 80 miles, inspection-work included. Thence, at Breslau for three days more: with dinners of state, balls, illuminations, in honor of the Duke

of York, — our as yet last Duke of York, then a brisk young fellow of twenty-two; to whom, by accident, among his other distinctions, may belong this of having (most involuntarily) helped to kill Friedrich the Great!

Back to Potsdam, Friedrich pushed on with business; and complained of nothing. Was at Berlin in about ten days (September 9th), for an Artillery Review; saw his Sister Amelia; saw various public works in a state of progress, — but what perhaps is medically significant, went in the afternoon to a kind of Spa Well they have at Berlin; and slept, not at the Palace, but at this Spa, in the hostelry or lodging-house attached.¹ Next day (September 10th), the Artillery Manœuvre was done; and the King left Berlin, — little guessing he had seen Berlin for the last time.

The truth is, his health, unknown to him (though that of taking a Night at the Spa Well probably denotes some guess or feeling of the kind on his part), must have been in a dangerous or almost ruinous state. Accordingly, soon afterwards, September 18th–19th, in the night-time, he was suddenly aroused by a Fit of Suffocation (what they call *Stickfluss*); and, for some hours, till relief was got, everybody feared he would perish. Next day there came gout; which perhaps he regarded almost as a friend: but it did not prove such; it proved the captain of a chaotic company of enemies; and Friedrich's end, I suppose, was already inexorably near. At the Grand Potsdam Review (22d–23d September), chief Review of all, and with such an affluence of Strangers to it this Autumn, he was quite unable to appear; prescribed the Manœuvres and Procedures, and sorrowfully kept his room.²

¹ Rördenbeck, *in die*.

² This of 23d September, 1785 is what Print-Collectors know loosely as "*Friedrich's Last Review*;" — one Cunningham, an English Painter (son of a Jacobite ditto, and himself of wandering habitat), and Clemens, a Prussian Engraver, having done a very large and highly superior Print of it, by way of speculation in Military Portraits (Berlin, 1787); in which, among many others, there figures the crediblest Likeness known to me of *Friedrich in Old Age*, though Friedrich himself was not there. (See *Preuss*, iv. 242; especially see *Rördenbeck*, iii. 337 n.) — As Crown-Prince, Friedrich had *sat* to Pesne: never afterwards to any Artist.

Friedrich was always something of a Doctor himself: he had little faith in professional Doctors, though he liked to speak with the intelligent sort, and was curious about their science. And it is agreed he really had good notions in regard to it; in particular, that he very well understood his own constitution of body; knew the effects of causes there, at any rate, and the fit regimens and methods:—as an old man of sense will usually do. The complaint is, that he was not always faithful to regimen; that, in his old days at least, he loved strong soups, hot spicy meats;—finding, I suppose, a kind of stimulant in them, as others do in wine; a sudden renewal of strength, which might be very tempting to him. There has been a great deal of unwise babble on this subject, which I find no reason to believe, except as just said. In the fall of this year, as usual, perhaps rather later than usual,—not till November 8th (for what reason so delaying, Marwitz told us already),—he withdrew from Sans-Souci, his Summer-Cottage; shut himself up in Potsdam Palace (Old Palace) for the winter. It was known he was very ailing; and that he never stirred out,—but this was not quite unusual in late winters; and the rumors about his health were vague and various. Now, as always, he himself, except to his Doctors, was silent on that subject. Various military Doctors, Theden, Frese and others of eminence, were within reach; but it is not known to me that he consulted any of them.

Not till January, 1786, when symptoms worse than ever, of asthma, of dropsy, began to manifest themselves, did he call in Selle, the chief Berlin Doctor, and a man of real sagacity, as is still evident; who from the first concluded the disease to be desperate; but of course began some alleviatory treatment, the skilfulest possible to him.¹ Selle, when questioned, kept his worst fears carefully to himself: but the King noticed Selle's real opinion,—which, probably, was the King's own

¹ Christian Gottlieb Selle, *Krankheitsgeschichte des Höchstseeligen Königs von Preussen Friedrichs des Zweyten Majestät* (Berlin, 1786); a very small Pamphlet, now very rare;—giving in the most distinct, intelligent, modest and conclusive way, an account of everything pertinent, and rigorously of nothing else.

too; — and finding little actual alleviation, a good deal of trouble, and no possibility of a victorious result by this warfare on the outworks, began to be weary of Selle; and to turn his hopes — what hopes he yet had — on the fine weather soon due. He had a continual short small cough, which much troubled him; there was fear of new Suffocation-Fit; the breathing always difficult.

But Spring came, unusually mild; the King sat on the southern balconies in the genial sun and air, looking over the bright sky and earth, and new birth of things: "Were I at Sans-Souci, amid the Gardens!" thought he. *April 17th*, he shifted thither: not in a sedan, as Marwitz told us of the former journey; but "in his carriage, very early in the morning, making a long roundabout through various Villages, with new relays," — probably with the motive Marwitz assigns. Here are two contemporaneous Excerpts: —

1°. *Mirabeau at Sans-Souci*. "This same day," April 17th, it appears,¹ "the King saw Mirabeau, for the second and last time. Mirabeau had come to Berlin 19th January last; his errand not very precise, — except that he infinitely wanted employment, and that at Paris the Contrôller-General Calonne, since so famous among mankind, had evidently none to offer him there. He seems to have intended Russia, and employment with the Czarina, — after viewing Berlin a little, with the great flashy eyesight he had. He first saw Friedrich January 25th. There pass in all, between Friedrich and him, seven Letters or Notes, two of them by the King; and on poor Mirabeau's side, it must be owned, there is a massively respectful, truthful and manly physiognomy, which probably has mended Friedrich's first opinion of him."² This day, April 17th, 1786, he is at Potsdam; so far on the road to France again, — Mirabeau Senior being reported dangerously ill. 'My Dialogue with the King,' say the Mirabeau Papers, 'was very

¹ Preuss: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 328 n.

² . . . "Is coming to me to-day; one of those loose-tongued fellows, I suppose, who write for and against all the world." (Friedrich to Prince Henri, "25 January, 1786:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*. xxvi. 522.)

lively ; but the King was in such suffering, and so straitened for breath, I was myself anxious to shorten it : that same evening I travelled on.'

"Mirabeau Senior did not die at this time : and Controller-General Calonne, now again eager to shake off an importunate and far too clear-sighted Mirabeau Junior, said to the latter : 'Back to Berlin, could n't you ? Their King is dying, a new King coming ; highly important to us !' — and poor Mirabeau went. Left Paris again, in May ; with money furnished, but no other outfit, and more in the character of Newspaper Vulture than of Diplomatic Envoy,"¹ as perhaps we may transiently see.

2°. *Marie Antoinette at Versailles ; to her Sister Christine at Brussels* (Husband and she, Duke and Duchess of Sachsen-Teschen, are Governors of the Netherlands) : —

March 20th, 1786. . . . "There has been arrested at Geneva one Villette, who played a great part in that abominable Affair [of the Diamond Necklace, now emerging on an astonished Queen and world].² M. Target," Advocate of the enchanted Cardinal, "is coming out with his *Memoir* : he does his function ; and God knows what are the lies he will produce upon us. There is a *Memoir* by that Quack of a Cagliostro, too : these are at this moment the theme of all talk."

April 6th. "The *Memoirs*, the lies, succeed each other ; and the Business grows darker, not clearer. Such a Cardinal of the Church ! He brazenly maintains his distracted story about the Bosquet [Interview with *me* in person, in that Hornbeam Arbor at Versailles ; to me inconceivable, not yet knowing of a Demoiselle d'Oliva from the streets, who had acted my part there], and my Assent [to purchase the Necklace for me]. His impudence and his audacity surpass belief. O Sister, I need all my strength to support such cruel assaults. . . . The King

¹ Rödenbeck, iii. 343. Fils Adoptif, *Mémoires de Mirabeau* (Paris, 1834), iv. 288–292, 296.

² Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (Library Edition), v. 3–96, § *Diamond Necklace*. The wretched Cardinal de Rohan was arrested at Versailles, and put in the Bastille, "August 15th, 1785," the day before Friedrich set out for his Silesian Review ; ever since which, the arrestments and judicial investigations have continued, — continue till "May 10th, 1786," when Sentence was given.

of Prussia's condition much engages attention (*préoccupe*) here, and must do at Vienna too: his death is considered imminent. I am sure you have your eyes open on that side." . . .

April 17th (just while the Mirabeau Interview at Potsdam is going on). . . . "King of Prussia thought to be dying: I am weary of the political discussions on this subject, as to what effects his death must produce. He is better at this moment; but so weak he cannot resist long. Physique is gone; but his force and energy of soul, they say, have often supported him, and in desperate crises have even seemed to increase. Liking to him I never had: his ostentatious immorality (*immoralité affichée*," ah, Madame!) "has much hurt public virtue [public orthodoxy, I mean], and there have been related to me [by mendacious or ill-informed persons] barbarities which excite horror. He has done us all a great deal of ill. He has been a King for his own Country; but a Trouble-feast for those about him; — setting up to be the arbiter of Europe; always undertaking on his neighbors, and making them pay the expense. As Daughters of Maria Theresa, it is impossible we can regret him, nor is it the Court of France that will make his funeral oration." ¹

From Sans-Souci the King did appear again on horseback; rode out several times ("Condé," a fine English horse, one of his favorites, carrying him, — the Condé who had many years of sinecure afterwards, and was well known to Touring people): the rides were short; once to the New Palace to look at some new Vinery there, thence to the Gate of Potsdam, which he was for entering; but finding masons at work, and the street encumbered, did not, and rode home instead: this, of not above two miles, was his longest ride of all. Selle's attendance, less and less in esteem with the King, and less and less followed by him, did not quite cease till June 4th; that day the King had said to Selle, or to himself, "It is enough." That longest of his rides was in the third week after; June 22d, Midsummer-

¹ Comte de Hunolstein, *Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette* (Paris, 1864), pp. 136, 137, 149. — Hunolstein's Book, I since find, is mainly or wholly a Forgery! (*Note of 1868.*)

Day. July 4th, he rode again ; and it was for the last time. About two weeks after, Condé was again brought out ; but it would not do : Adieu, my Condé ; not possible, as things are ! —

During all this while, and to the very end, Friedrich's Affairs, great and small, were, in every branch and item, guided on by him, with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days : he saw his Ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little ; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries, as Hertzberg observed with wonder, never was the King's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the Doctors, he spoke no word to anybody. The body of Friedrich is a ruin, but his soul is still here ; and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep ; for many months past he has not been in bed, but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture. He said one morning, to somebody entering, "If you happened to want a night-watcher, I could suit you well."

His multifarious Military businesses come first ; then his three Clerks, with the Civil and Politieal. These three he latterly, instead of calling about 6 or 7 o'clock, has had to appoint for 4 each morning : "My situation forces me," his message said, "to give them this trouble, which they will not have to suffer long. My life is on the decline ; the time which I still have I must employ. It belongs not to me, but to the State."¹ About 11, business, followed by short surgical details or dressings (sadly insisted on in those Books, and in themselves sufficiently sad), being all done, — his friends or daily company are admitted : five chiefly, or (*not* counting Minister Hertzberg) four, Lucchesini, Schwerin, Pinto, Görtz ; who sit with him about one hour now, and two hours in the evening again : — dreary company to our minds, perhaps not quite so dreary to the King's ; but they are all he has left. And he talks cheerfully with them "on Literature, History, on the topics of the day, or whatever topic rises, as if there were no sickness here." A man adjusted to his hard circum-

¹ Preuss, iv. 257 n.

stances; and bearing himself manlike and kinglike among them.

He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long *second-nature*; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes; — but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's; — he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader; — and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents! — Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, “Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:” — and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it.

Friedrich's dismissal of Selle, June 4th, by no means meant that he had given up hope from medicine; on the contrary, two days after, he had a Letter on the road for Zimmermann at Hanover; whom he always remembers favorably since that *Dialogue* we read fifteen years ago. His first Note to Zimmermann is of June 6th, "Would you consent to come for a fortnight, and try upon me?" Zimmermann's overjoyed Answer, "Yes, thrice surely yes," is of June 10th; Friedrich's second is of June 16th, "Come, then!" And Zimmermann came accordingly, — as is still too well known. Arrived 23d June; stayed till 10th July; had Thirty-three Interviews or *Dialogues* with him; one visit the last day; two, morning and evening, every preceding day; — and published a Book about them, which made immense noise in the world, and is still read, with little profit or none, by inquirers into Friedrich.¹ Thirty-three Dialogues, throwing no new light on Friedrich, none of them equal in interest to the old specimen known to us.

In fact, the Book turns rather on Zimmermann himself than on his Royal Patient; and might be entitled, as it was by a Satirist, *Dialogues of Zimmermann I. and Friedrich II.* An unwise Book; abounding in exaggeration; breaking out continually into extraneous sallies and extravagancies, — the source of which is too plainly an immense conceit of oneself. Zimmermann is fifteen years older since we last saw him; a man now verging towards sixty; but has not grown wiser in proportion. In Hanover, though miraculously healed of that *Leibesschade*, and full of high hopes, he has had his new tribulations, new compensations, — both of an agitating character. "There arose," he says, in reference to some medical Review-article he wrote, "a *Weiber-epidemie*, a universal shrieking combination of all the Women against me:" — a frightful accident while it lasted! Then his little Daughter died on his hands; his Son had disorders, nervous imbecilities, — did not die, but did

¹ Ritter von Zimmermann, *Über Friedrich den Grossen und meine Unterredungen mit Ihm kurz von seinem Tode* (1 vol. 8vo: Leipzig, 1788); — followed by *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (3 vols. 12mo: Leipzig, 1790), and by &c. &c.

worse; went into hopeless idiocy, and so lived for many years. Zimmermann, being dreadfully miserable, hypochondriac, what not, "his friends," he himself passive, it would seem, "managed to get a young Wife for him;" thirty years younger than he;—whose performances, however, in this difficult post, are praised.

Lastly, not many months ago (Leipzig, 1785), the big *final* edition of "*Solitude*" (four volumes) has come out; to the joy and enthusiasm of all philanthropic-philosophic and other circulating-library creatures:—a Copy of which came, by course of nature, not by Zimmermann's help, into the hands of Catharine of Russia. Sublime imperial Letter thereupon, with 'valuable diamond ring;' invitation to come to Petersburg, with charges borne (declined, on account of health); to be imperial Physician (likewise declined);—in fine, continued Correspondence with Catharine (trying enough for a vain head), and Knighthood of the Order of St. Wladimir,—so that, at least, Doctor Zimmermann is *Ritter* Zimmermann henceforth. And now, here has come his new Visit to Friedrich the Great;—which, with the issues it had, and the tempestuous cloud of tumid speculations and chaotic writings it involved him in, quite upset the poor Ritter Doctor; so that, hypochondrias deepening to the abysmal, his fine intellect sank altogether,—and only Death, which happily followed soon, could disimprison him. At this moment, there is in Zimmermann a worse "Dropsy" of the spiritual kind, than this of the physical, which he has come in relief of!

Excerpts of those Zimmermann *Dialogues* lie copiously round me, ready long ago,—nay, I understand there is, or was, an English *Translation* of the whole of them, better or worse, for behoof of the curious:—but on serious consideration now, I have to decide, That they are but as a Scene of clowns in the Elder Dramatists; which, even were it *not* overdone as it is, cannot be admitted in this place, and is plainly impertinent in the Tragedy that is being acted here. Something of Farce will often enough, in this irreverent world, intrude itself on the most solemn Tragedy; but, in pity even to the Farce, there ought at least to be closed doors kept between them.

Enough for us to say, That Ritter Zimmermann — who is a Physician and a Man of Literary Genius, and should not have become a Tragic Zany — did, with unspeakable emotions, terrors, prayers to Heaven, and paroxysms of his own ridiculous kind, prescribe “Syrup of Dandelion” to the King; talked to him soothingly, musically, successfully; found the King a most pleasant Talker, but a very wilful perverse kind of Patient; whose errors in point of diet especially were enormous to a degree. Truth is, the King’s appetite for food did still survive: — and this might have been, you would think, the one hopeful basis of Zimmermann’s whole treatment, if there were still any hope: but no; Zimmermann merely, with uncommon emphasis, lyrically recognizes such amazing appetite in an old man overwhelmed by diseases, — trumpets it abroad, for ignorant persons to regard as a crime, or perhaps as a type generally of the man’s past life, and makes no other attempt upon it; — stands by his “Extract of Dandelion boiled to the consistency of honey;” and on the seventeenth day, July 10th, voiceless from emotion, heart just breaking, takes himself away, and ceases. One of our Notes says: —

“Zimmermann went by Dessau and Brunswick; at Brunswick, if he made speed thither, Zimmermann might perhaps find Mirabeau, who is still there, and just leaving for Berlin to be in at the death: — but if the Doctor and he missed each other, it was luckier, as they had their controversies afterwards. Mirabeau arrived at Berlin, July 21st:¹ vastly diligent in picking up news, opinions, judgments of men and events, for his Calonne; — and amazingly accurate, one finds; such a flash of insight has he, in whatever element, foul or fair.

“July 9th, the day before Zimmermann’s departure, Hertzberg had come out to Potsdam in permanence. Hertzberg is privately thenceforth in communication with the Successor; altogether privately, though no doubt Friedrich knew it well enough, and saw it to be right. Of course, all manner of poor creatures are diligent about their own bits of interests; and saying to themselves, ‘A New Reign is evidently nigh!’

¹ Mirabeau, *Histoire secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, tome iii. of *Œuvres de Mirabeau*: Paris, 1821, *Lettre* v. p. 37.

Yes, my friends;—and a precious Reign it will prove in comparison: sensualities, unctuous religiosities, ostentations, imbecilities; culminating in Jena twenty years hence.”

Zimmermann haggles to tell us what his report was at Brunswick; says, he “set the Duke [*Erbprinz*, who is now Duke these six years past] sobbing and weeping;” though towards the Widow Duchess there must have been some hope held out, as we shall now see. The Duchess’s Letter or Letters to her Brother are lost; but this is his Answer:—

Friedrich to the Duchess-Dowager of Brunswick.

“SANS-SOUCI, 10th August, 1786.

“MY ADORABLE SISTER,—The Hanover Doctor has wished to make himself important with you, my good Sister; but the truth is, he has been of no use to me (*m’a été inutile*). The old must give place to the young, that each generation may find room clear for it: and Life, if we examine strictly what its course is, consists in seeing one’s fellow-creatures die and be born. In the mean while, I have felt myself a little easier for the last day or two. My heart remains inviolably attached to you, my good Sister. With the highest consideration,—My adorable Sister,—Your faithful Brother and Servant,

“FRIEDRICH.”¹

This is Friedrich’s last Letter;—his last to a friend. There is one to his Queen, which Preuss’s Index seems to regard as later, though without apparent likelihood; there being no date whatever, and only these words: “Madam,—I am much obliged by the wishes you deign to form: but a heavy fever I have taken (*grosse fièvre que j’ai prise*) hinders me from answering you.”²

On common current matters of business, and even on uncommon, there continue yet for four days to be Letters expressly dictated by Friedrich; some about military matters (vacancies to be filled, new Free-Corps to be levied). Two or three of them are on so small a subject as the purchase of new Books by his Librarians at Berlin. One, and it has been

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 352.

² *Ib.* xxvi. 62.

preceded by examining, is, Order to the Potsdam Magistrates to grant "the Baker Schröder, in terms of his petition, a Free-Pass out of Preussen hither, for 100 bushels of rye and 50 of wheat, though Schröder will not find the prices much cheaper there than here." His last, of August 14th, is to De Launay, Head of the Excise: "Your Account of Receipts and Expenditures came to hand yesterday, 13th; but is too much in small: I require one more detailed," — and explains, with brief clearness, on what points and how. Neglects nothing, great or small, while life yet is.

Tuesday, August 15th, 1786, Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till 11 o'clock. On first looking up, he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself; called in his Generals and Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave, with his old precision, the Orders wanted, — one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a Review of the troops there next day; Order minutely perfect, in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be; which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his Three Clerks their directions, in a weak voice, yet with the old power of spirit, — dictated to one of them, among other things, an "Instruction" for some Ambassador just leaving; "four quarto pages, which," says Hertzberg, "would have done honor to the most experienced Minister;" and, in the evening, he signed his Missives as usual. This evening still, — but — no evening more. We are now at the last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful History.

Wednesday morning, General-Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant, were there at their old hours; but word came out, "Secretaries are to wait:" King is in a kind of sleep, of ster-torous ominous character, as if it were the death-sleep; seems not to recollect himself, when he does at intervals open his eyes. After hours of this,¹ on a ray of consciousness, the

¹ Selle (ut sup.); Anonymous (Kletschke), *Letzte Stunden und Leichenbegängniß Friedrichs des Zweyten*, (Potsdam, 1786); Preuss, iv. 264 et seq.; Rödenbeck, iii. 363-366.

King bethought him of Rohdich, the Commandant; tried to give Rohdich the Parole as usual; tried twice, perhaps three times; but found he could not speak; — and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say, “It is impossible, then!” turned his head, and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears: the King again lay slumberous; — the rattle of death beginning soon after, which lasted at intervals all day. Selle, in Berlin, was sent for by express; he arrived about three of the afternoon: King seemed a little more conscious, knew those about him, “his face red rather than pale, in his eyes still something of their old fire.” Towards evening the feverishness abated (to Selle, I suppose, a fatal symptom); the King fell into a soft sleep, with warm perspiration; but, on awakening, complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrappage after wrappage (“*Kissen*,” soft *quilt* of the old fashion); — and on examining feet and legs, one of the Doctors made signs that they were in fact cold, up nearly to the knee. “What said he of the feet?” murmured the King some time afterwards, the Doctor having now stepped out of sight. “Much the same as before,” answered some attendant. The King shook his head, incredulous.

He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel-water, his customary drink; and seemed relieved by it; — his last refection in this world. Towards nine in the evening, there had come on a continual short cough, and a rattling in the breast, breath more and more difficult. Why continue? Friedrich is making exit, on the common terms; you may *hear* the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half conscious. As the wall-clock above his head struck 11, he asked: “What o’clock?” “Eleven,” answered they. “At 4,” murmured he, “I will rise.” One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: “Throw a quilt over it,” said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said, “*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux*, We are over the hill, we shall go better now.”

Attendants, Hertzberg, Selle and one or two others, were in the outer room ; none in Friedrich's but Strützki, his Kammerhussar, one of Three who are his sole valets and nurses ; a faithful ingenious man, as they all seem to be, and excellently chosen for the object. Strützki, to save the King from hustling down, as he always did, into the corner of his chair, where, with neck and chest bent forward, breathing was impossible, — at last took the King on his knee ; kneeling on the ground with his other knee for the purpose, — King's right arm round Strützki's neck, Strützki's left arm round the King's back, and supporting his other shoulder ; in which posture the faithful creature, for above two hours, sat motionless, till the end came. Within doors, all is silence, except this breathing ; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 20 minutes past 2, the breathing paused, — wavered ; ceased. Friedrich's Life-battle is fought out ; instead of suffering and sore labor, here is now rest. Thursday morning, 17th August, 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st of May last, this King had reigned 46 years. "He has lived," counts Rördenbeck, "74 years, 6 months and 24 days."

His death seems very stern and lonely ; — a man of such affectionate feelings, too ; "a man with more sensibility than other men !" But so had his whole life been, stern and lonely ; such the severe law laid on him. Nor was it inappropriate that he found his death in that poor Silesian Review ; punctually doing, as usual, the work that had come in hand. Nor that he died now, rather than a few years later. In these final days of his, we have transiently noticed Arch-Cardinal de Rohan, Arch-Quack Cagliostro, and a most select Company of Persons and of Actions, like an Elixir of the Nether World, miraculously emerging into daylight ; and all Paris, and by degrees all Europe, getting loud with the *Diamond-Necklace* History. And to eyes of deeper speculation, — World-Poet Goethe's, for instance, — it is becoming evident that Chaos is again big. As has not she proved to be, and is still proving, in the most teeming way ! Better for a Royal Hero, fallen old and feeble, to be hidden from such things.

"Yesterday, Wednesday, August 16th," says a Note which now strikes us as curious, "Mirabeau, smelling eagerly for news, had ridden out towards Potsdam; met the Page riding furiously for Selle ('one horse already broken down,' say the Peasants about); and with beak, powerful beyond any other vulture's, Mirabeau perceived that here the end now was. And thereupon rushed off, to make arrangements for a courier, for flying pigeons, and the other requisites. And appeared that night at the Queen's Soirée in Schönhausen [Queen has Apartment that evening, dreaming of nothing], 'where,' says he, 'I eagerly whispered the French Minister,' and less eagerly '*mon ami* Mylord Dalrymple,' the English one; — neither of whom would believe me. Nor, in short, what Calonne will regret, but nobody else, could the pigeons be let loose, owing to want of funds.'" ¹ — Enough, enough.

Friedrich was not buried at Sans-Souci, in the Tomb which he had built for himself; why not, nobody clearly says. By his own express will, there was no embalming. Two Regiment-surgeons washed the Corpse, decently prepared it for interment: "At 8 that same evening, Friedrich's Body, dressed in the uniform of the First Battalion of Guards, and laid in its coffin, was borne to Potsdam, in a hearse of eight horses, twelve Non-commissioned Officers of the Guard escorting. All Potsdam was in the streets; the Soldiers, of their own accord, formed rank, and followed the hearse; many a rugged face unable to restrain tears: for the rest, universal silence as of midnight, nothing audible among the people but here and there a sob, and the murmur, '*Ach, der gute König!*'"

"All next day, the Body lay in state in the Palace; thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other environs, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn; but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks, and slightly powdered. And at 8 in the evening [Friday, 18th], he was borne to the Garrison-Kirche of Potsdam; and laid beside his Father, in the vault behind the Pulpit there," ² where the two Coffins are still to be seen.

¹ Mirabeau, *Histoire secrète*, &c. (*Lettre xiv.*), pp. 58–63.

² Rödebeck, iii. 365 (Public Funeral was not till September 9th).

I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings; — when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair, — blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?) — as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good reader; bad also, adieu.

APPENDIX.

This Piece, it would seem, was translated sixteen years ago ; some four or five years before any part of the present *History of Friedrich* got to paper. The intercalated bits of Commentary were, as is evident, all or mostly written at the same time : — these also, though they are now become, in parts, *superfluous* to a reader that has been diligent, I have not thought of changing, where not compelled. Here and there, especially in the Introductory Part, some slight additions have crept in ; — which the above kind of reader will possibly enough detect ; and may even have, for friendly reasons, some vestige of interest in assigning to their new date and comparing with the old. (*Note of 1868.*)

A DAY WITH FRIEDRICH.

(23d July, 1779.)

“ *Oberamtmann* (Head-Manager) Fromme ” was a sister’s son of Poet Gleim, — Gleim Canon of Halberstadt, who wrote Prussian “grenadier-songs” in, or in reference to, the Seven-Years War, songs still printed, but worth little ; who begged once, after Friedrich’s death, an *Old Hat* of his, and took it with him to Halberstadt (where I hope it still is) ; who had a “Temple-of-Honor,” or little Garden-house so named, with Portraits of his Friends hung in it ; who put Jean Paul *very soon* there, with a great explosion of praises ; and who, in short, seems to have been a very good effervescent creature, at last rather wealthy too, and able to effervesce with some comfort ; — Oberamtmann Fromme, I say, was this Gleim’s Nephew ; and stood as a kind of Royal Land-Bailiff under Frederick the Great, in a tract of country called the *Rhyn-Luch* (a dreadfully moory country of sands and quagmires, all green and fertile now, some twenty or thirty miles northwest of Berlin) ; busy there in 1779, and had been for some years past. He had originally been an Officer of the Artillery ; but obtained his discharge in 1769, and got, before long, into this employment. A man of excellent disposition and temper ; with a solid and heavy stroke of work in him, whatever he

might be set to; and who in this *Oberamtmannship* "became highly esteemed." He died in 1798; and has left sons (now perhaps grandsons or great-grandsons), who continue estimable in like situations under the Prussian Government.

One of Fromme's useful gifts, the usefulest of all for us at present, was "his wonderful talent of exact memory." He could remember to a singular extent; and, we will hope, on this occasion, was unusually conscientious to do it. For it so happened, in July, 1779 (23d July), Friedrich, just home from his troublesome Bavarian War,¹ and again looking into everything with his own eyes, determined to have a personal view of those Moor Regions of Fromme's; to take a day's driving through that *Rhyn-Luch* which had cost him so much effort and outlay; and he ordered Fromme to attend him in the expedition. Which took effect accordingly; Fromme riding swiftly at the left wheel of Friedrich's carriage, and loudly answering questions of his, all day. — Directly on getting home, Fromme consulted his excellent memory, and wrote down everything; a considerable Paper, — of which you shall now have an exact Translation, if it be worth anything. Fromme gave the Paper to Uncle Gleim; who, in his enthusiasm, showed it extensively about, and so soon as there was liberty, had it "printed, at his own expense, for the benefit of poor soldiers' children."²

"The *Rhyn*" or Rhin, is a little river, which, near its higher clearer sources, we were all once well acquainted with: considerable little moorland river, with several branches coming down from Ruppin Country, and certain lakes and plashes there, in a southwest direction, towards the Elbe valley, towards the Havel Stream; into which latter, through another splash or lake called *Gölper See*, and a few miles farther, into the Elbe itself, it conveys, after a course of say 50 English miles circuitously southwest, the black drainings of those dreary and intricate Peatbog-and-Sand countries. "*Luch*," it appears, signifies

¹ Had arrived at Berlin May 27th (Rödenbeck, iii. 201).

² "Gleim's edition, brought out in 1786, the year of Friedrich's death, is now quite gone, — the Book undiscoverable. But the Paper was reprinted in an *Anekdoten-Sammlung* (Collection of Anecdotes, Berlin, 1787, 8tes *Stück*, where I discover it yesterday (17th July, 1852) in a copy of mine, much to my surprise; having before met with it in one Hildebrandt's *Anekdoten-Sammlung* (Halberstadt, 1830, 4tes *Stück*, a rather slovenly Book), where it is given out as one of the rarest of all rarities, and as having been specially 'furnished by a Dr. W. Körte,' being unattainable otherwise! The two copies differ slightly here and there, — not always to Dr. Körte's advantage, or rather hardly ever. I keep them both before me in translating" (*Marginale of 1852*).

Loch (or Hole, Hollow); and “Rhyn-Luch” will mean, to Prussian ears, the Peatbog Quagmire drained by the *Rhyn*. — New Ruppín, where this beautiful black Stream first becomes considerable, and of steadily black complexion, lies between 40 and 50 miles northwest of Berlin. Ten or twelve miles farther north is *Reinsberg* (properly *Rhynsberg*), where Friedrich as Crown-Prince lived his happiest few years. The details of which were familiar to us long ago, — and no doubt dwell clear and soft, in their appropriate “pale moonlight,” in Friedrich’s memory on this occasion. Some time after his Accession, he gave the place to Prince Henri, who lived there till 1802. It is now fallen all dim; and there is nothing at New Ruppín but a remembrance.

To the hither edge of this Rhyn-Luch, from Berlin, I guess there may be five-and-twenty miles, in a northwest direction; from Potsdam, whence Friedrich starts to-day, about the same distance north-by-west; “at Seelenhorst,” where Fromme waits him, Friedrich has already had 30 miles of driving, — rate 10 miles an hour, as we chance to observe. Notable things, besides the Spade-husbandries he is intent on, solicit his remembrance in this region. Of Freisack and “Heavy-Peg” with her didactic batterings there, I suppose he, in those fixed times, knows nothing, probably has never heard: Freisack is on a branch of this same Rhyn, and he might see it, to left a mile or two, if he cared.

But Fehrbellín (“Ferry of Belleen”), distinguished by the shining victory which “the Great Elector,” Friedrich’s Great-Grandfather, gained there, over the Swedes, in 1675, stands on the Rhyn itself, about midway; and Friedrich will pass through it on this occasion. General Ziethen, too, lives near it at Wusterau (as will be seen): “Old Ziethen,” a little stumpy man, with hanging brows and thick pouting lips; un-beautiful to look upon, but pious, wise, silent, and with a terrible blaze of fighting-talent in him; full of obedience, of endurance, and yet of un-subduable “silent rage” (which has brooked even the vocal rage of Friedrich, on occasion); a really curious old Hussar General. He is now a kind of mythical or demigod personage among the Prussians; and was then (1779), and ever after the Seven-Years War, regarded popularly as their Ajax (with a dash of the Ulysses superadded), — Seidlitz, another Horse General, being the Achilles of that service.

The date of this drive through the moors being “23d July, 1779,” we perceive it is just about two months since Friedrich got home from the Bavarian War (what they now call “*Potato War*,” so barren was it in fighting, so ripe in foraging); victorious in a sort; — and that in

his private thought, among the big troubles of the world on both sides of the Atlantic, the infinitesimally small business of the *Miller Arnold's Lawsuit* is beginning to rise now and then.¹

Friedrich is now 67 years old; has reigned 39: the Seven-Years War is 16 years behind us; ever since which time Friedrich has been an "old man," — having returned home from it with his cheeks all wrinkled, his temples white, and other marks of decay, at the age of 51. The "wounds of that terrible business," as they say, "are now all healed," perhaps above 100,000 burnt houses and huts rebuilt, for one thing; and the "*Alte Fritz*," still brisk and wiry, has been and is an unweariedly busy man in that affair, among others. What bogs he has tapped and dried, what canals he has dug, and stubborn strata he has bored through, — assisted by his Prussian Brindley (one Brenkenhof, once a Stable-boy at Dessau); — and ever planting "Colonies" on the reclaimed land, and watching how they get on! As we shall see on this occasion, — to which let us hasten (as to a feast not of dainties, but of honest *sauerkraut* and wholesome herbs), without farther parley.

Oberamtmann Fromme (whom I mark "Ich") *loquitur*: "Major-General Graf von Görtz," whom Fromme keeps strictly mute all day, is a distinguished man, of many military and other experiences; much about Friedrich in this time and onwards.² Introduces strangers, &c.; Bouillé took him for "Head Chamberlain," four or five years after this. He is ten years the King's junior; a Hessian gentleman; — eldest Brother of the Envoy Görtz who in his cloak of darkness did such diplomacies in the Bavarian matter, January gone a year, and who is a rising man in that line ever since. But let Fromme begin: — ³

"On the 23d of July, 1779, it pleased his Majesty the King to undertake a journey to inspect those" mud "Colonies in the Rhyn-Luch about Neustadt-on-the-Dosse, which his Majesty, at his own cost, had settled; thereby reclaiming a tract of waste moor (*einen öden Bruch urbar machen*) into arability, where now 308 families have their living.

"His Majesty set off from Potsdam about 5 in the morning," in an open carriage, General von Görtz along with him, and horses from his own post-stations; "travelled over Ferlandt, Tirotz, Wüstermark, Nauen, Königshorst, Seelenhorst, Dechau, Fehrbellin,"⁴ and twelve

¹ Suprà, 415, 429. Preuss, i. 362; &c. &c.

² Suprà, 399.

³ *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge aus dem Leben Friedrich des Zweyten* (Berlin, bei Johann Friedrich Unger, 1787), 8te Sammlung, ss. 15-79.

⁴ See Reimann's *Kreis-Karten*, Nos. 74, 73.

other small peat villages, looking all their brightest in the morning sun, — “to the hills at Stöllen, where his Majesty, because a view of all the Colonies could be had from those hills, was pleased to get out for a little,” as will afterwards be seen. — “Therefrom the journey went by Hohen-Nauen to Rathenau,” a civilized place, “where his Majesty arrived about 3 in the afternoon; and there dined, and passed the night. — Next morning, about 6, his Majesty continued his drive into the Magdeburg region; inspected various reclaimed moors (*Brüche*), which in part are already made arable, and in part are being made so; came, in the afternoon, about 4, over Ziesar and Brandenburg, back to Potsdam, — and did not dine till about 4, when he arrived there, and had finished the Journey.” His usual dinner-hour is 12; the *state* hour, on gala days when company has been invited, is 1 P.M., — and he always likes his dinner; and has it of a hot peppery quality!

“Till Seelenhorst, the Amtsrath Sach of Königshorst had ridden before his Majesty; but here,” at the border of my Fehrbellin district, where with one of his forest-men I was in waiting by appointment, “the turn came for me. About 8 o’clock A.M. his Majesty arrived in Seelenhorst; had the Herr General Graf von Görtz in the carriage with him,” Görtz, we need n’t say, sitting back foremost: — here I, Fromme, with my woodman was respectfully in readiness. “While the horses were changing, his Majesty spoke with some of the Ziethen Hussar-Officers, who were upon grazing service in the adjoining villages [all Friedrich’s cavalry went out to *grass* during certain months of the year; and it was a *land-tax* on every district to keep its quota of army-horses in this manner, — *auf Grasung*]; and of me his Majesty as yet took no notice. As the *Dämme*,” Dams or Raised Roads through the Peat-bog, “are too narrow hereabouts, I could not ride beside him,” and so went before? or *behind*, with woodman before? *Gott weiss!* “In Dechau his Majesty got sight of Rittmeister von Ziethen,” old Ajax Ziethen’s son, “to whom Dechau belongs; and took him into the carriage along with him, till the point where the Dechau boundary is. Here there was again change of horses. Captain von Rathenow, an old favorite of the King’s, to whom the property of Karvesee in part belongs, happened to be here with his family; he now went forward to the carriage: —

Captain von Rathenow. “‘Humblest servant, your Majesty!’ [*Unterthänigster Knecht*, different from the form of ending letters, but really of the same import].

King. “‘Who are you?’

Captain. “ ‘I am Captain von Rathenow from Karvesee.’

King (clapping his hands together). “ ‘Mein Gott, dear Rathenow, are you still alive! [“*Lebt er noch*, is *He* still alive?” — way of speaking to one palpably your inferior, scarcely now in use even to servants; which Friedrich uses *always* in speaking to the highest uncrowned persons: it gives a strange dash of comic emphasis often in his German talk:] I thought you were long since dead. How goes it with you? Are you whole and well?’

Captain. “ ‘O ja, your Majesty.’

King. “ ‘Mein Gott, how fat He has (you are) grown!’

Captain. “ ‘Ja, your Majesty, I can still eat and drink; only the feet get lazy’ [won’t go so well, *wollen nicht fort*].

King. “ ‘Ja! that is so with me too. Are you married?’

Captain. “ ‘Yea, your Majesty.’

King. “ ‘Is your wife among the ladies yonder?’

Captain. “ ‘Yea, your Majesty.’

King. “ ‘Bring her to me, then!’ [*To her, taking off his hat*] ‘I find in your Herr Husband a good old friend.’

Frau von Rathenow. “ ‘Much grace and honor for my husband!’

King. “ ‘What were *you* by birth?’ [“*was sind Sie*,” the respectful word, “*für eine gebörne*?”]

Frau. “ ‘A Fränlein von Kröcher.’

King. “ ‘Haha! A daughter of General von Kröcher’s?’

Frau. “ ‘Ja, *Ihro Majestät*.’

King. “ ‘Oh, I knew him very well.’ — [*To Rathenow*] ‘Have you children too, Rathenow?’

Captain. “ ‘Yes, your Majesty. My sons are in the service,’ soldiering; ‘and these are my daughters.’

King. “ ‘Well, I am glad of that (*Nun, das freut mich*). Fare *He* well. Fare *He* well.’

“The road now went upon Fehrbellin; and Förster,” Forester, “Brand, as woodkeeper for the King in these parts, rode along with us. When we came upon the patch of sand-knolls which lie near Fehrbellin, his Majesty cried: —

“ ‘Forester, why are n’t these sand-knolls sown?’

Forester. “ ‘Your Majesty, they don’t belong to the Royal Forest; they belong to the farm-ground. In part the people do sow them with all manner of crops. Here, on the right hand, they have sown fir-cones (*Kienäpfel*).’

King. “ ‘Who sowed them?’

Forester. " 'The Oberamtmaun [Fromme] here.'

The King (to me). " 'Na! Tell my Geheimer-Rath Michaelis that the sand-patches must be sown.' — [To the Forester] 'But do you know how fir-cones (*Kienäpfel*) should be sown?'

Forester. " 'O ja, your Majesty.'

King. " 'Na! [a frequent interjection of Friedrich's and his Father's], how are they sown, then? From east to west, or from north to south?'¹

Forester. " 'From east to west.'

King. " 'That is right. But why?'

Forester. " 'Because the most wind comes from the west.'

King. " 'That's right.'

"Now his Majesty arrived at Fehrbellin; spoke there with Lieutenant Probst of the Ziethen Hussar regiment,² and with the Fehrbellin Postmeister, Captain von Mosch. So soon as the horses were to, we continued our travel; and as his Majesty was driving close by my Big Ditches," *Graben*, trenches, main-drains, "which have been made in the Fehrbellin *Luch* at the King's expense, I rode up to the carriage, and said:—

Ich. " 'Your Majesty, these now are the two new Drains, which by your Majesty's favor we have got here; and which keep the *Luch* dry for us.'

King. " 'So, so; that I am glad of!—Who is He (are you)?'

Fromme. " 'Your Majesty, I am the Beamte here of Fehrbellin.'

King. " 'What's your name?'

Ich. " 'Fromme.'

King. " 'Ha, ha! you are a son of the Landrath Fromme's.'

Ich. " 'Your Majesty's pardon. My father was Amtsrath in the *Amt Lähnin*.'

King. " 'Amtsrath? Amtsrath? That is n't true! Your father was Landrath. I knew him very well. — But tell me now (*sagt mir einmal*) has the draining of the *Luch* been of much use to you here?'

Ich. " 'O ja, your Majesty.'

King. " 'Do you keep more cattle than your predecessor?'

¹ "Von Morgen gegen Abend, oder von Abend gegen Morgen?" so in *Orig.* (p. 22); — but, surely, except as above, it has no sense? From north to south, there is but one fir-seed sown against the wind; from east to west, there is a whole row.

² Probst is the leftmost figure in that Chodowiecki Engraving of the famous Ziethen-and-Friedrich chair-scene, five years after this. (*Suprà*, 374 n.)

Ich. “ ‘Yes, your Majesty. On this farm I keep 40 more; on all the farms together 70 more.’

King. “ ‘That is right. The murrain (*Viehseuche*) is not here in this quarter?’

Ich. “ ‘No, your Majesty.’

King. “ ‘Have you had it here?’

Ich. “ ‘Ja.’

King. “ ‘Do but diligently use rock-salt, you won’t have the murrain again.’

Ich. “ ‘Yes, your Majesty, I do use it too; but kitchen salt has very nearly the same effect.’

King. “ ‘No, don’t fancy that! You mustn’t pound the rock-salt small, but give it to the cattle so that they can lick it.’

Ich. “ ‘Yes, it shall be done.’

King. “ ‘Are there still improvements needed here?’

Ich. “ ‘O ja, your Majesty. Here lies the Kemmensee [Kemmen-lake]: if that were drained out, your Majesty would gain some 1,800 acres [*Morgen*, $\frac{2}{3}$ English acre] of pasture-land, where colonists could be settled; and then the whole country would have navigation too, which would help the village of Fehrbellin and the town of Ruppın to an uncommon degree.’

King. “ ‘I suppose so! Be a great help to you, won’t it; and many will be ruined by the job, especially the proprietors of the ground? *Nicht wahr?*’ [Ha?]

Ich. “ ‘Your Majesty’s gracious pardon [*Ew. Majestät halten zu Gnaden*, — hold me to grace]: the ground belongs to the Royal Forest, and there grows nothing but birches on it.’

King. “ ‘Oh, if birchwood is all it produces, then we may see! But you must not make your reckoning without your host either, that the cost may not outrun the use.’

Ich. “ ‘The cost will certainly not outrun the use. For, first, your Majesty may securely reckon that eighteen hundred acres will be won from the water; that will be six-and-thirty colonists, allowing each 50 acres. And now if there were a small light toll put upon the raft-timber and the ships that will frequent the new canal, there would be ample interest for the outlay.’

King. “ ‘Na, tell my Geheimer-Rath Michaelis of it. The man understands that kind of matters; and I will advise you to apply to the man in every particular of such things, and wherever you know that colonists can be settled. I don’t want whole colonies at once; but wherever there are two or three families of them, I say apply to that man about it.’

Ich. “ ‘ It shall be done, your Majesty.’ ”

King. “ ‘ Can’t I see Wusterau,’ where old Ajax Ziethen lives, ‘ from here ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Yes, your Majesty; there to the right, that is it.’ It *belongs* to General von Ziethen; and terrible *building* he has had here, — almost all his life!

King. “ ‘ Is the General at home ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Ja.’ ”

King. “ ‘ How do you know ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Your Majesty, the Rittmeister von Lestock lies in my village on *grazing* service; and last night the Herr General sent a letter over to him by a groom. In that way I know it.’ ”

King. “ ‘ Did General von Ziethen gain, among others, by the draining of the Luch ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ O ja; the Farm-stead there to the right he built in consequence, and has made a dairy there, which he could not have done, had not the Luch been drained.’ ”

King. “ ‘ That I am glad of! — What is the Beante’s name in Altruppin ?’ [Old Ruppin, I suppose, or part of its endless “ *Ruppin* or *Rhyn Mere*,” catches the King’s eye.]

Ich. “ ‘ Honig.’ ”

King. “ ‘ How long has he been there ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Since Trinity-term.’ ”

King. “ ‘ Since Trinity-term! What was he before ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Kanonicus’ [a canon].

King. “ ‘ Kanonicus? Kanonicus? How the Devil comes a Kanonicus to be a Beante ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Your Majesty, he is a young man who has money, and wanted to have the honor of being a Beante of your Majesty.’ ”

King. “ ‘ Why did n’t the old one stay ?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Is dead.’ ”

King. “ ‘ Well, the widow might have kept his *Amt*, then !’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Is fallen into poverty.’ ”

King. “ ‘ By woman husbandry !’ ”

Ich. “ ‘ Your Majesty’s pardon! She cultivated well, but a heap of mischances brought her down: those may happen to the best husbandman. I myself, two years ago, lost so many cattle by the murrain, and got no remission: since that, I never can get on again either.’ ”

King. “ ‘ My son, to-day I have some disorder in my left ear, and cannot hear rightly on that side of my head’ (!).

Ich. “ ‘ It is a pity that Geheimer-Rath Michaelis has got the **very**

same disorder !' — I now retired a little back from the carriage ; I fancied his Majesty might take this answer ill.

King. " ' Na, Amtmann, forward ! Stay by the carriage ; but *take care of yourself, that you don't get hurt. Speak loud, I understand very well.*' These words marked in Italics his Majesty repeated at least ten times in the course of the journey. ' Tell me now, what is that village over on the right yonder ? '

Ich. " ' Langen.'

King. " ' To whom does it belong ? '

Ich. " ' A third part of it to your Majesty, under the *Amt* of Alt-Ruppin ; a third to Herr von Hagen ; and then the High Church (*Dohm*) of Berlin has also tenants in it.'

King. " ' You are mistaken, the High Church of Magdeburg.'

Ich. " ' Your Majesty's gracious pardon, the High Church of Berlin.'

King. " ' But it is not so ; the High Church of Berlin has no tenants !'

Ich. " ' Your Majesty's gracious pardon, the High Church of Berlin has three tenants in the village Karvesen in my own *Amt*.'

King. " ' You mistake, it is the High Church of Magdeburg.'

Ich. " ' Your Majesty, I must be a bad Beamte, if I did not know what tenants and what lordships there are in my own *Amt*.'

King. " ' Ja, then you are in the right ! — Tell me now : here on the right there must be an estate, I can't think of the name ; name me the estates that lie here on the right.'

Ich. " ' Buschow, Rodenslieben, Sommerfeld, Beetz, Karbe.'

King. " ' That's it, Karbe ! To whom belongs that ? '

Ich. " ' To Herr von Knesebeck.'

King. " ' Was he in the service ? '

Ich. " ' Yes, Lieutenant or Ensign in the Guards.'

King. " ' In the Guards ? [*counting on his fingers.*] You are right : he was Lieutenant in the Guards. I am very glad the Estate is still in the hands of the Knesebecks. — Na, tell me though, the road that mounts up here goes to Ruppin, and here to the left is the grand road for Hamburg ? '

Ich. " ' Ja, your Majesty.'

King. " ' Do you know how long it is since I was here last ? '

Ich. " ' No.'

King. " ' It is three-and-forty years ! Cannot I see Ruppin somewhere here ? '

Ich. " ' Yes, your Majesty : the steeple rising there over the firs, that is Ruppin.'

King (leaning out of the carriage with his prospect-glass). “ ‘Ja, ja, that is it, I know it yet. Can I see Drammitz hereabouts?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘No, your Majesty : Drammitz lies too far to the left, close on Kiritz.’ ”

King. “ ‘Sha’n’t we see it, when we come closer?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Maybe, about Neustadt ; but I am not sure.’ ”

King. “ ‘Pity, that. Can I see Pechlin?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Not just now, your Majesty ; it lies too much in the hollow. Who knows whether your Majesty will see it at all!’ ”

King. “ ‘Na, keep an eye ; and if you see it, tell me. Where is the Beamte of Alt-Ruppin?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘In Protzen, where we change horses, he will be.’ ”

King. “ ‘Can’t we yet see Pechlin?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘No, your Majesty.’ ”

King. “ ‘To whom belongs it now?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘To a certain Schönermark.’ ”

King. “ ‘Is he of the Nobility?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘No.’ ”

King. “ ‘Who had it before him?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘The Courier (*Feldjäger*) Ahrens ; he got it by inheritance from his father. The property has always been in commoners’ (*bürgerlichen*) hands.’ ”

King. “ ‘That I am aware of. How call we the village here before us?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Walcho.’ ”

King. “ ‘To whom belongs it?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘To you, your Majesty, under the Amt Alt-Ruppin.’ ”

King. “ ‘What is the village here before us?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Protzen.’ ”

King. “ ‘Whose is it?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Herr von Kleist’s.’ ”

King. “ ‘What Kleist is that?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘A son of General Kleist’s.’ ”

King. “ ‘Of what General Kleist’s.’ ”

Ich. “ ‘His brother was *Flügeladjutant* [*wing*-adjutant, whatever that may be] with your Majesty ; and is now at Magdeburg, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regiment Kalkstein.’ ”

King. “ ‘Ha, ha, that one ! I know the Kleists very well. Has this Kleist been in the service too?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Yea, your Majesty ; he was ensign in the regiment Prinz Ferdinand.’ ”

King. “ ‘Why did the man seek his discharge?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘That I do not know.’

King. “ ‘You may tell me, I have no view in asking : why did the man take his discharge ?’

Ich. “ ‘Your Majesty, I really cannot say.’

“We had now got on to Protzen. I perceived old General von Ziethen standing before the Manor-house in Protzen,” — rugged brave old soul ; with his hanging brows, and strange dim-fiery pious old thoughts ! — “I rode forward to the carriage and said : —

Ich. “ ‘Your Majesty, the Herr General von Ziethen is [are, *sind*] also here.’

King. “ ‘Where ? where ? Oh, ride forward, and tell the people to draw up ; they must halt, I ’ll get out.’

“And now his Majesty got out ; and was exceedingly delighted at the sight of Herr General von Ziethen ; talked with him and Herr von Kleist of many things : Whether the draining of the Luch had done him good ; Whether the murrain had been there among their cattle ? — and recommended rock-salt against the murrain. Suddenly his Majesty stepped aside, turned towards me, and called : ‘Amtmann ! [*then close into my ear*] Who is the fat man there with the white coat ?’

Ich (*also close into his Majesty’s ear*). “ ‘Your Majesty, that is the Landrath Quast, of the Ruppın Circle.’

King. “ ‘Very well.’

“Now his Majesty went back to General von Ziethen and Herr von Kleist, and spoke of different things. Herr von Kleist presented some very fine fruit to his Majesty ; all at once his Majesty turned round, and said : ‘Servitenr, Herr Landrath !’ — As the Landrath [“fat man there with the white coat”] was stepping towards his Majesty, said his Majesty : ‘Stay he there where he is ; I know him. He is the Landrath von Quast !’¹

“They had now yoked the horses. His Majesty took a very tender leave of old General von Ziethen, waved an adieu to those about, and drove on. Although his Majesty at Protzen would not take any fruit, yet when once we were out of the village, his Majesty took a luncheon from the carriage-pocket for himself and the Herr General Graf von Görtz, and, all along, during the drive, ate apricots (*immer Pfirsche*).

¹ “Very good indeed, old Vater Fritz ; let him stand there in his white coat, a fat, sufficiently honored man ! — Chodowiecki has an engraving of this incident ; — I saw it at the British Museum once, where they have only seven others on Friedrich altogether, all in one poor *Gotha Almanac* ; very small, very coarse, but very good : this Quast (Anglicè ‘Tassel’) was one of them” (*Marginalie* of 1852).

At starting, his Majesty had fancied I was to stop here, and called out of the carriage: 'Amtmann, come along with us!'

King. "Where is the Beamte of Alt-Ruppin?"

Ich. "Apparently he must be unwell; otherwise he would have been in Protzen at the change of horses there' ["at the *Vorspann*:" Yes; — and Manor-house, *Edelhof*, where old Ziethen waited, was lower down the street, and *sooner* than the Post-house?].

King. "Na, tell me now, don't you really know why that Kleist at Protzen took his discharge?" [*voilà!*]

Ich. "No, your Majesty, I really do not."

King. "What village is this before us?"

Ich. "Manker."

King. "And whose?"

Ich. "Yours, your Majesty, in the *Amt* Alt-Ruppin."

King (looking round on the harvest-fields). "Here you, now: how are you content with the harvest?"

Ich. "Very well, your Majesty."

King. "Very well? And to me they said, Very ill!"

Ich. "Your Majesty, the winter-crop was somewhat frost-nipt; but the summer-crop in return is so abundant it will richly make up for the winter-crop.' His Majesty now looked round upon the fields, shock standing upon shock.

King. "It is a good harvest, you are right; shock stands close by shock here!"

Ich. "Yes, your Majesty; and the people here make *Steigs* (mounts) of them too."

King. "Steigs, what is that?"

Ich. "That is 20 sheaves piled all together."

King. "Oh, it is indisputably a good harvest. But tell me, though, why did Kleist of Protzen take his discharge?"

Ich. "Your Majesty, I do not know. I suppose he was obliged to take his father's estates in hand: no other cause do I know of."

King. "What's the name of this village we are coming to?"

Ich. "Garz."

King. "To whom belongs it?"

Ich. "To the Kriegs-rath von Quast."

King. "To whom belongs it?"

Ich. "To Kriegs-rath von Quast."

King. "Ey was [pooh, pooh]! I know nothing of Kriegs-raths: — To whom does the Estate belong?"

Ich. "To Herr von Quast." Friedrich had the greatest contempt for Kriegs-raths, and indeed for most other *raths* or titular shams, labelled

boxes with nothing in the inside: on a horrible winter-morning (sleet, thunder, &c.), marching off, hours before sunrise, he has been heard to say, 'Would one were a Kriegsrath!'

King. " 'Na, that is the right answer.'

"His Majesty now arrived at Garz. The changing of the horses was managed by Herr von Lüderitz of Nackeln, as first Deputy of the Ruppín Circle. He had his hat on, and a white feather in it. When the yoking was completed, our journey proceeded again.

King. " 'To whom belongs this estate on the left here?'

Ich. " 'To Herr von Lüderitz; it is called Nackeln.'

King. " 'What Lüderitz is that?'

Ich. " 'Your Majesty, he that was in Garz while the horses were changing.'

King. " 'Ha, ha, the Herr with the white feather!—Do you sow wheat too?'

Ich. " 'Ja, your Majesty.'

King. " 'How much have you sown?'

Ich. " 'Three *wispels* 12 *scheffels*,¹ unknown measures!

King. " 'How much did your predecessor use to sow?'

Ich. " 'Four *scheffels*.'

King. " 'How has it come that you sow so much more than he?'

Ich. " 'As I have already had the honor to tell your Majesty that I keep seventy head of cows more than he, I have of course more manure for my ground, and so put it in a better case for bearing wheat.'

King. " 'But why do you grow no hemp?'

Ich. " 'It would not answer here. In a cold climate it would answer better. Our sailors can buy Russian hemp in Lübeck cheaper, and of better quality than I could grow here.'

King. " 'What do you sow, then, where you used to have hemp?'

Ich. " 'Wheat'

King. " 'Why do you sow no Färbekraut,¹ no *Krapp*?

Ich. " 'It will not prosper; the ground is n't good enough.

King. " 'That is people's talk: you should have made the trial.'

Ich. " 'I did make the trial; but it failed; and as Beamte I can not make many trials; for, let them fail or not, the rent must be paid.'

King. " 'What do you sow, then, where you would have put *Färbekraut*?'

¹ *"Dye-herb:"* commonly called "*Färberrothe*;" yields a coarse red, on decoction of the twigs and branches; from its roots the finer red called "*Krapp*" (in French *garance*) is got.

Ich. " 'Wheat.'

King. " 'Na! Then stand by wheat!—Your tenants are in good ease, I suppose?'

Ich. " 'Yes, your Majesty. I can show by the Register of Hypothecs (*Hypothekcnbuch*) that they have about 50 thousand thalers of capital among them.'

King. " 'That is good.'

Ich. " 'Three years ago a tenant died who had 11,000 thalers,' say £2,000, 'in the Bank.'

King. " 'How much?'

Ich. " 'Eleven thousand thalers.'

King. " 'Keep them so always!'

Ich. " 'Ja, your Majesty, it is very good that the tenant have money; but he becomes mutinous too, as the tenants hereabouts do, who have seven times over complained to your Majesty against me, to get rid of the *Hofdienst*,' stated work due from them.

King. " 'They will have had some cause too!'

Ich. " 'Your Majesty will graciously pardon: there was an investigation gone into, and it was found that I had not oppressed the tenants, but had always gone upon my right, and merely held them to do their duty. Nevertheless the matter stood as it was: the tenants are not punished; your Majesty puts always the tenants in the right, the poor Beaute is always in the wrong!'

King. " 'Ja: that you, my son, will contrive to get justice, you, I cannot but believe! You will send your Departmentsrath [Judge of these affairs] such pretty gifts of butter, capons, poult!'

Ich. " 'No, your Majesty, we cannot. Corn brings no price: if one did not turn a penny with other things, how could one raise the rent at all?'

King. " 'Where do you send your butter, capons and poult (*Puter*) for sale?'

Ich. " 'To Berlin.'

King. " 'Why not to Ruppín?'

Ich. " 'Most of the Ruppín people keep cows, as many as are needed for their own uses. The soldier eats nothing but old [salt] butter, he cannot buy fresh.'

King. " 'What do you get for your butter in Berlin?'

Ich. " 'Four groschen the pound; now the soldier at Ruppín buys his salt butter at two.'

King. " 'But your capons and poult, you could bring these to Ruppín?'

Ich. " 'In the regiment there are just four Staff-Officers; they can

use but little : the burghers don't live delicately ; they thank God when they can get a bit of pork or bacon.'

King. " ' Yes, there you are in the right ! The Berliners, again, like to eat some dainty article. — Na ! do what you will with the tenants [*Unterthänen*, not quite *adscripts* at that time on the Royal Demesnes, but tied to many services, and by many shackles, from which Friedrich all his days was gradually delivering them] ; only don't oppress them.'

Ich. " ' Your Majesty, that would never be my notion, nor any reasonable Beamte's.'

King. " ' Tell me, then, where does Stöllen lie?'

Ich. " ' Stöllen your Majesty cannot see just here. Those big hills there on the left are the hills at Stöllen ; there your Majesty will have a view of all the Colonies.'

King. " ' So ? That is well. Then ride you with us thither.'

" Now his Majesty came upon a quantity of peasants who were mowing rye ; they had formed themselves into two rows, were wiping their scythes, and so let his Majesty drive through them.

King. " ' What the Devil, these people will be wanting money from me, I suppose ?'

Ich. " ' Oh no, your Majesty ! They are full of joy that you are so gracious as to visit this district.'

King. " ' I'll give them nothing, though. — What village is that, there ahead of us ?'

Ich. " ' Barsekow.'

King. " ' To whom belongs it ?'

Ich. " ' To Herr von Mitschepfal.'

King. " ' What Mitschepfal is that ?'

Ich. " ' He was Major in the regiment which your Majesty had when Crown-Prince.'¹

King. " ' Mein Gott ! Is he still alive ?'

Ich. " ' No, he is dead ; his daughter has the estate.'

" We now came into the village of Barsekow, where the Manor-house is in ruins.

King. " ' Hear ! Is that the manor-house (*Edelhof*) ?'

Ich. " ' Ja.'

King. " ' That does look miserable.' Here Mitschepfal's daughter, who has married a baronial Herr von Kriegsheim from Mecklenburg, came forward while the horses were changing. Kriegsheim came on account of her into this country : the King has given them a Colony of 200 *Morgen* (acres). Coming to the carriage, Frau von Kriegsheim

¹ *Suprà*, vii. 403.

handed some fruit to his Majesty. His Majesty declined with thanks ; asked, who her father was, when he died, &c. On a sudden, she presented her husband ; began to thank for the 200 *Morgen* ; mounted on the coach-step ; wished to kiss, if not his Majesty's hand, at least his coat. His Majesty shifted quite to the other side of the carriage, and cried "—good old Fritz !—" "Let be, my daughter, let be ! It is all well !—Amtmann. let us get along (*macht dass wir fortkommen*) !"

King. " "Hear now : these people are not prospering here ?"

Ich. " "Far from it, your Majesty ; they are in the greatest poverty."

King. " "That is bad.—Tell me though ; there lived a Landrath here before : he had a quantity of children : can't you recollect his name ?"

Ich. " "That will have been the Landrath von Gorgas of Genser."

King. " "Ja, ja, that was he. Is he dead now ?"

Ich. " "Ja, your Majesty. He died in 1771 : and it was very singular ; in one fortnight he, his wife and four sons all died. The other four that were left had all the same sickness too, which was a hot fever ; and though the sons, being in the Army, were in different garrisons, and no brother had visited the other, they all got the same illness, and came out of it with merely their life left."

King. " "That was a desperate affair (*verzweifelter Umstand gewesen*) ! Where are the four sons that are still in life ?"

Ich. " "One is in the Ziethen Hussars, one in the Gens-d'-Armes, another was in the regiment Prinz Ferdinand, and lives on the Estate Dersau. The fourth is son-in-law of Herr General von Ziethen. He was lieutenant in the Ziethen Regiment ; but in the last war (*Potato-War*, 1778), on account of his ill health, your Majesty gave him his discharge ; and he now lives in Genser."

King. " "So ? That is one of the Gorgases, then !—Are you still making experiments with the foreign kinds of corn ?"

Ich. " "O ja ; this year I have sown Spanish barley. But it will not rightly take hold ; I must give it up again. However, the Holstein stooling-rye (*Staudenroggen*) has answered very well."

King. " "What kind of rye is that ?"

Ich. " "It grows in Holstein in the Low Grounds (*Niederung*). Never below the 10th grain [10 reaped for 1 sown] have I yet had it."

King. " "Nu, nu [Ho, ho], surely not the 10th grain all at once !"

Ich. " "That is not much. Please your Majesty to ask the Herr General von Görtz [who has not spoken a syllable all day] ; he knows this is not reckoned much in Holstein :—(the General Graf von Görtz I first had the honor to make acquaintance with in Holstein).

“They now talked, for a while, of the rye, in the carriage together. Presently his Majesty called to me from the carriage, ‘Na, stand by the Holstein *stauden*-rye, then; and give some to the tenants too.’

Ich. “‘Yes, your Majesty.’

King. “‘But give me some idea: what kind of appearance had the Luch before it was drained?’

Ich. “‘It was mere high rough masses of hillocks (*Hüllen*); between them the water settled, and had no flow. In the driest years we could n’t cart the hay out, but had to put it up in big ricks. Only in winter, when the frost was sharp, could we get it home. But now we have cut away the hillocks; and the trenches that your Majesty got made for us take the water off. And now the Luch is as dry as your Majesty sees, and we can carry out our hay when we please.’

King. “‘That is well. Have your tenants, too, more cattle than formerly?’

Ich. “‘Ja!’

King. “‘How many more?’

Ich. “‘Many have one cow, many two, according as their means admit.’

King. “‘But how many more have they in all? About how many, that is?’

Ich. “‘About 150 head.’

“His Majesty must lately have asked the Herr General von Görtz, how I came to know him, — as I told his Majesty to ask General von Görtz about the Holstein rye; — and presumably the Herr General must have answered, what was the fact, That he had first known me in Holstein, where I dealt in horses, and that I had been at Potsdam with horses. Suddenly his Majesty said: ‘Hear! I know you are fond of horses. But give up that, and prefer cows; you will find your account better there.’

Ich. “‘Your Majesty, I no longer deal in horses. I merely rear a few foals every year.’

King. “‘Rear calves instead; that will be better.’

Ich. “‘Oh, your Majesty, if one takes pains with it, there is no loss in breeding horses. I know a man who got, two years ago, 1,000 thalers for a stallion of his raising.’

King. “‘He must have been a fool that gave it.’

Ich. “‘Your Majesty, he was a Mecklenburg nobleman.’

King. “‘But nevertheless a fool.’

“We now came upon the territory of the Amt Neustadt; and here the Amtsrath Klausius, who has the Amt in farm, was in waiting on

the boundary, and let his Majesty drive past. But as I began to get tired of the speaking, and his Majesty went on always asking about villages, which stand hereabouts in great quantity, and I had always to name the owner, and say what sons he had in the Army, — I brought up Herr Amtsrath Klausius to the carriage, and said : —

Ich. “ ‘Your Majesty, this is the Amtsrath Klausius. of the Amt Neustadt, in whose jurisdiction the Colonies are.’ ”

King. “ ‘So, so! that is very good (*das ist mir lieb*). Bring him up.’ ”

King. “ ‘What’s your name?’ (from this point the King spoke mostly with Amtsrath Klausius, and I only wrote down what I heard).

Kl. “ ‘Klausius.’ ”

King. “ ‘Klau-si-us. Na, have you many cattle here on the Colonies?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘1,887 head of cows, your Majesty. There would have been above 3,000, had it not been for the murrain that was here.’ ”

King. “ ‘Do the people too increase well? Are there jolly children?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘O ja, your Majesty; there are now 1,576 souls upon the Colonies.’ ”

King. “ ‘Are you married too?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘Ja, your Majesty.’ ”

King. “ ‘And have you children?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘Step-children, your Majesty.’ ”

King. “ ‘Why not of your own?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘Don’t know that, your Majesty; as it happens.’ ”

King. “ ‘Hear: Is it far to the Mecklenburg border, here where we are?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘Only a short mile [5 miles English]. But there are some villages scattered still within the boundary which belong to Brandenburg. There are Stetzebart, Rosso and so on.’ ”

King. “ ‘Ja, ja, I know them. But I should not have thought we were so near upon the Meckleburg country.’ [*To the Herr Amtsrath Klausius*] ‘Where were you born?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘At Neustadt on the Dosse.’ ”

King. “ ‘What was your father?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘Clergyman.’ ”

King. “ ‘Are they good people, these Colonists? The first generation of them is n’t usually good for much.’ ”

Kl. “ ‘They are getting on, better or worse.’ ”

King. “ ‘Do they manage their husbandry well?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘O ja, your Majesty. His Excellency the Minister von Derschau, too, has given me a Colony of 75 aeres, to show the other Colonists a good example in management.’

King (smiling). “ ‘Ha, ha! good example! But tell me, I see no wood here: where do the Colonists get their timber?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘From the Ruppín district.’

King. “ ‘How far is that?’ ”

Kl. “ ‘3 miles’ [15 English].

King. “ ‘Well, that’s a great way! It should have been contrived that they could have it nearer hand.’ [To me] ‘What man is that to the right there?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Bauinspector [Buildings-Inspector] Menzelius, who has charge of the buildings in these parts.’

King. “ ‘Am I in Rome? They are mere Latin names! — Why is that hedged in so high?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘That is the mule-stud.’

King. “ ‘What is the name of this Colony?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Klausíushof.’

Kl. “ ‘Your Majesty, it should be called Klaushof.’

King. “ ‘Its name is Klausíushof. What is the other Colony called?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Brenkenhof.’

King. “ ‘That is not its name.’

Ich. “ ‘Ja, your Majesty, I know it by no other!’

King. “ ‘Its name is Brenken-hosíus-hof! — Are these the Stöllen hills that lie before us?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘Ja, your Majesty.’

King. “ ‘Have I to drive through the village?’ ”

Ich. “ ‘It is not indispensable; but the change of horses is there. If your Majesty give order, I will ride forward, send the fresh horses out of the village, and have them stationed to wait at the foot of the hills.’

King. “ ‘O ja, do so! Take one of my pages with you.’ ”

“I now took measures about the new team of horses, but so arranged it, that when his Majesty got upon the hills I was there too. At dismounting from his carriage on the hill-top, his Majesty demanded a prospect-glass; looked round the whole region, and then said: ‘Well, in truth, that is beyond my expectation! That is beautiful! I must say this to you, all of you that have worked in this business, you have behaved like honorable people!’ — [To me] ‘Tell me now, is the Elbe far from here?’ ”

Ich. “‘Your Majesty, it is 2 miles off [10 miles]. Yonder is Würben in the Altmark; it lies upon the Elbe.’

King. “‘That cannot be! Give me the glass again. — Ja, ja, it is true, though. But what other steeple is that?’

Ich. “‘Your Majesty, that is Havelberg.’

King. “‘Na, come here, all of you!’ (*There were Amtsrath Klausius, Bauinspector Menzelius and I.*) ‘Hear now, the tract of moor here to the left must also be reclaimed; and what is to the right too, so far as the moor extends. What kind of wood is there on it?’

Ich. “‘Alders (*Elsen*) and oaks, your Majesty.’

King. “‘Na! the alders you may root out; and the oaks may continue standing; the people may sell these, or use them otherwise. When once the ground is arable, I reckon upon 300 families for it, and 500 head of cows, — ha?’ — Nobody answered; at last I began, and said: —

Ich. “‘Ja, your Majesty, perhaps!’

King. “‘Hear now, you may answer me with confidence. There will be more or fewer families. I know well enough one cannot, all at once, exactly say. I was never there, don’t know the ground; otherwise I could understand equally with you how many families could be put upon it.’

The Bauinspector. “‘Your Majesty, the *Luch* is still subject to rights of common from a great many hands.’

King. “‘No matter for that. You must make exchanges, give them an equivalent, according as will answer best in the case. I want nothing from anybody except at its value.’ [*To Amtsrath Klausius*] ‘Na, hear now, you can write to my Kammer [*Board, Board-of-Works* that does *not* sit idle!], what it is that I want reclaimed to the plough; the money for it I will give.’ [*To me*] ‘And you, you go to Berlin, and explain to my Geheimer-Rath Michaelis, by word of mouth, what it is I want reclaimed.’

“His Majesty now stepped into his carriage again [was Görtz sitting all the while, still in silence? Or had he perhaps got out at the bottom of the hill, and sat down to a contemplative pipe of tobacco, the smoke of which, heart-cheering to Görtz, was always disagreeable to Friedrich? Nobody knows!] — and drove down the hill; there the horses were changed. And now, as his Majesty’s order was that I should ‘attend him to the Stöllen hills,’ I went up to the carriage, and asked: —

Ich. “‘Does your Majesty command that I should yet accompany farther’ [*‘befehlen, command,’* in the plural is polite, “your Majesty, that I yet farther shall *with*”]?

King. “‘No, my son; ride, in God’s name, home.’ —

"The Herr Amtsrath [Klau-si-us] then accompanied his Majesty to Rathenow, where he [*they*: His Majesty is plural] lodged in the Post-house. At Rathenow, during dinner, his Majesty was uncommonly cheerful: he dined with Herr Lieutenant-Colonel von Backhof of the Carabineers, and the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel von Backhof himself has related that his Majesty said: —

"My good Von Backhof (*Mein lieber von Backhof*): if He [you] have not for a long time been in the Fehrbellin neighborhood, go there." Fehrbellin, the Prussian *Bannockburn*; where the Great Elector cut the hitherto invincible Swedes *in two*, among the *dams* and intricate moory quagmires, with a vastly inferior force, nearly all of cavalry (led by one *Derflinger*, who in his apprentice time had been a *tailor*); beat one end of them all to rags, then galloped off and beat the other into ditto; quite taking the conceit out of the Swedes, or at least clearing Prussia of them forever and a day: a feat much admired by Friedrich: "Go there," he says. "That region is uncommonly improved [as I saw to-day]! I have not for a long time had such a pleasant drive. I decided on this journey because I had no *review* on hand; and it has given me such pleasure that I shall certainly have another by and by.

"Tell me now: how did you get on in the last War [*Kartoffel Krieg*, no fighting, only a scramble for proviant and "potatoes"]? Most likely ill! You in Saxony too could make nothing out. The reason was, we had not men to fight against, but cannons! I might have done a thing or two; but I should have sacrificed more than the half of my Army, and shed innocent human blood. In that case I should have deserved to be taken to the Guard-house door, and to have got a sixscore there (*einen öffentlichen Produkt*)! Wars are becoming frightful to carry on."

"This was surely touching to hear from the mouth of a great Monarch," said Herr Lieutenant-Colonel von Backhof to me, and tears came into that old soldier's eyes." Afterwards his Majesty had said: —

"Of the Battle of Fehrbellin I know everything, almost as if I myself had been there! While I was Crown-Prince, and lay in Ruppin, there was an old townsman, the man was even then very old: he could describe the whole Battle, and knew the scene of it extremely well. Once I got into a carriage, took my old genius with me, who showed me all over the ground, and described everything so distinctly, I was much contented with him. As we were coming back, I thought: Come, let me have a little fun with the old blade; — so I asked him: 'Father, don't you know, then, why the two Sovereigns came to quarrel with one another?' — 'O ja, your Royal Highnesses [from this point we have Platt-Deutsch, *Prussian* dialect, for the old man's speech; barely intelligible, as Scotch is to an ingenious Englishman], *dat will ick Se*

wohl seggen, I can easily tell you that. When our Chorförste [Kurfürsts, Great Elector] was young, he studied in Utrecht; and there the King of Sweden happened to be too. And now the two young lords picked some quarrel, got to pulling caps [fell into one another's hair], *and dit is nu de Picke davon*, and this now was the upshot of it.' — His Majesty spoke this in Platt-Deutsch, as here given; — but grew at table so weary that he (they) fell asleep." So far Backhef; — and now again Fromme by way of finish: —

"Of his Majesty's journey I can give no farther description. For though his Majesty spoke and asked many things else, it would be difficult to bring them all to paper."

And so ends the *Day with Friedrich the Great*; very flat, but I dare say very true: — a Daguerrotype of one of his Days.

PAST AND PRESENT.

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX.

MISCELLANIES.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

[1843.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

BOOK I.

PROEM.

CHAPTER I.

MIDAS.

THE condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, "Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!" On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls: neither can the rich

master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are like to be brought low with it, and made "poor" enough, in the money sense or a far fataler one.

Of these successful skilful workers some two millions, it is now counted, sit in Workhouses, Poor-law Prisons; or have "out-door relief" flung over the wall to them,—the workhouse Bastille being filled to bursting, and the strong Poor-law broken asunder by a stronger.¹ They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses, pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone; their cunning right-hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved. The picturesque Tourist, in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, describes the Union Workhouse on his path. "Passing by the Workhouse of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn," says the picturesque Tourist, "I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their Bastille and within their ring-wall and its railings, some half-hundred or more of these men. Tall robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of torpor, especially in a silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An Earth all lying round, crying, Come and till me, come and reap me;—yet we here sit enchanted! In the eyes and brows of these men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of grief and shame and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, 'Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The Sun shines and the Earth calls; and, by the governing Powers and Impotences of this England, we are forbidden to obey. It is impossible, they tell us!' There was

¹ The Return of Paupers for England and Wales, at Ladyday, 1842, is, "Indoor 221,687, Outdoor 1,207,402, Total 1,429,089." *Official Report.*

something that reminded me of Dante's **Hell** in the look of all this ; and I rode swiftly away."

So many hundred thousands sit in workhouses : and other hundred thousands have not yet got even workhouses ; and in thrifty Scotland itself, in Glasgow or Edinburgh City, in their dark lanes, hidden from all but the eye of God, and of rare Benevolence the minister of God, there are scenes of woe and destitution and desolation, such as, one may hope, the Sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men dwelt. Competent witnesses, the brave and humane Dr. Alison, who speaks what he knows, whose noble Healing Art in his charitable hands becomes once more a truly sacred one, report these things for us : these things are not of this year, or of last year, have no reference to our present state of commercial stagnation, but only to the common state. Not in sharp fever-fits, but in chronic gangrene of this kind is Scotland suffering. A Poor-law, any and every Poor-law, it may be observed, is but a temporary measure ; an anodyne, not a remedy : Rich and Poor, when once the naked facts of their condition have come into collision, cannot long subsist together on a mere Poor-law. True enough : — and yet, human beings cannot be left to die ! Scotland too, till something better come, must have a Poor-law, if Scotland is not to be a by-word among the nations. Oh, what a waste is there ; of noble and thrice-noble national virtues ; peasant Stoicisms, Heroisms ; valiant manful habits, soul of a Nation's worth, — which all the metal of Potosi cannot purchase back ; to which the metal of Potosi, and all you can buy with *it*, is dross and dust !

Why dwell on this aspect of the matter ? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any one. Descend where you will into the lower class, in Town or Country, by what avenue you will, by Factory Inquiries, Agricultural Inquiries, by Revenue Returns, by Mining-Laborer Committees, by opening your own eyes and looking, the same sorrowful result discloses itself : you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk or is fast sinking into a state, to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes, — and this too has no reference

to the present state of trade, being of date prior to that, ~ a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a "burial-society" of some £3 8s. due on the death of each child : they are arraigned, found guilty ; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the autumn of 1841; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. "Brutal savages, degraded Irish," mutters the idle reader of Newspapers ; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on ; the depravity, savagery and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human Mother and Father, of white skin and professing the Christian religion, had done this thing ; they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view ; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves, What shall we do to escape starvation ? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar ; and help is far. — Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen ; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees ! — The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint : Our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world : if he were out of misery at once ; he well dead, and the rest of us perhaps kept alive ? It is thought, and hinted ; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will ? — What a committee of ways and means !

In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was prophesied and said, "The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children." The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness ; that was the ultimatum of degraded god-punished man. And we here, in modern England, exuberant with supply of all kinds, besieged by nothing if it be not by invisible Enchantments, are we reaching

that? — How come these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?

Nor are they of the St. Ives workhouses, of the Glasgow lanes, and Stockport cellars, the only unblessed among us. This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask, Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In Poor and Rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!

Many men eat finer cookery, drink dearer liquors, — with what advantage they can report, and their Doctors can: but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call “happier”? Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this God’s-Earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Workhouse Workman; clamors, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of “Liberty:” the liberty “to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest.” With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no whit richer; but now, the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is poor indeed. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still fataler situation? Pausing amid his game-preserves, with awful eye, — as he well may! Coercing fifty-pound tenants; coercing, bribing, cajoling; “doing what he likes with his own.” His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn-law; and in

his heart the blackest misgiving, a desperate half-consciousness that his excellent Corn-law is *indefensible*, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuler, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accursed by some god? —

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold, — and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music-tones; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods: the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old Fables!

CHAPTER II.

THE SPHINX.

How true, for example, is that other old Fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer she destroyed them! Such a Sphinx is this Life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and

tenderness ; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, — which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom ; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned ; one still half-imprisoned, — the articulate, lovely still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true ! And does she not propound her riddles to us ? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, “ Knowest thou the meaning of this Day ? What thou canst do To-day ; wisely attempt to do ? ” Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnamable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them ; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself ; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws ; Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring. Thou art not now her victorious bridegroom ; thou art her mangled victim, scattered on the precipices, as a slave found treacherous, recreant, ought to be and must.

With Nations it is as with individuals : Can they rede the riddle of Destiny ? This English Nation, will it get to know the meaning of *its* strange new To-day ? Is there sense enough extant, discoverable anywhere or anyhow, in our united twenty-seven million heads to discern the same ; valor enough in our twenty-seven million hearts to dare and do the bidding thereof ? It will be seen ! —

The secret of gold Midas, which he with his long ears never could discover, was, That he had offended the Supreme Powers ; — that he had parted company with the eternal inner Facts of this Universe, and followed the transient outer Appearances thereof : and so was arrived *here*. Properly it is the secret of all unhappy men and unhappy nations. Had they known Nature’s right truth, Nature’s right truth would have made them free. They have become enchanted ; stagger spell-bound, reeling on the brink of huge peril, because they were .

not wise enough. They have forgotten the right Inner True, and taken up with the Outer Sham-true. They answer the Sphinx's question *wrong*. Foolish men cannot answer it aright! Foolish men mistake transitory semblance for eternal fact, and go astray more and more.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just*. O brother, can it be needful now, at this late epoch of experience, after eighteen centuries of Christian preaching for one thing, to remind thee of such a fact; which all manner of Mahometans, old Pagan Romans, Jews, Scythians and heathen Greeks, and indeed more or less all men that God made, have managed at one time to see into; nay which thou thyself, till "red-tape" strangled the inner life of thee, hadst once some inkling of: That there *is* justice here below; and even, at bottom, that there is nothing else but justice! Forget that, thou hast forgotten all. Success will never more attend thee: how can it now? Thou hast the whole Universe against thee. No more success: mere sham-success, for a day and days; rising ever higher, — towards its Tarpeian Rock. Alas, how, in thy soft-hung Longacre vehicle, of polished leather to the bodily eye, of red-tape philosophy, of expediences, club-room moralities, Parliamentary majorities to the mind's eye, thou beautifully rollest: but knowest thou whitherward? It is towards the *road's end*. Old use-and-wont; established methods, habitudes, *once* true and wise; man's noblest tendency, his perseverance, and man's ignoblest, his inertia; whatsoever of noble and ignoble Conservatism there is in men and Nations, strongest always in the strongest men and Nations: all this is as a road to thee, paved smooth through the abyss, — till all this *end*. Till men's bitter necessities can endure thee no more. Till Nature's patience with thee is done; and there is no road or footing any farther, and the abyss yawns sheer! —

Parliament and the Courts of Westminster are venerable to me; how venerable; gray with a thousand years of honorable age! For a thousand years and more, Wisdom and faithful Valor, struggling amid much Folly and greedy Baseness, not without most sad distortions in the struggle, have built them up; and they are as we see. For a thousand years, this English Nation has found them useful or supportable; they have served this English Nation's want; *been* a road to it through the abyss of Time. They are venerable, they are great and strong. And yet it is good to remember always that they are not the venerablest, nor the greatest, nor the strongest! Acts of Parliament are venerable; but if they correspond not with the writing on the "Adamant Tablet," what are they? Properly their one element of venerableness, of strength or greatness, is, that they at all times correspond therewith as near as by human possibility they can. They are cherishing destruction in their bosom every hour that they continue otherwise.

Alas, how many causes that can plead well for themselves in the Courts of Westminster; and yet in the general Court of the Universe, and free Soul of Man, have no word to utter! Honorable Gentlemen may find this worth considering, in times like ours. And truly, the din of triumphant Law-logic, and all shaking of horse-hair wigs and learned-serjeant gowns having comfortably ended, we shall do well to ask **ourselves** withal, What says that high and highest Court to the verdict? For it is the Court of Courts, that same; where the universal soul of **Fact** and very Truth sits President; — and thitherward, more **and** more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do in these days crowd for revisal, — for confirmation, for modification, for reversal with costs. Dost thou know that Court; hast thou had any Law-practice there? What, didst thou never enter; never file any petition of redress, reclamer, disclaimer or demurrer, written as in thy heart's blood, for thy own behoof or another's; and silently await the issue? Thou knowest not such a Court? Hast merely heard of it by faint tradition as a thing that was or had been? Of thee, I think, we shall get little benefit.

For the gowns of learned-serjeants are good: parchment

records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial Justice, with or without horse-hair, what sane man will not reverence these? And yet, behold, the man is not sane but insane, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned-serjeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbor for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it: Away, away! Does it take no warning; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery-parks? The more woe is to it, the frightfuler woe. It will continue standing for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while; but it has One enemy who is Almighty: dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, — I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success"? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark, — all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever: What kind of success is that! —

It is true, all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your Heaviest ascends!" — but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first Plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England:

but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not,—and cannot!" Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own Laws, co-operates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,—that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies: their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully co-operating England may arise. Seek through this Universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer.

From which I infer that the inner sphere of Fact, in this present England as elsewhere, differs infinitely from the outer sphere and spheres of Semblance. That the Temporary, here as elsewhere, is too apt to carry it over the Eternal. That he who dwells in the temporary Semblances, and does not penetrate into the eternal Substance, will *not* answer the Sphinx-riddle of To-day, or of any Day. For the substance alone is

substantial; that *is* the law of Fact; if you discover not that, Fact, who already knows it, will let you also know it by and by!

What is Justice? that, on the whole, is the question of the Sphinx to us. The law of Fact is, that Justice must and will be done. The sooner the better; for the Time grows stringent, frightfully pressing! "What is Justice?" ask many, to whom cruel Fact alone will be able to prove responsive. It is like jesting Pilate asking, What is Truth? Jestling Pilate had not the smallest chance to ascertain what was Truth. He could not have known it, had a god shown it to him. Thick serene opacity, thicker than amaurosis, veiled those smiling eyes of his to Truth; the inner *retina* of them was gone paralytic, dead. He looked at Truth; and discerned her not, there where she stood. "What is Justice?" The clothed embodied Justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, is very visible. But the *unembodied* Justice, whereof that other is either an emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not so visible! For the unembodied Justice is of Heaven; a Spirit, and Divinity of Heaven, — *invisible* to all but the noble and pure of soul. The impure ignoble gaze with eyes, and she is not there. They will prove it to you by logic, by endless Hansard Debatings, by bursts of Parliamentary eloquence. It is not consolatory to behold! For properly, as many men as there are in a Nation who *can* withal see Heaven's invisible Justice, and know it to be on Earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a Nation and perdition. So many, and no more. Heavy-laden England, how many hast thou in this hour? The Supreme Power sends new and ever new, all *born* at least with hearts of flesh and not of stone; — and heavy Misery itself, once heavy enough, will prove didactic! —

CHAPTER III.

MANCHESTER INSURRECTION.

BLUSTEROWSKI, Colacorde, and other Editorial prophets of the Continental-Democratic Movement, have in their leading-articles shown themselves disposed to vilipend the late Manchester Insurrection, as evincing in the rioters an extreme backwardness to battle; nay as betokening, in the English People itself, perhaps a want of the proper animal courage indispensable in these ages. A million hungry operative men started up, in utmost paroxysm of desperate protest against their lot; and, ask Colacorde and company, How many shots were fired? Very few in comparison! Certain hundreds of drilled soldiers sufficed to suppress this million-headed hydra, and tread it down, without the smallest appeasement or hope of such, into its subterranean settlements again, there to reconsider itself. Compared with our revolts in Lyons, in Warsaw and elsewhere, to say nothing of incomparable Paris City past or present, what a lamblike Insurrection!—

The present Editor is not here, with his readers, to vindicate the character of Insurrections; nor does it matter to us whether Blusterowski and the rest may think the English a courageous people or not courageous. In passing, however, let us mention that, to our view, this was not an unsuccessful Insurrection; that as Insurrections go, we have not heard lately of any that succeeded so well.

A million of hungry operative men, as Blusterowski says, rose all up, came all out into the streets, and — stood there. What other could they do? Their wrongs and griefs were bitter, insupportable, their rage against the same was just: but who are they that cause these wrongs, who that will honestly make effort to redress them? Our enemies are we know not who or what; our friends are we know not where! How shall

we attack any one, shoot or be shot by any one? Oh, if the accursed invisible Nightmare, that is crushing out the life of us and ours, would take a shape; approach us like the Hyrcanian tiger, the Behemoth of Chaos, the Archfiend himself; in any shape that we could see, and fasten on! — A man can have himself shot with cheerfulness; but it needs first that he see clearly for what. Show him the divine face of Justice, then the diabolic monster which is eclipsing that: he will fly at the throat of such monster, never so monstrous, and need no bidding to do it. Woolwich grape-shot will sweep clear all streets, blast into invisibility so many thousand men: but if your Woolwich grape-shot be but eclipsing Divine Justice, and the God's-radiance itself gleam recognizable athwart such grape-shot, — then, yes then is the time come for fighting and attacking. All artillery-parks have become weak, and are about to dissipate: in the God's-thunder, their poor thunder slackens, ceases; finding that it is, in all senses of the term, a *brute* one! —

That the Manchester Insurrection stood still, on the streets, with an indisposition to fire and bloodshed, was wisdom for it even as an Insurrection. Insurrection, never so necessary, is a most sad necessity; and governors who wait for that to instruct them, are surely getting into the fatalest courses, — proving themselves Sons of Nox and Chaos, of blind Cowardice, not of seeing Valor! How can there be any remedy in insurrection? It is a mere announcement of the disease, visible now even to Sons of Night. Insurrection usually “gains” little; usually wastes how much! One of its worst kinds of waste, to say nothing of the rest, is that of irritating and exasperating men against each other, by violence done; which is always sure to be injustice done, for violence does even justice unjustly.

Who shall compute the waste and loss, the obstruction of every sort, that was produced in the Manchester region by Peterloo alone! Some thirteen unarmed men and women cut down, — the number of the slain and maimed is very countable: but the treasury of rage, burning hidden or visible in all hearts ever since, more or less perverting the effort and aim of

all hearts ever since, is of unknown extent. "How ye came among us, in your cruel armed blindness, ye unspeakable County Yeomanry, sabres flourishing, hoofs prancing, and slashed us down at your brute pleasure; deaf, blind to all *our* claims and woes and wrongs; of quick sight and sense to your own claims only! There lie poor sallow work-worn weavers, and complain no more now; women themselves are slashed and sabred, howling terror fills the air; and ye ride prosperous, very victorious, — ye unspeakable: give *us* sabres too, and then come on a little!" Such are Peterloos. In all hearts that witnessed Peterloo, stands written, as in fire-characters, or smoke-characters prompt to become fire again, a legible balance-account of grim vengeance; very unjustly balanced, much exaggerated, as is the way with such accounts: but payable readily at sight, in full with compound interest! Such things should be avoided as the very pestilence! For men's hearts ought not to be set against one another; but set *with* one another, and all against the Evil Thing only. Men's souls ought to be left to see clearly; not jaundiced, blinded, twisted all awry, by revenge, mutual abhorrence, and the like. An Insurrection that can announce the disease, and then retire with no such balance-account opened anywhere, has attained the highest success possible for it.

And this was what these poor Manchester operatives, with all the darkness that was in them and round them, did manage to perform. They put their huge inarticulate question, "What do you mean to do with us?" in a manner audible to every reflective soul in this kingdom; exciting deep pity in all good men, deep anxiety in all men whatever; and no conflagration or outburst of madness came to cloud that feeling anywhere, but everywhere it operates unclouded. All England heard the question: it is the first practical form of *our* Sphinx-riddle. England will answer it; or, on the whole, England will perish; — one does not yet expect the latter result!

For the rest, that the Manchester Insurrection could yet discern no radiance of Heaven on any side of its horizon; but feared that all lights, of the O'Connor or other sorts, hitherto kindled, were but deceptive fish-oil transparencies, or bog will-

o'-wisp lights, and no dayspring from on high: for this also we will honor the poor Manchester Insurrection, and augur well of it. A deep unspoken sense lies in these strong men, — inconsiderable, almost stupid, as all they can articulate of it is. Amid all violent stupidity of speech, a right noble instinct of what is doable and what is not doable never forsakes them: the strong inarticulate men and workers, whom *Fact* patronizes; of whom, in all difficulty and work whatsoever, there is good augury! This work too is to be done: Governors and Governing Classes that *can* articulate and utter, in any measure, what the law of Fact and Justice is, may calculate that here is a Governed Class who will listen.

And truly this first practical form of the Sphinx-question, inarticulately and so audibly put there, is one of the most impressive ever asked in the world. "Behold us here, so many thousands, millions, and increasing at the rate of fifty every hour. We are right willing and able to work; and on the Planet Earth is plenty of work and wages for a million times as many. We ask, If you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us, — by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation? What is it you expect of us? What is it you mean to do with us?" This question, I say, has been put in the hearing of all Britain; and will be again put, and ever again, till some answer be given it.

Unhappy Workers, unhappier Idlers, unhappy men and women of this actual England. We are yet very far from an answer, and there will be no existence for us without finding one. "A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work:" it is as just a demand as Governed men ever made of Governing. It is the everlasting right of man. Indisputable as Gospels, as arithmetical multiplication-tables: it must and will have itself fulfilled; — and yet, in these times of ours, with what enormous difficulty, next door to impossibility! For the times are really strange; of a complexity intricate with all the new width of the ever-widening world; times here of half-frantic velocity of impetus, there of the deadest-looking stillness and

paralysis ; times definable as showing two qualities, Dilettantism and Mammonism ; — most intricate obstructed times ! Nay, if there were not a Heaven's radiance of Justice, prophetic, clearly of Heaven, discernible behind all these confused world-wide entanglements, of Landlord interests, Manufacturing interests, Tory-Whig interests, and who knows what other interests, expediencies, vested interests, established possessions, inveterate Dilettantisms, Midas-eared Mammonisms, — it would seem to every one a flat impossibility, which all wise men might as well at once abandon. If you do not know eternal Justice from momentary Expediency, and understand in your heart of hearts how Justice, radiant, beneficent, as the all-victorious Light-element, is also in essence, if need be, an all-victorious *Fire*-element, and melts all manner of vested interests, and the hardest iron cannon, as if they were soft wax, and does ever in the long-run rule and reign, and allows nothing else to rule and reign, — you also would talk of impossibility ! But it is only difficult, it is not impossible. Possible ? It is, with whatever difficulty, very clearly inevitable.

Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work ! exclaims a sarcastic man : Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized ? The day's-wages of John Milton's day's-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were Ten Pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that : it is no rhetorical flourish ; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact, — emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming ; undertook a Hercules' Labor and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydra-coil, wide as England, hissing heaven-high through its thousand crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted quack-heads ; and he did wrestle with it, the truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of ; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it : — and his wages, as I understand, were

burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike, at this hour; and his memory is — Nay what matters what his memory is? His memory, at bottom, is or yet shall be as that of a god: a terror and horror to all quacks and cowards and insincere persons; an everlasting encouragement, new memento, battle-word, and pledge of victory to all the brave. It is the natural course and history of the Godlike, in every place, in every time. What god ever carried it with the Ten-pound Franchisers; in Open Vestry, or with any Sanhedrim of considerable standing? When was a god found “agreeable” to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods, — and then take to braying over them, still in a very long-eared manner! — So speaks the sarcastic man; in his wild way, very mournful truths.

Day’s-wages for day’s-work? continues he: The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved, — to this man broad lands and honors, to that man high gibbets and tread-mills: what more have I to ask? Heaven’s Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come; God’s will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven! This *is* the radiance of celestial Justice; in the light or in the fire of which all impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon, are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward; irrepressible, advancing inevitable; perfecting itself, all days, more and more, — never to be *perfect* till that general Doomsday, the ultimate Consummation, and Last of earthly Days.

True, as to “perfection” and so forth, answer we; true enough! And yet withal we have to remark, that imperfect Human Society holds itself together, and finds place under the

Sun, in virtue simply of some *approximation* to perfection being actually made and put in practice. We remark farther, that there are supportable approximations, and then likewise insupportable. With some, almost with any, supportable approximation men are apt, perhaps too apt, to rest indolently patient, and say, It will do. Thus these poor Manchester manual workers mean only, by day's-wages for day's-work, certain coins of money adequate to keep them living; — in return for their work, such modicum of food, clothes and fuel as will enable them to continue their work itself! They as yet clamor for no more; the rest, still inarticulate, cannot yet shape itself into a demand at all, and only lies in them as a dumb wish; perhaps only, still more inarticulate, as a dumb, altogether unconscious want. *This* is the supportable approximation they would rest patient with, That by their work they might be kept alive to work more! — *This* once grown unattainable, I think your approximation may consider itself to have reached the *insupportable* stage; and may prepare, with whatever difficulty, reluctance and astonishment, for one of two things, for changing or perishing! With the millions no longer able to live, how can the units keep living? It is too clear the Nation itself is on the way to suicidal death.

Shall we say then, The world has retrograded in its talent of apportioning wages to work, in late days? The world had always a talent of that sort, better or worse. Time was when the mere *handworker* needed not announce his claim to the world by Manchester Insurrections! — The world, with its Wealth of Nations, Supply-and-demand and such like, has of late days been terribly inattentive to that question of work and wages. We will not say, the poor world has retrograded even here: we will say rather, the world has been rushing on with such fiery animation to get work and ever more work done, it has had no time to think of dividing the wages; and has merely left them to be scrambled for by the Law of the Stronger, law of Supply-and-demand, law of *Laissez-faire*, and other idle Laws and Un-laws, — saying, in its dire haste to get the work done, That is well enough!

And now the world will have to pause a little, and take up

that other side of the problem, and in right earnest strive for some solution of that. For it has become pressing. What is the use of your spun shirts? They hang there by the million unsalable; and here, by the million, are diligent bare backs that can get no hold of them. Shirts are useful for covering human backs; useless otherwise, an unbearable mockery otherwise. You have fallen terribly behind with that side of the problem! Manchester Insurrections, French Revolutions, and thousand-fold phenomena great and small, announce loudly that you must bring it forward a little again. Never till now, in the history of an Earth which to this hour nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, to yield shirts if you will spin and weave in it, did the mere manual two-handed worker (however it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such "wages" as *he* means by "fair wages," namely food and warmth! The Godlike could not and cannot be paid; but the Earthly always could. Gurth, a mere swineherd, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, tended pigs in the wood, and did get some parings of the pork. Why, the four-footed worker has already *got* all that this two-handed one is clamoring for! How often must I remind you? There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but *has* due food and lodging; and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say, It is impossible. Brothers, I answer, if for you it be impossible, what is to become of you? It is impossible for us to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for English men. Do you depart quickly; clear the ways soon, lest worse befall. We for our share do purpose, with full view of the enormous difficulty, with total disbelief in the impossibility, to endeavor while life is in us, and to die endeavoring, we and our sons, till we attain it or have all died and ended.

Such a Platitude of a World, in which all working horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men should die starved, were it not best to end it; to have done with it, and restore it once for all to the *Jötuns*, Mud-giants, Frost-giants, and Chaotic Brute-gods of the Beginning? For the old An-

archic Brute-gods it may be well enough ; but it is a Platitude which Men should be above countenancing by their presence in it. We pray you, let the word *impossible* disappear from your vocabulary in this matter. It is of awful omen ; to all of us, and to yourselves first of all.

CHAPTER IV.

MORRISON'S PILL.

WHAT is to be done, what would you have us do ? asks many a one, with a tone of impatience, almost of reproach ; and then, if you mention some one thing, some two things, twenty things that might be done, turns round with a satirical tehee, and, "These are your remedies !" The state of mind indicated by such question, and such rejoinder, is worth reflecting on.

It seems to be taken for granted, by these interrogative philosophers, that there is some "thing," or handful of "things," which could be done ; some Act of Parliament, "remedial measure" or the like, which could be passed, whereby the social malady were fairly fronted, conquered, put an end to ; so that, with your remedial measure in your pocket, you could then go on triumphant, and be troubled no farther. "You tell us the evil," cry such persons, as if justly aggrieved, "and do not tell us how it is to be cured !"

How it is to be cured ? Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill, Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs ! Unluckily we have none such ; unluckily the Heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such. There will no "thing" be done that will cure you. There will a radical universal alteration of your regimen and way of life take place ; there will a most agoniz-

ing divorce between you and your chimeras, luxuries and falsities, take place; a most toilsome, all but "impossible" return to Nature, and her veracities and her integrities, take place: that so the inner fountains of life may again begin, like eternal Light-fountains, to irradiate and purify your bloated, swollen, foul existence, drawing nigh, as at present, to nameless death! Either death, or else all this will take place. Judge if, with such diagnosis, any Morrison's Pill is like to be discoverable!

But the Life-fountain within you once again set flowing, what innumerable "things," whole sets and classes and continents of "things," year after year, and decade after decade, and century after century, will then be doable and done! Not Emigration, Education, Corn-Law Abrogation, Sanitary Regulation, Land Property-Tax; not these alone, nor a thousand times as much as these. Good Heavens, there will then be light in the inner heart of here and there a man, to discern what is just, what is commanded by the Most High God, what *must* be done, were it never so "impossible." Vain jargon in favor of the palpably unjust will then abridge itself within limits. Vain jargon, on Hustings, in Parliaments or wherever else, when here and there a man has vision for the essential God's-Truth of the things jargoned of, will become very vain indeed. The silence of here and there such a man, how eloquent in answer to such jargon! Such jargon, frightened at its own gaunt echo, will unspeakably abate; nay, for a while, may almost in a manner disappear, — the wise answering it in silence, and even the simple taking cue from them to hoot it down wherever heard. It will be a blessed time; and many "things" will become doable, — and when the brains are out, an absurdity will die! Not easily again shall a Corn-Law argue ten years for itself; and still talk and argue, when impartial persons have to say with a sigh that, for so long back, they have heard no "argument" advanced for it but such as might make the angels and almost the very jackasses weep!

Wholly a blessed time: when jargon might abate, and here and there some genuine speech begin. When to the noble opened heart, as to ~~such~~ heart they alone do, all noble things

began to grow visible; and the difference between just and unjust, between true and false, between work and sham-work, between speech and jargon, was once more, what to our happier Fathers it used to be, *infinite*, — as between a Heavenly thing and an Infernal: the one a thing which you were *not* to do, which you were wise not to attempt doing; which it were better for you to have a millstone tied round your neck, and be cast into the sea, than concern yourself with doing! — Brothers, it will not be a Morrison's Pill, or remedial measure, that will bring all this about for us.

And yet, very literally, till, in some shape or other, it be brought about, we remain cureless; till it begin to be brought about, the cure does not begin. For Nature and Fact, not Red-tape and Semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those, through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest, — and to be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those. The question is asked of them, not, How do you agree with Downing Street and accredited Semblance? but, How do you agree with God's Universe and the actual Reality of things? This Universe *has* its Laws. If we walk according to the Law, the Law-Maker will befriend us; if not, not. Alas, by no Reform Bill, Ballot-box, Five-point Charter, by no boxes or bills or charters, can you perform this alchemy: "Given a world of Knaves, to produce an Honesty from their united action!" It is a distillation, once for all, not possible. You pass it through alembic after alembic, it comes out still a Dishonesty, with a new dress on it, a new color to it. "While we ourselves continue valets, how *can* any hero come to govern us?" We are governed, very infallibly, by the "sham-hero," — whose name is Quack, whose work and governance is Plausibility, and also is Falsity and Fatuity; to which Nature says, and must say when it comes to *her* to speak, eternally No! Nations cease to be befriended of the Law-Maker, when they walk *not* according to the Law. The Sphinx-question remains unsolved by them, becomes ever more insoluble.

If thou ask again, therefore, on the Morrison's-Pill hypothesis, What is to be done? allow me to reply: By thee, for the present, almost nothing. Thou there, the thing for thee to do is, if possible, to cease to be a hollow sounding-shell of hearsays, egoisms, purblind dilettantisms; and become, were it on the infinitely small scale, a faithful discerning soul. Thou shalt descend into thy inner man, and see if there be any traces of a *soul* there; till then there can be nothing done! O brother, we must if possible resuscitate some soul and conscience in us, exchange our dilettantisms for sincerities, our dead hearts of stone for living hearts of flesh. Then shall we discern, not one thing, but, in clearer or dimmer sequence, a whole endless host of things that can be done. *Do* the first of these; do it; the second will already have become clearer, doabler; the second, third and three-thousandth will then have begun to be possible for us. Not any universal Morrison's Pill shall we then, either as swallowers or as venders, ask after at all; but a far different sort of remedies: Quacks shall no more have dominion over us, but true Heroes and Healers!

Will not that be a thing worthy of "doing;" to deliver ourselves from quacks, sham-heroes; to deliver the whole world more and more from such? They are the one bane of the world. Once clear the world of them, it ceases to be a Devil's-world, in all fibres of it wretched, accursed; and begins to be a God's-world, blessed, and working hourly towards blessedness. Thou for one wilt not again vote for any quack, do honor to any edge-gilt vacuity in man's shape: cant shall be known to thee by the sound of it;—thou wilt fly from cant with a shudder never felt before; as from the opened litany of Sorcerers' Sabbaths, the true Devil-worship of this age, more horrible than any other blasphemy, profanity or genuine blackguardism elsewhere audible among men. It is alarming to witness,—in its present completed state! And Quack and Dupe, as we must ever keep in mind, are upper side and under of the self-same substance; convertible personages: turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself

can become a quack ; there is in him the due prurient insincerity, open voracity for profit, and closed sense for truth, whereof quacks too, in all their kinds, are made.

Alas, it is not to the hero, it is to the sham-hero, that, of right and necessity, the valet-world belongs. "What is to be done?" The reader sees whether it is like to be the seeking and swallowing of some "remedial measure"!

CHAPTER V.

ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

WHEN an individual is miserable, what does it most of all behoove him to do? To complain of this man or of that, of this thing or of that? To fill the world and the street with lamentation, objurgation? Not so at all; the reverse of so. All moralists advise him not to complain of any person or of any thing, but of himself only. He is to know of a truth that being miserable he has been unwise, he. Had he faithfully followed Nature and her Laws, Nature, ever true to her Laws, would have yielded fruit and increase and felicity to him: but he has followed other than Nature's Laws; and now Nature, her patience with him being ended, leaves him desolate; answers with very emphatic significance to him: No. Not by this road, my son; by another road shalt thou attain well-being: this, thou perceivest, is the road to ill-being; quit this!—So do all moralists advise: that the man penitently say to himself first of all, Behold I was not wise enough: I quitted the laws of Fact, which are also called the Laws of God, and mistook for them the Laws of Sham and Semblance, which are called the Devil's Laws; therefore am I here!

Neither with Nations that become miserable is it fundamentally otherwise. The ancient guides of Nations, Prophets, Priests, or whatever their name, were well aware of this; and, down to a late epoch, impressively taught and inculcated it.

The modern guides of Nations, who also go under a great variety of names, Journalists, Political Economists, Politicians, Pamphleteers, have entirely forgotten this, and are ready to deny this. But it nevertheless remains eternally undeniable: nor is there any doubt but we shall all be taught it yet, and made again to confess it: we shall all be striped and scourged till we do learn it; and shall at last either get to know it, or be striped to death in the process. For it is undeniable! When a Nation is unhappy, the old Prophet was right and not wrong in saying to it: Ye have forgotten God, ye have quitted the ways of God, or ye would not have been unhappy. It is not according to the laws of Fact that ye have lived and guided yourselves, but according to the laws of Delusion, Imposture, and wilful and unwilful *Mistake* of Fact; behold therefore the Unveracity is worn out; Nature's long-suffering with you is exhausted; and ye are here!

Surely there is nothing very inconceivable in this, even to the Journalist, to the Political Economist, Modern Pamphleteer, or any two-legged animal without feathers! If a country finds itself wretched, sure enough that country has been *mis-guided*: it is with the wretched Twenty-seven Millions, fallen wretched, as with the Unit fallen wretched: they, as he, have quitted the course prescribed by Nature and the Supreme Powers, and so are fallen into scarcity, disaster, infelicity; and pausing to consider themselves, have to lament and say: Alas, we were not wise enough! We took transient superficial Semblance for everlasting central Substance; we have departed far away from the *Laws* of this Universe, and behold now lawless Chaos and inane Chimera is ready to devour us! — “Nature in late centuries,” says Sauerteig, “was universally supposed to be dead; an old eight-day clock, made many thousand years ago, and still ticking, but dead as brass, — which the Maker, at most, sat looking at, in a distant, singular and indeed incredible manner: but now I am happy to observe, she is everywhere asserting herself to be not dead and brass at all, but alive and miraculous, celestial-infernal, with an emphasis that will again penetrate the thickest head of this Planet by and by!” —

Indisputable enough to all mortals now, the guidance of this country has not been sufficiently wise; men too foolish have been set to the guiding and governing of it, and have guided it *hither*; we must find wiser, — wiser, or else we perish! To this length of insight all England has now advanced; but as yet no farther. All England stands wringing its hands, asking itself, nigh desperate, What farther? Reform Bill proves to be a failure; Benthamite Radicalism, the gospel of “Enlightened Selfishness,” dies out, or dwindles into Five-point Chartism, amid the tears and hootings of men: what next are we to hope or try? Five-point Charter, Free-trade, Church-extension, Sliding-scale; what, in Heaven’s name, are we next to attempt, that we sink not in inane Chimera, and be devoured of Chaos? — The case is pressing, and one of the most complicated in the world. A God’s-message never came to thicker-skinned people; never had a God’s-message to pierce through thicker integuments, into heavier ears. It is Fact, speaking once more, in miraculous thunder-voice, from out of the centre of the world; — how unknown its language to the deaf and foolish many; how distinct, undeniable, terrible and yet beneficent, to the hearing few: Behold, ye shall grow wiser, or ye shall die! Truer to Nature’s Fact, or inane Chimera will swallow you; in whirlwinds of fire, you and your Mammonisms, Dilettantisms, your Midas-eared philosophies, double-barrelled Aristocracies, shall disappear! — Such is the God’s-message to *us*, once more, in these modern days.

We must have more Wisdom to govern us, we must be governed by the Wisest, we must have an Aristocracy of Talent! cry many. True, most true; but how to get it? The following extract from our young friend of the *Houndsditch Indicator* is worth perusing: “At this time,” says he, “while there is a cry everywhere, articulate or inarticulate, for an ‘Aristocracy of Talent,’ a Governing Class namely which did govern, not merely which took the wages of governing, and could not with all our industry be kept from misgoverning, corn-lawing, and playing the very deuce with us, — it may not be altogether useless to remind some of the greener-headed sort what a dreadfully difficult affair the getting of such an

Aristocracy is! Do you expect, my friends, that your indispensable Aristocracy of Talent is to be enlisted straightway, by some sort of recruitment aforethought, out of the general population; arranged in supreme regimental order; and set to rule over us? That it will be got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the Twenty-seven Million British subjects; that any Ballot-box, Reform Bill, or other Political Machine, with Force of Public Opinion never so active on it, is likely to perform said process of sifting? Would to Heaven that we had a sieve; that we could so much as fancy any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or ne-plus-ultra of machinery, devisable by man, that would do it!

“Done nevertheless, sure enough, it must be; it shall and will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure, done. The doing of it is not doubtful; only the method and the costs! Nay I will even mention to you an infallible sifting-process whereby he that has ability will be sifted out to rule among us, and that same blessed Aristocracy of Talent be verily, in an approximate degree, vouchsafed us by and by: an infallible sifting-process; to which, however, no soul can help his neighbor, but each must, with devout prayer to Heaven, endeavor to help himself. It is, O friends, that all of us, that many of us, should acquire the true *eye* for talent, which is dreadfully wanting at present! The true eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it,—O Heavens, presupposes so many things!

“For example, you Bobus Higgins, Sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamor for this Aristocracy of Talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to? Is it to talent, intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him; did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better? Talent! I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity or other success of talent; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay what is it in

yourself that you are proudest of, that you take most pleasure in surveying meditatively in thoughtful moments? Speak now, is it the bare Bobus stript of his very name and shirt, and turned loose upon society, that you admire and thank Heaven for; or Bobus with his cash-accounts and larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony-chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunky species? Your own degree of worth and talent, is it of *infinite* value to you; or only of finite,—measurable by the degree of currency, and conquest of praise or pudding, it has brought you to? Bobus, you are in a vicious circle, rounder than one of your own sausages; and will never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for!”—We here cut short the *Indicator*; all readers perceiving whither he now tends.

“More Wisdom” indeed: but where to find more Wisdom? We have already a Collective Wisdom, after its kind,—though “class-legislation,” and another thing or two, affect it somewhat! On the whole, as they say, Like people like priest; so we may say, Like people like king. The man gets himself appointed and elected who is ablest—to be appointed and elected. What can the incorruptiblest *Bobuses* elect, if it be not some *Bobissimus*, should they find such?

Or again, perhaps there is not, in the whole Nation, Wisdom enough, “collect” it as we may, to make an adequate Collective! That too is a case which may befall: a ruined man staggers down to ruin because there was not wisdom enough in him; so, clearly also, may Twenty-seven Million collective men!—But indeed one of the infalliblest fruits of Unwisdom in a Nation is that it cannot get the use of what Wisdom is actually in it: that it is not governed by the wisest it has, who alone have a divine right to govern in all Nations; but by the sham-wisest, or even by the openly not-so-wise if they are handiest otherwise! This is the infalliblest result of Unwisdom; and also the balefulest, immeasurablest,—not so much what we can call a *poison-fruit*, as a universal death-disease, and poisoning of the whole tree. For hereby are

fostered, fed into gigantic bulk, all manner of Unwisdoms, poison-fruits; till, as we say, the life-tree everywhere is made a upas-tree, deadly Unwisdom overshadowing all things; and there is done what lies in human skill to stifle all Wisdom everywhere in the birth, to smite our poor world barren of Wisdom, — and make your utmost Collective Wisdom, were it collected and elected by Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Minos, not to speak of drunken Tenpound Franchisers with their ballot-boxes, an inadequate Collective! The Wisdom is not now there: how will you “collect” it? As well wash Thames mud, by improved methods, to find more gold in it.

Truly, the first condition is indispensable, That Wisdom be there: but the second is like unto it, is properly one with it; these two conditions act and react through every fibre of them, and go inseparably together. If you have much Wisdom in your Nation, you will get it faithfully collected; for the wise love Wisdom, and will search for it as for life and salvation. If you have little Wisdom, you will get even that little ill-collected, trampled under foot, reduced as near as possible to annihilation; for fools do not love Wisdom; they are foolish, first of all, because they have never loved Wisdom, — but have loved their own appetites, ambitions, their coroneted coaches, tankards of heavy-wet. Thus is your candle lighted at both ends, and the progress towards consummation is swift. Thus is fulfilled that saying in the Gospel: To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Very literally, in a very fatal manner, that saying is here fulfilled.

Our “Aristocracy of Talent” seems at a considerable distance yet; does it not, O Bobus?

CHAPTER VI.

HERO-WORSHIP.

To the present Editor, not less than to Bobus, a Government of the Wisest, what Bobus calls an Aristocracy of Talent, seems the one healing remedy: but he is not so sanguine as Bobus with respect to the means of realizing it. He thinks that we have at once missed realizing it, and come to need it so pressingly, by departing far from the inner eternal Laws, and taking up with the temporary outer semblances of Laws. He thinks that "enlightened Egoism," never so luminous, is not the rule by which man's life can be led. That "Laissez-faire," "Supply-and-demand," "Cash payment for the sole nexus," and so forth, were not, are not and will never be, a practicable Law of Union for a Society of Men. That Poor and Rich, that Governed and Governing, cannot long live together on any such Law of Union. Alas, he thinks that man has a soul in him, *different* from the stomach in any sense of this word; that if said soul be asphyxied, and lie quietly forgotten, the man and his affairs are in a bad way. He thinks that said soul will have to be resuscitated from its asphyxia; that if it prove irresuscitable, the man is not long for this world. In brief, that Midas-eared Mammonism, double-barrelled Dilettantism, and their thousand adjuncts and corollaries, are *not* the Law by which God Almighty has appointed this his Universe to go. That, once for all, these are not the Law: and then farther that we shall have to return to what *is* the Law, — not by smooth flowery paths, it is like, and with "tremendous cheers" in our throat; but over steep untrodden places, through storm-clad chasms, waste oceans, and the bosom of tornadoes; thank Heaven, if not through very Chaos and the Abyss! The resuscitating of a soul that has gone to asphyxia is no momentary or pleasant process, but a long and terrible one.

To the present Editor, "Hero-worship," as he has elsewhere named it, means much more than an elected Parliament, or stated Aristocracy, of the Wisest; for in his dialect it is the summary, ultimate essence, and supreme practical perfection of all manner of "worship," and true worthships and noblenesses whatsoever. Such blessed Parliament and, were it once in perfection, blessed Aristocracy of the Wisest, god-honored and man-honored, he does look for, more and more perfected, — as the topmost blessed practical apex of a whole world reformed from sham-worship, informed anew with worship, with truth and blessedness! He thinks that Hero-worship, done differently in every different epoch of the world, is the soul of all social business among men; that the doing of it well, or the doing of it ill, measures accurately what degree of well-being or of ill-being there is in the world's affairs. He thinks that we, on the whole, do our Hero-worship worse than any Nation in this world ever did it before: that the Burns an Exciseman, the Byron a Literary Lion, are intrinsically, all things considered, a baser and falser phenomenon than the Odin a God, the Mahomet a Prophet of God. It is this Editor's clear opinion, accordingly, that we must learn to do our Hero-worship better; that to do it better and better, means the awakening of the Nation's soul from its asphyxia, and the return of blessed life to us, — Heaven's blessed life, not Mammon's galvanic accursed one. To resuscitate the Asphyxied, apparently now moribund and in the last agony if not resuscitated: such and no other seems the consummation.

"Hero-worship," if you will, — yes, friends; but, first of all, by being ourselves of heroic mind. A whole world of Heroes; a world not of Flunkies, where no Hero-King *can* reign: that is what we aim at! We, for our share, will put away all Flunkysim, Baseness, Unveracity from us; we shall then hope to have Noblenesses and Veracities set over us; never till then. Let Bobus and Company sneer, "That is your Reform!" Yes, Bobus, that is our Reform; and except in that and what will follow out of that, we have no hope at all. Reform, like Charity, O Bobus, must begin at home. Once

well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling ever new light, by incalculable contagion, spreading in geometric ratio, far and wide, — doing good only, wheresoever it spreads, and not evil.

By Reform Bills, Anti-Corn-Law Bills, and thousand other bills and methods, we will demand of our Governors, with emphasis, and for the first time not without effect, that they cease to be quacks, or else depart; that they set no quackeries and blockheadisms anywhere to rule over us, that they utter or act no cant to us, — it will be better if they do not. For we shall now know quacks when we see them; cant, when we hear it, shall be horrible to us! We will say, with the poor Frenchman at the Bar of the Convention, though in wiser style than he, and “for the space” not “of an hour” but of a lifetime: “*Je demande l’arrestation des coquins et des lâches.*” “Arrestment of the knaves and dastards:” ah, we know what a work that is; how long it will be before *they* are all or mostly got “arrested:” — but here is one; arrest him, in God’s name; it is one fewer! We will, in all practicable ways, by word and silence, by act and refusal to act, energetically demand that arrestment, — “*je demande cette arrestation-là!*” — and by degrees infallibly attain it. Infallibly: for light spreads; all human souls, never so bedarkened, love light; light once kindled spreads, till all is luminous; — till the cry, “*Arrest your knaves and dastards*” rises imperative from millions of hearts, and rings and reigns from sea to sea. Nay how many of them may we not “arrest” with our own hands, even now; we! Do not countenance them, thou there: turn away from their lacquered sumptuosities, their belauded sophistries, their serpent graciousities, their spoken and acted cant, with a sacred horror, with an *Apagè Satanas*. — Bobus and Company, and all men will gradually join us. We demand arrestment of the knaves and dastards, and begin by arresting our own poor selves out of that fraternity. There is no other reform conceivable. Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunky world, make, each of us, *one* non-flunky, one hero, if we like: that will be two heroes to begin with: — Courage! even

that is a whole world of heroes to end with, or what we poor Two can do in furtherance thereof!

Yes, friends : Hero-Kings, and a whole world not unheroic, — there lies the port and happy haven, towards which, through all these storm-tost seas, French Revolutions, Chartisins, Manchester Insurrections, that make the heart sick in these bad days, the Supreme Powers are driving us. On the whole, blessed be the Supreme Powers, stern as they are! Towards that haven will we, O friends ; let all true men, with what of faeulty is in them, bend valiantly, ineessantly, with thousand-fold endeavor, thither, thither! There, or else in the Oeean-abysses, it is very clear to me, we shall arrive.

Well ; here truly is no answer to the Sphinx-question ; not the answer a diseonsolate publie, inquiring at the College of Health, was in hopes of! A total change of regimen, change of eonstitution and existenee from the very centre of it ; a new body to be got, with resuseitated soul, — not without convulsive travail-throes ; as all birth and new-birth presupposes travail! This is sad news to a diseonsolate discerning Publie, hoping to have got off by some Morrison's Pill, some Saint-John's corrosive mixture and perhaps a little blistery friction on the back! — We were prepared to part with our Corn-Law, with various Laws and Unlaws : but this, what is this ?

Nor has the Editor forgotten how it fares with your ill-boding Cassandras in Sieges of Troy. Imminent perdition is not usually driven away by words of warning. Didaetie Destiny has other methods in store ; or these would fail always. Sueh words should, nevertheless, be uttered, when they dwell truly in the soul of any man. Words are hard, are importunate ; but how much harder the importunate events they foreshadow ! Here and there a human soul may listen to the words, — who knows how many human souls ? — whereby the importunate events, if not diverted and prevented, will be rendered *less* hard. The present Editor's purpose is to himself full of hope.

For though fierce travails, though wide seas and roaring gulfs lie before us, is it not something if a Loadstar, in the

eternal sky, do once more disclose itself; an everlasting light, shining through all cloud-tempests and roaring billows, ever as we emerge from the trough of the sea: the blessed beacon, far off on the edge of far horizons, towards which we are to steer incessantly for life? Is it not something; O Heavens, is it not all? There lies the Heroic Promised Land; under that Heaven's-light, my brethren, bloom the Happy Isles, — there, oh there! Thither will we;

“There dwells the great Achilles whom we knew.”¹

There dwell all Heroes, and will dwell: thither, all ye heroic-minded! — The Heaven's Loadstar once clearly in our eye, how will each true man stand truly to *his* work in the ship; how, with undying hope, will all things be fronted, all be conquered. Nay, with the ship's prow once turned in that direction, is not all, as it were, already well? Sick wasting misery has become noble manful effort with a goal in our eye. “The choking Nightmare chokes us no longer; for we *stir* under it; the Nightmare has already fled.” —

Certainly, could the present Editor instruct men how to know Wisdom, Heroism, when they see it, that they might do reverence to *it* only, and loyally make it ruler over them, — yes, he were the living epitome of all Editors, Teachers, Prophets, that now teach and prophesy; he were an *Apollomorrison*, a Trismegistus and *effective* Cassandra! Let no Able Editor hope such things. It is to be expected the present laws of copyright, rate of reward per sheet, and other considerations, will save him from that peril. Let no Editor hope such things: no; — and yet let all Editors aim towards such things, and even towards such alone! One knows not what the meaning of editing and writing is, if even this be not it.

Enough, to the present Editor it has seemed possible some glimmering of light, for here and there a human soul, might lie in these confused Paper-Masses now intrusted to him; wherefore he determines to edit the same. Out of old Books-new Writings, and much Meditation not of yesterday, he will

¹ Tennyson's *Poems* (Ulysses).

endeavor to select a thing or two; and from the Past, in a circuitous way, illustrate the Present and the Future. The Past is a dim indubitable fact: the Future too is one, only dimmer; nay properly it is the *same* fact in new dress and development. For the Present holds it in both the whole Past and the whole Future;—as the LIFE-TREE IGDRASIL, wide-waving, many-toned, has its roots down deep in the Death-Kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughs reaches always beyond the stars; and in all times and places is one and the same Life-tree!

BOOK II.

THE ANCIENT MONK.



CHAPTER I.

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND.

WE will, in this Second Portion of our Work, strive to penetrate a little, by means of certain confused Papers, printed and other, into a somewhat remote Century; and to look face to face on it, in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor Century thereby. It seems a circuitous way; but it may prove a way nevertheless. For man has ever been a striving, struggling, and, in spite of wide-spread calumnies to the contrary, a veracious creature: the Centuries too are all lincal children of one another; and often, in the portrait of early grandfathers, this and the other enigmatic feature of the newest grandson shall disclose itself, to mutual elucidation. This Editor will venture on such a thing.

Besides, in Editors' Books, and indeed everywhere else in the world of To-day, a certain latitude of movement grows more and more becoming for the practical man. Salvation lies not in tight lacing, in these times;—how far from that, in any province whatsoever! Readers and men generally are getting into strange habits of asking all persons and things, from poor Editors' Books up to Church Bishops and State Potentates, not, By what designation art thou called; in what wig and black triangle dost thou walk abroad? Heavens, I know thy designation and black triangle well enough! But, in God's name, what *art* thou? Not Nothing, sayest thou! Then, How much and what? This is the thing I would

know; and even *must* soon know, such a pass am I come to! — What weather-symptoms, — not for the poor Editor of Books alone! The Editor of Books may understand withal that if, as is said, “many kinds are permissible,” there is one kind not permissible, “the kind that has nothing in it, *le genre ennuyeux* ;” and go on his way accordingly.

A certain Jocelinus de Brakelonda, a natural-born Englishman, has left us an extremely foreign Book,¹ which the labors of the Camden Society have brought to light in these days. Jocelin’s Book, the “Chronicle,” or private Boswellian Notebook, of Jocelin, a certain old St. Edmundsbury Monk and Boswell, now seven centuries old, how remote is it from us; exotic, extraneous; in all ways, coming from far abroad! The language of it is not foreign only but dead: Monk-Latin lies across not the British Channel, but the ninefold Stygian Marshes, Stream of Lethe, and one knows not where! Roman Latin itself, still alive for us in the Elysian Fields of Memory, is domestic in comparison. And then the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways of this worthy Jocelin; covered deeper than Pompeii with the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years!

Jocelin of Brakelond cannot be called a conspicuous literary character; indeed few mortals that have left so visible a work, or footmark, behind them can be more obscure. One other of those vanished Existences, whose work has not yet vanished; — almost a pathetic phenomenon, were not the whole world full of such! The builders of Stonehenge, for example: — or, alas, what say we, Stonehenge and builders? The writers of the *Universal Review* and *Homer’s Iliad*; the paviors of London streets; — sooner or later, the entire Posterity of Adam! It is a pathetic phenomenon; but an irremediable, nay, if well meditated, a consoling one.

By his dialect of Monk-Latin, and indeed by his name, this Jocelin seems to have been a Norman Englishman; the sur-

¹ *Chronica JOCELINI DE BRAKELONDA, de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi: nunc primum typis mandata, curante Johanne Gage Rokewood.* (Camden Society, London, 1840.)

name *de Brakelonda* indicates a native of St. Edmundsbury itself, *Brakelond* being the known old name of a street or quarter in that venerable Town. Then farther, sure enough, our Joeelin was a Monk of St. Edmundsbury Convent; held some "*obedientia*," subaltern officiality there, or rather, in succession several; was, for one thing, "chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years;" — which last, indeed, is the grand fact of Joeelin's existence, and properly the origin of this present Book, and of the chief meaning it has for us now. He was, as we have hinted, a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one; neither did he altogether want his *Johnson* even there and then. Johnsons are rare; yet, as has been asserted, Boswells perhaps still rarer, — the more is the pity on both sides! This Joeelin, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really *human* manner; not in any *simial*, canine, ovine, or otherwise *inhuman* manner, — afflictive to all that have humanity! The man is of patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him; much natural sense; a *veracity* that goes deeper than words. Veracity: it is the basis of all; and, some say, means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever. Our Joeelin, for the rest, has read his classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus, Ovidius Naso; of course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries, and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. Then also he has a pleasant wit; and loves a timely joke, though in mild subdued manner: very amiable to see. A learned grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child, — St. Edmundsbury Monastery a larger kind of cradle for him, in which his whole prescribed duty was to *sleep* kindly, and love his mother well! This is the Biography of Joeelin; "a man of excellent religion," says one of his contemporary Brother Monks, "*eximie religionis, potens sermone et opere.*"

For one thing, he had learned to write a kind of Monk or Dog-Latin, still readable to mankind; and, by good luck for us, had bethought him of noting down thereby what things seemed notablist to him. Hence gradually resulted a *Chronica Jocelini*; new Manuscript in the *Liber Albus* of St. Edmundsbury. Which Chronicle, once written in its childlike transparency, in its innocent good-humor, not without touches of ready pleasant wit and many kinds of worth, other men liked naturally to read: whereby it failed not to be copied, to be multiplied, to be inserted in the *Liber Albus*; and so surviving Henry the Eighth, Putney Cromwell, the Dissolution of Monasteries, and all accidents of malice and neglect for six centuries or so, it got into the *Harleian Collection*, — and has now therefrom, by Mr. Rokewood of the Camden Society, been deciphered into clear print; and lies before us, a dainty thin quarto, to interest for a few minutes whomsoever it can.

Here too it will behoove a just Historian gratefully to say that Mr. Rokewood, Jocelin's Editor, has done his editorial function well. Not only has he deciphered his crabbed Manuscript into clear print; but he has attended, what his fellow editors are not always in the habit of doing, to the important truth that the Manuscript so deciphered ought to have a meaning for the reader. Standing faithfully by his text, and printing its very errors in spelling, in grammar or otherwise, he has taken care by some note to indicate that they are errors, and what the correction of them ought to be. Jocelin's Monk-Latin is generally transparent, as shallow limpid water. But at any stop that may occur, of which there are a few, and only a very few, we have the comfortable assurance that a meaning does lie in the passage, and may by industry be got at; that a faithful editor's industry had already got at it before passing on. A compendious useful Glossary is given; nearly adequate to help the uninitiated through: sometimes one wishes it had been a trifle larger; but, with a Spelman and Ducange at your elbow, how easy to have made it far too large! Notes are added, generally brief; sufficiently explanatory of most points. Lastly, a copious correct Index; which no such Book should want, and which unluckily very few possess. And so, in a word, the

Chronicle of Jocelin is, as it professes to be, unwrapped from its thick cerements, and fairly brought forth into the common daylight, so that he who runs, and has a smattering of grammar, may read.

We have heard so much of Monks; everywhere, in real and fictitious History, from Muratori Annals to Radcliffe Romances, these singular two-legged animals, with their rosaries and breviaries, with their shaven crowns, hair-cilicities, and vows of poverty, masquerade so strangely through our fancy; and they are in fact so very strange an extinct species of the human family, — a veritable Monk of Bury St. Edmunds is worth attending to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is; and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments still clear; wherein the marvellous image of his existence does still shadow itself, though fitfully, and as with an intermittent light! Will not the reader peep with us into this singular *camera lucida*, where an extinct species, though fitfully, can still be seen alive? Extinct species, we say; for the live specimens which still go about under that character are too evidently to be classed as spurious in Natural History: the Gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no Monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world. But fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, some fossil Megatherion, Ichthyosaurus, were to begin to *speak* from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly! The most extinct fossil species of Men or Monks can do, and does, this miracle, — thanks to the Letters of the Alphabet, good for so many things.

Jocelin, we said, was somewhat of a Boswell; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, intermittent, and requires the intensest kindest inspection; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. It must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful childlike character, is but an altogether imperfect “mirror” of these old world things! The good man, he looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighborly soft-smiling eyes we see so well our *own* shadow, — we have a longing always to cross-question

him, to force from him an explanation of much. But no; Jocelin, though he talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door neighbor, will not answer any question: that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hundred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible! The good man, he cannot help it, nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple-hearted soul like him: Behold therefore, this England of the Year 1200 was no chimerical vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous Phantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera*, and Doctrines of the Constitution; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn; ditches were dug, furrow-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labor, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men; alternating, in all ways, between Light and Dark; between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil, — between hope, hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapor Phantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera* at all! *Cœur-de-Lion* was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel-cap on it, but a man living upon victuals, *not* imported by Peel's Tariff. *Cœur-de-Lion* came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St. Edmundsbury; and had almost peeled the sacred gold "*Feretrum*," or St. Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Jail.

These clear eyes of neighbor Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John; the very John *Sansterre*, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Charta* afterwards in Runnymede. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent; daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he, — at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests *him*; entirely deaf to *us*. With Jocelin's eyes we discern

almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy nonsense; — tearing out the bowels of St. Edmundsbury Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as gift for our St. Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak, — or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and *we* never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us “thirteen *sterlingii*,” one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him; and so departed, — like a shabby Lackland as he was! “Thirteen pence sterling,” this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him, having covenanted to do it, — but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervor!

And in this manner vanishes King Lackland; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic-mirror, jingling the shabby thirteen pence merely; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin's manner with all things; and it is men's manner and men's necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin; marking down, without eye to *us*, what *he* finds interesting! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain; so dim, yet so indubitable; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland *was* there, verily he; and did leave these *tredecim sterlingii*, if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever. Fiction, “Imagination,” “Imaginative Poetry,” &c. &c., except as the vehicle for truth, or *fact* of some sort,

— which surely a man should first try various other ways of vehiculating, and conveying safe, — what is it? Let the Minerva and other Presses respond! —

But it is time we were in St. Edmundsbury Monastery, and Seven good Centuries off. If indeed it be possible, by any aid of Jocelin, by any human art, to get thither, with a reader or two still following us?

CHAPTER II.

ST. EDMUNDSBURY.

THE *Burg*, Bury, or “Berry” as they call it, of St. Edmund is still a prosperous brisk Town; beautifully diversifying, with its clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, and twenty or fifteen thousand busy souls, the general grassy face of Suffolk; looking out right pleasantly, from its hill-slope, towards the rising Sun: and on the eastern edge of it, still runs, long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins; into the wide internal spaces of which the stranger is admitted on payment of one shilling. Internal spaces laid out, at present, as a botanic garden. Here stranger or townsman, sauntering at his leisure amid these vast grim venerable ruins, may persuade himself that an Abbey of St. Edmundsbury did once exist; nay there is no doubt of it: see here the ancient massive Gateway, of architecture interesting to the eye of Dilettantism; and farther on, that other ancient Gateway, now about to tumble, unless Dilettantism, in these very months, can subscribe money to cramp it and prop it!

Here, sure enough, is an Abbey; beautiful in the eye of Dilettantism. Giant Pedantry also will step in, with its huge *Dugdale* and other enormous *Monasticons* under its arm, and cheerfully apprise you, That this was a very great Abbey, owner and indeed creator of St. Edmund’s Town itself, owner of wide lands and revenues: nay that its lands were once a

county of themselves; that indeed King Canute or Knut was very kind to it, and gave St. Edmund his own gold crown off his head, on one occasion: for the rest, that the Monks were of such and such a genus, such and such a number; that they had so many earucates of land in this hundred, and so many in that; and then farther that the large Tower or Belfry was built by such a one, and the smaller Belfry was built by &c. &c. — Till human nature can stand no more of it; till human nature desperately take refuge in forgetfulness, almost in flat disbelief of the whole business, Monks, Monastery, Belfries, Carucates and all! Alas, what mountains of dead ashes, wreck and burnt bones, does assiduous Pedantry dig up from the Past Time, and name it History, and Philosophy of History; till, as we say, the human soul sinks wearied and bewildered; till the Past Time seems all one infinite incredible gray void, without sun, stars, hearth-fires, or candle-light; dim offensive dust-whirlwinds filling universal Nature; and over your Historical Library, it is as if all the Titans had written for themselves: DRY RUBBISH SHOT HERE!

And yet these grim old walls are not a diletantism and dubiety; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. Gauge not, with thy diletante compasses, with that placid diletante simper, the Heaven's Watch-tower of our Fathers, the fallen God's-Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed!

Their architecture, belfries, land-earucates? Yes, — and that is but a small item of the matter. Does it never give thee pause, this other strange item of it, that men then had a *soul*, — not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech; but as a truth that they *knew*, and practically went upon! Verily it was another world then. Their Missals have become ineridible, a sheer platitude, sayest thou? Yes, a most poor platitude; and even, if thou wilt, an idolatry and blasphemy, should any one persuade *thee* to believe them, to pretend praying by them. But yet it is pity we had lost tidings of our souls: — actually we shall have to go in quest of them

again, or worse in all ways will befall! A certain degree of soul, as Ben Jonson reminds us, is indispensable to keep the very body from destruction of the frightfullest sort; to "save us," says he, "the expense of *salt*." Ben has known men who had soul enough to keep their body and five senses from becoming carrion, and save salt: — men, and also Nations. You may look in Manchester Hunger-mobs and Corn-law Commons Houses, and various other quarters, and say whether either soul or else salt is not somewhat wanted at present!

Another world, truly: and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest, O dilettante friend, let us know always that it *was* a world, and not a void infinite of gray haze with phantasms swimming in it. These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with phantasms; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an Eternity, in such fashion as we could? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil; still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there! It is dead now, and dumb; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle, — looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers; and men, of many humors, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins; — and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes; making strange prophetic music! How silent now; all departed, clean gone. The World-Dramaturgist has written: *Exeunt*. The devouring Time-Demons have made away with it all: and in its stead, there is either nothing; or what is worse, offensive universal dust-clouds, and gray eclipse of Earth and Heaven, from "dry rubbish shot here!" —

Truly it is no easy matter to get across the chasm of Seven Centuries, filled with such material. But here, of all helps, is not a Boswell the welcomest; even a small Boswell? Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these always! He that speaks what *is* really in him, will find men to listen, though under never such impediments. Even gossip, springing free and cheery from a human heart, this too is a kind of veracity and *speech*; — much preferable to pedantry and inane gray haze! Jocelin is weak and garrulous, but he is human. Through the thin watery gossip of our Jocelin, we do get some glimpses of that deep-buried Time; discern veritably, though in a fitful intermittent manner, these antique figures and their life-method, face to face! Beautifully, in our earnest loving glance, the old centuries melt from opaque to partially translucent, transparent here and there; and the void black Night, one finds, is but the summing-up of innumerable peopled luminous *Days*. Not parchment Chartularies, Doctrines of the Constitution, O Dryasdust; not altogether, my erudite friend! —

Readers who please to go along with us into this poor *Jocelini Chronica* shall wander inconveniently enough, as in wintry twilight, through some poor stript hazel-grove, rustling with foolish noises, and perpetually hindering the eyesight; but across which, here and there, some real human figure is seen moving: very strange; whom we could hail if he would answer; — and we look into a pair of eyes deep as our own, *imagining* our own, but all unconscious of us; to whom we, for the time, are become as spirits and invisible!

CHAPTER III.

LANDLORD EDMUND.

SOME three centuries or so had elapsed since *Beodric's-worth*¹ became St. Edmund's *Stow*, St. Edmund's *Town* and Monastery, before Jocelin entered himself a Novice there. "It was," says he, "the year after the Flemings were defeated at Fornham St. Genevieve."

Much passes away into oblivion : this glorious victory over the Flemings at Fornham has, at the present date, greatly dimmed itself out of the minds of men. A victory and battle nevertheless it was, in its time : some thrice-renowned Earl of Leicester, not of the De Montfort breed (as may be read in Philosophical and other Histories, could any human memory retain such things), had quarrelled with his sovereign, Henry Second of the name ; had been worsted, it is like, and maltreated, and obliged to fly to foreign parts ; but had rallied there into new vigor ; and so, in the year 1173, returns across the German Sea with a vengeful army of Flemings. Returns, to the coast of Suffolk ; to Framlingham Castle, where he is

¹ Dryasdust puzzles and pokes for some biography of this Beodric ; and repugns to consider him a mere East-Anglian Person of Condition, not in need of a biography, — whose *peopð*, *weorth* or *worth*, that is to say, *Growth*, *Increase*, or as we should now name it, *Estate*, that same Hamlet and wood Mansion, now St. Edmund's Bury, originally was. For, adds our erudite Friend, the Saxon *peopðan*, equivalent to the German *werden*, means to *grow*, to *become* ; traces of which old vocable are still found in the North-country dialects ; as, "What is *word* of him ?" meaning, "What is *become* of him ?" and the like. Nay we in modern English still say, "Woe *worth* the hour" (*Woe befall* the hour), and speak of the "*Weird* Sisters ;" not to mention the innumerable other names of places still ending in *weorth* or *worth*. And indeed, our common noun *worth*, in the sense of *value*, does not this mean simply, What a thing has *grown* to, What a man has *grown* to, How much he amounts to, — by the Threadneedle-street standard or another !

welcomed; westward towards St. Edmundsbury and Fornham Church, where he is met by the constituted authorities with *posse comitatus*; and swiftly cut in pieces, he and his, or laid by the heels; on the right bank of the obscure river Lark, — as traces still existing will verify.

For the river Lark, though not very discoverably, still runs or stagnates in that country; and the battle-ground is there; serving at present as a pleasure-ground to his Grace of Northumberland. Copper pennies of Henry II. are still found there; — rotted out from the pouches of poor slain soldiers, who had not had *time* to buy liquor with them. In the river Lark itself was fished up, within man's memory, an antique gold ring; which fond Dilettantism can almost believe may have been the very ring Countess Leicester threw away, in her flight, into that same Lark river or ditch.¹ Nay, few years ago, in tearing out an enormous superannuated ash-tree, now grown quite corpulent, bursten, superfluous, but long a fixture in the soil, and not to be dislodged without revolution, — there was laid bare, under its roots, “a circular mound of skeletons wonderfully complete,” all radiating from a centre, faces upwards, feet inwards; a “radiation” not of Light, but of the Nether Darkness rather; and evidently the fruit of battle; for “many of the heads were cleft, or had arrow-holes in them.” The Battle of Fornham, therefore, is a fact, though a forgotten one; no less obscure than undeniable, — like so many other facts.

Like the St. Edmund's Monastery itself! Who can doubt, after what we have said, that there was a Monastery here at one time? No doubt at all there was a Monastery here; no doubt, some three centuries prior to this Fornham Battle, there dwelt a man in these parts of the name of Edmund, King, Landlord, Duke or whatever his title was, of the Eastern Counties; — and a very singular man and landlord he must have been.

For his tenants, it would appear, did not in the least complain of him; his laborers did not think of burning his wheat-

¹ Lyttelton's *History of Henry II.* (2d edition), v. 169, &c.

stacks, breaking into his game-preserves ; very far the reverse of all that. Clear evidence, satisfactory even to my friend Dryasdust, exists that, on the contrary, they honored, loved, admired this ancient Landlord to a quite astonishing degree, — and indeed at last to an immeasurable and inexpressible degree ; for, finding no limits or utterable words for their sense of his worth, they took to beatifying and adoring him ! “ Infinite admiration,” we are taught, “ means worship.”

Very singular, — could we discover it ! What Edmund’s specific duties were ; above all, what his method of discharging them with such results was, would surely be interesting to know ; but are *not* very discoverable now. His Life has become a poetic, nay a religious *Mythus* ; though, undeniably enough, it was once a prose Fact, as our poor lives are ; and even a very rugged unmanageable one. This landlord Edmund did go about in leather shoes, with *femoralia* and body-coat of some sort on him ; and daily had his breakfast to procure ; and daily had contradictory speeches, and most contradictory facts not a few, to reconcile with himself. No man becomes a Saint in his sleep. Edmund, for instance, instead of *reconciling* those same contradictory facts and speeches to himself, — which means *subduing*, and in a manlike and godlike manner conquering them to himself, — might have merely thrown new contention into them, new unwisdom into them, and so been conquered *by* them ; much the commoner case ! In that way he had proved no “ Saint,” or Divine-looking Man, but a mere Sinner, and unfortunate, blamable, more or less Diabolic-looking man ! No landlord Edmund becomes infinitely admirable in his sleep.

With what degree of wholesome rigor his rents were collected, we hear not. Still less by what methods he preserved his game, whether by “ bushing ” or how, — and if the partridge-seasons were “ excellent,” or were indifferent. Neither do we ascertain what kind of Corn-bill he passed, or wisely adjusted Sliding-scale : — but indeed there were few spinners in those days ; and the nuisance of spinning, and other dusty labor, was not yet so glaring a one.

How then, it may be asked, did this Edmund rise into favor .

become to such astonishing extent a recognized Farmer's Friend? Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, "had walked," as they say, "humbly with God;" humbly and valiantly with God; struggling to make the Earth heavenly as he could: instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked. Not sumptuously with Mammon? How then could he "encourage trade," — cause Howel and James, and many wine-merchants, to bless him, and the tailor's heart (though in a very short-sighted manner) to sing for joy? Much in this Edmund's Life is mysterious.

That he could, on occasion, do what he liked with his own, is meanwhile evident enough. Certain Heathen Physical-Force Ultra-Chartists, "Danes" as they were then called, coming into his territory with their "five points," or rather with their five-and-twenty thousand *points* and edges too, of pikes namely and battle-axes; and proposing mere Heathenism, confiscation, spoliation, and fire and sword, — Edmund answered that he would oppose to the utmost such savagery. They took him prisoner; again required his sanction to said proposals. Edmund again refused. Cannot we kill you? cried they. — Cannot I die? answered he. My life, I think, is my own to do what I like with! And he died, under barbarous tortures, refusing to the last breath; and the Ultra-Chartist Danes *lost* their propositions; — and went with their "points" and other apparatus, as is supposed, to the Devil, the Father of them. Some say, indeed, these Danes were not Ultra-Chartists, but Ultra-Tories, demanding to reap where they had not sown, and live in this world without working, though all the world should starve for it; which likewise seems a possible hypothesis. Be what they might, they went, as we say, to the Devil; and Edmund doing what he liked with his own, the Earth was got cleared of them.

Another version is, that Edmund on this and the like occasions stood by his order; the oldest, and indeed only true order of Nobility known under the stars, that of Just Men and Sons of God, in opposition to Unjust and Sons of Belial.

— which latter indeed are *second*-oldest, but yet a very unvenerable order. This, truly, seems the likeliest hypothesis of all. Names and appearances alter so strangely, in some half-score centuries ; and all fluctuates chameleon-like, taking now this hue, now that. Thus much is very plain, and does not change hue : Landlord Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man's part in this life-pilgrimage of his ; and benedictions, and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart, were his meed. Well done ! Well done ! cried the hearts of all men. They raised his slain and martyred body ; washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears ; tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. The beautifullest kind of tears, — indeed perhaps the beautifullest kind of thing : like a sky all flashing diamonds and prismatic radiance ; all weeping, yet shone on by the everlasting Sun : — and *this* is not a sky, it is a Soul and living Face ! Nothing liker the *Temple of the Highest*, bright with some real effulgence of the Highest, is seen in this world.

Oh, if all Yankee-land follow a small good “Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist” with blazing torches, dinner-invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something ; how might all Angle-land once follow a hero-martyr and great true Son of Heaven ! It is the very joy of man's heart to admire, where he can ; nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration. Thus it has been said, “all men, especially all women, are born worshippers ;” and will worship, if it be but possible. Possible to worship a Something, even a small one ; not so possible a mere loud-blaring Nothing ! What sight is more pathetic than that of poor multitudes of persons met to gaze at Kings' Progresses, Lord Mayors' Shows, and other gilt-gingerbread phenomena of the worshipful sort, in these times ; each so eager to worship ; each, with a dim fatal sense of disappointment, finding that he cannot rightly here ! These be thy gods, O Israel ? And thou art so *willing* to worship, — poor Israel !

In this manner, however, did the men of the Eastern Coun-

ties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the severed head, and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious adoring admiration, and sun-dyed showers of tears; — joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus-Diaboli* pleadings and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared: That he had, in very fact, led a hero's life in this world; and being now *gone*, was gone, as they conceived, to God above, and reaping his reward *there*. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case; — and truly not a bad judgment. Acquiesced in, zealously adopted, with full assent of “private judgment,” by all mortals.

The rest of St. Edmund's history, for the reader sees he has now become a *Saint*, is easily conceivable. Pious munificence provided him a *loculus*, a *feretrum* or shrine; built for him a wooden chapel, a stone temple, ever widening and growing by new pious gifts; — such the overflowing heart feels it a blessedness to solace itself by giving. St. Edmund's Shrine glitters now with diamond flowerages, with a plating of wrought gold. The wooden chapel, as we say, has become a stone temple. Stately masonries, long-drawn arches, cloisters, sounding aisles buttress it, begirdle it far and wide. Regimented companies of men, of whom our Jocelin is one, devote themselves, in every generation, to meditate here on man's Nobleness and Awfulness, and celebrate and show forth the same, as they best can, — thinking they will do it better here, in presence of God the Maker, and of the so Awful and so Noble made by Him. In one word, St. Edmund's Body has raised a Monastery round it. To such length, in such manner, has the Spirit of the Time visibly taken body, and crystallized

itself here. New gifts, houses⁸, farms, *katalla*¹ — come ever in. King Knut, whom men call Canute, whom the Ocean-tide would not be forbidden to wet, — we heard already of this wise King, with his crown and gifts; but of many others, Kings, Queens, wise men and noble loyal women, let Dryasdust and divine Silence be the record! Beodric's-Worth has become St. Edmund's *Bury*; — and lasts visible to this hour. All this that thou now seest, and namest Bury Town, is properly the Funeral Monument of Saint or Landlord Edmund. The present respectable Mayor of Bury may be said, like a Fakeer (little as he thinks of it), to have his dwelling in the extensive, many-sculptured Tombstone of St. Edmund; in one of the brick niches thereof dwells the present respectable Mayor of Bury.

Certain Times do crystallize themselves in a magnificent manner; and others, perhaps, are like to do it in rather a shabby one! — But Richard Arkwright too will have his Monument, a thousand years hence: all Lancashire and Yorkshire, and how many other shires and countries, with their machineries and industries, for his monument! A true *pyramid* or “*flame-mountain*,” flaming with steam fires and useful labor over wide continents, usefully towards the Stars, to a certain height; — how much grander than your foolish Cheops Pyramids or Sakhara clay ones! Let us withal be hopeful, be content or patient.

CHAPTER IV.

ABBOT HUGO.

IT is true, all things have two faces, a light one and a dark. It is true, in three centuries much imperfection accumulates; many an Ideal, monastic or other, shooting forth into practice as it can, grows to a strange enough Reality; and we have to

¹ Goods, properties; what we now call *chattels*, and still more singularly *cattle*, says my erudite friend!

ask with amazement, Is this your Ideal! For, alas, the Ideal always has to grow in the Real, and to seek out its bed and board there, often in a very sorry way. No beautifullest Poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes; sleeping in the ether with outspread wings. The Heroic, *independent* of bed and board, is found in Drury-Lane Theatre only; to avoid disappointments, let us bear this in mind.

By the law of Nature, too, all manner of Ideals have their fatal limits and lot; their appointed periods, of youth, of maturity or perfection, of decline, degradation, and final death and disappearance. There is nothing born but has to die. Ideal monasteries, once grown real, do seek bed and board in this world; do find it more and more successfully; do get at length too intent on finding it, exclusively intent on that. They are then like diseased corpulent bodies fallen idiotic, which merely eat and sleep; *ready* for "dissolution," by a Henry the Eighth or some other. Jocelin's St. Edmundsbury is still far from this last dreadful state: but here too the reader will prepare himself to see an Ideal not sleeping in the ether like a bird-of-paradise, but roosting as the common wood-fowl do, in an imperfect, uncomfortable, more or less contemptible manner!—

Abbot Hugo, as Jocelin, breaking at once into the heart of the business, apprises us, had in those days grown old, grown rather blind, and his eyes were somewhat darkened, *aliquantum caligaverunt oculi ejus*. He dwelt apart very much, in his *Talamus* or peculiar Chamber; got into the hands of flatterers, a set of mealy-mouthed persons who strove to make the passing hour easy for him,—for him easy, and for themselves profitable; accumulating in the distance mere mountains of confusion. Old Dominus Hugo sat inaccessible in this way, far in the interior, wrapt in his warm flannels and delusions; inaccessible to all voice of Fact; and bad grew ever worse with us. Not that our worthy old *Dominus Abbas* was inattentive to the divine offices, or to the maintenance of a devout spirit in us or in himself; but the Account-Books of the Convent fell into the frightfullest state, and Hugo's annual Budget

grew yearly emptier, or filled with futile expectations, fatal deficit, wind and debts!

His one worldly care was to raise ready money; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And how he raised it: From usurious insatiable Jews; every fresh Jew sticking on him like a fresh horseleech, sucking his and our life out; crying continually, Give, give! Take one example instead of scores. Our *Camera* having fallen into ruin, William the Sacristan received charge to repair it; strict charge, but no money; Abbot Hugo would, and indeed could, give him no fraction of money. The *Camera* in ruins, and Hugo penniless and inaccessible, Willelmus Sacrista borrowed Forty Marcs (some Seven-and-twenty Pounds) of Benedict the Jew, and patched up our *Camera* again. But the means of repaying him? There were no means. Hardly could *Sacrista*, *Cellerarius*, or any public officer, get ends to meet, on the indispensablest scale, with their shrunk allowances: ready money had vanished.

Benedict's Twenty-seven pounds grew rapidly at compound-interest; and at length, when it had amounted to a Hundred pounds, he, on a day of settlement, presents the account to Hugo himself. Hugo already owed him another Hundred of his own; and so here it has become Two Hundred! Hugo, in a fine frenzy, threatens to depose the Sacristan, to do this and do that; but, in the mean while, How to quiet your insatiable Jew? Hugo, for this couple of hundreds, grants the Jew his bond for Four hundred payable at the end of four years. At the end of four years there is, of course, still no money; and the Jew now gets a bond for Eight hundred and eighty pounds, to be paid by instalments, Fourscore pounds every year. Here was a way of doing business!

Neither yet is this insatiable Jew satisfied or settled with: he had papers against us of "small debts fourteen years old;" his modest claim amounts finally to "Twelve hundred pounds besides interest;"—and one hopes he never got satisfied in this world; one almost hopes he was one of those beleaguered Jews who hanged themselves in York Castle shortly afterwards, and had his usances and quittances and horseleech papers summarily set fire to! For approximate justice will

strive to accomplish itself; if not in one way, then in another. Jews, and also Christians and Heathens, who accumulate in this manner, though furnished with never so many parchments, do, at times, "get their grinder-teeth successively pulled out of their head, each day a new grinder," till they consent to disgorge again. A sad fact, — worth reflecting on.

Joeelin, we see, is not without secularity: Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his Account-Books — ? One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Joeelin's *Chronicle*, and indeed in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic Books, written evidently by pious men, is this, That there is almost no mention whatever of "personal religion" in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the "privileges of our order," "strict exaction of our dues," "God's honor" (meaning the honor of our Saint), and so forth. Is not this singular? A body of men, set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure: the "Ideal" says nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout good souls, be perhaps a merit, and sign of health in them? Joeelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of "Methodism;" no Doubt or even root of Doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonizing inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete Religion the highest aspect of human nature; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two, all manner of earnest Methodisms, introspections, agonizing inquiries, never so morbid, shall play their respective parts, not without approbation.

But let any reader fancy himself one of the Brethren in St. Edmundsbury Monastery under such circumstances ! How can a Lord Abbot, all stuck over with horselceches of this nature, front the world ? He is fast losing his life-blood, and the Convent will be as one of Pharaoh's lean kine. Old monks of experience draw their hoods deeper down ; careful what they say : the monk's first duty is obedience. Our Lord the King, hearing of such work, sends down his Almoner to make investigations : but what boots it ? Abbot Hugo assembles us in Chapter ; asks, " If there is any complaint ? " Not a soul of us dare answer, " Yes, thousands ! " but we all stand silent, and the Prior even says that things are in a very comfortable condition. Whereupon old Abbot Hugo, turning to the royal messenger, says, " You see ! " — and the business terminates in that way. I, as a brisk-eyed noticing youth and novice, could not help asking of the elders, asking of Magister Samson in particular : Why he, well instructed and a knowing man, had not spoken out, and brought matters to a bearing ? Magister Samson was Teacher of the Novices, appointed to breed us up to the rules, and I loved him well. "*Fili mi,*" answered Samson, " the burnt child shuns the fire. Dost thou not know, our Lord the Abbot sent me once to Acre in Norfolk, to solitary confinement and bread-and-water, already ? The Hinghams, Hugo and Robert, have just got home from banishment for speaking. This is the hour of darkness : the hour when flatterers rule and are believed. *Videat Dominus*, let the Lord see, and judge."

In very truth, what could poor old Abbot Hugo do ? A frail old man, and the Philistines were upon him, — that is to say, the Hebrews. He had nothing for it but to shrink away from them ; get back into his warm flannels, into his warm delusions again. Happily, before it was quite too late, he bethought him of pilgriming to St. Thomas of Canterbury. He set out, with a fit train, in the autumn days of the year 1180 ; near Rochester City, his mule threw him, dislocated his poor knee-pan, raised incurable inflammatory fever ; and the poor old man got his dismissal from the whole coil at once. St. Thomas à Becket, though in a circuitous way, had *brought* deliverance ! Neither

Jew usurers, nor grumbling monks, nor other importunate despicability of men or mud-elements afflicted Abbot Hugo any more ; but he dropt his rosaries, closed his account-books, closed his old eyes, and lay down into the long sleep. Heavy-laden hoary old Dominus Hugo, fare thee well.

One thing we cannot mention without a due thrill of horror : namely, that, in the empty exchequer of Dominus Hugo, there was not found one penny to distribute to the Poor that they might pray for his soul ! By a kind of godsend, Fifty shillings did, in the very nick of time, fall due, or seem to fall due, from one of his Farmers (the *Firmarius* de Palegrava), and he paid it, and the Poor had it ; though, alas, this too only *seemed* to fall due, and we had it to pay again afterwards. Dominus Hugo's apartments were plundered by his servants, to the last portable stool, in a few minutes after the breath was out of his body. Forlorn old Hugo, fare thee well forever.

CHAPTER V.

TWELFTH CENTURY.

OUR Abbot being dead, the *Dominus Rex*, Henry II., or Ranulf de Glanvill *Justiciarius* of England for him, set Inspectors or Custodians over us ; — not in any breathless haste to appoint a new Abbot, our revenues coming into his own *Scaccarium*, or royal Exchequer, in the mean while. They proceeded with some rigor, these Custodians ; took written inventories, clapt on seals, exacted everywhere strict tale and measure : but wherefore should a living monk complain ? The living monk has to do his devotional drill-exercise ; consume his allotted *pitantia*, what we call *pittance*, or ration of victual ; and possess his soul in patience.

Dim, as through a long vista of Seven Centuries, dim and very strange looks that monk-life to us ; the ever-surprising circumstance this. That it is a *fact* and no dream, that we see

it there, and gaze into the very eyes of it! Smoke rises daily from those culinary chimney-throats; there are living human beings there, who chant, loud-braying, their matins, nones, vespers; awakening *echoes*, not to the bodily ear alone. St. Edmund's Shrine, perpetually illuminated, glows ruddy through the Night, and through the Night of Centuries withal; St. Edmundsbury Town paying yearly Forty pounds for that express end. Bells clang out; on great occasions, all the bells. We have Processions, Preachings, Festivals, Christmas Plays, *Mysteries* shown in the Churchyard, at which latter the Townsfolk sometimes quarrel. Time was, Time is, as Friar Bacon's Brass Head remarked; and withal Time will be. There are three Tenses, *Tempora*, or Times; and there is one Eternity; and as for us,

“We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!”

Indisputable, though very dim to modern vision, rests on its hill-slope that same *Bury, Stow*, or Town of St. Edmund; already a considerable place, not without traffic, nay manufactures, would Jocelin only tell us what. Jocelin is totally careless of telling: but, through dim fitful apertures, we can see *Fullones*, “Fullers,” see cloth-making; looms dimly going, dye-vats, and old women spinning yarn. We have Fairs too, *Nundinae*, in due course; and the Londoners give us much trouble, pretending that they, as a metropolitan people, are exempt from toll. Besides there is Field-husbandry, with perplexed settlement of Convent rents: corn-ricks pile themselves within burgh, in their season; and cattle depart and enter; and even the poor weaver has his cow, — “dung-heaps” lying quiet at most doors (*ante foras*, says the incidental Jocelin), for the Town has yet no improved police: Watch and ward nevertheless we do keep, and have Gates, — as what Town must not; thieves so abounding; war, *werra*, such a frequent thing! Our thieves, at the Abbot's judgment-bar, deny; claim wager of battle; fight, are beaten, and *then* hanged. “Ketel, the thief,” took this course; and it did nothing for him, — merely brought us, and indeed himself, new trouble!

Every way a most foreign Time. What difficulty, for example, has our *Cellerarius* to collect the *repselver*, "reaping silver," or penny, which each householder is by law bound to pay for cutting down the Convent grain! Richer people pretend that it is commuted, that it is this and the other; that, in short, they will not pay it. Our *Cellerarius* gives up calling on the rich. In the houses of the poor, our *Cellerarius* finding, in like manner, neither penny nor good promise, snatches, without ceremony, what *vadium* (pledge, *wad*) he can come at: a joint-stool, kettle, nay the very house-door, "*hostium*;" and old women, thus exposed to the unfeeling gaze of the public, rush out after him with their distaffs and the angriest shrieks: "*vetulæ exhibunt cum colis suis*," says Jocelin, "*minantes et exprobrantes*."

What a historical picture, glowing visible, as St. Edmund's Shrine by night, after Seven long Centuries or so! *Vetulæ cum colis*: My venerable ancient spinning grandmothers, — ah, and ye too have to shriek, and rush out with your distaffs; and become Female Chartists, and scold all evening with void doorway; — and in old Saxon, as we in modern, would fain demand some Five-point Charter, could it be fallen in with, the Earth being too tyrannous! — Wise Lord Abbots, hearing of such phenomena, did in time abolish or commute the reappenny, and one nuisance was abated. But the image of these justly offended old women, in their old wool costumes, with their angry features, and spindles brandished, lives forever in the historical memory. Thanks to thee, Jocelin Boswell. Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders, and again lost by them; and Richard Cœur-de-Lion "veiled his face" as he passed in sight of it: but how many other things went on, the while!

Thus, too, our trouble with the Lakenheath eels is very great. King Knut namely, or rather his Queen who also did herself honor by honoring St. Edmund, decreed by authentic deed yet extant on parchment, that the Holders of the Town Fields, once Beodric's, should, for one thing, go yearly and catch us four thousand eels in the marsh-pools of Lakenheath. Well, they went, they continued to go; but, in later times,

got into the way of returning with a most short account of eels. Not the due sixscore apiece; no, Here are twoscore, Here are twenty, ten,—sometimes, Here are none at all; Heaven help us, we *could* catch no more, they were not there! What is a distressed *Cellerarius* to do? We agree that each Holder of so many acres shall pay one penny yearly, and let go the eels as too slippery. But, alas, neither is this quite effectual: the Fields, in my time, have got divided among so many hands, there is no catching of *them* either; I have known our Cellarer get seven-and-twenty pence formerly, and now it is much if he get ten pence farthing (*vix decem denarios et obolum*). And then their sheep, which they are bound to fold nightly in our pens, for the manure's sake; and, I fear, do not always fold: and their *aver-pennies*, and their *avragiums*, and their *fodercorns*, and mill-and-market dues! Thus, in its undeniable but dim manner, does old St. Edmundsbury spin and till, and laboriously keep its pot boiling, and St. Edmund's Shrine lighted, under such conditions and averages as it can.

How much is still alive in England; how much has not yet come into life! A Feudal Aristocracy is still alive, in the prime of life; superintending the cultivation of the land, and less consciously the distribution of the produce of the land, the adjustment of the quarrels of the land; judging, soldiering, adjusting; everywhere governing the people,—so that even a Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, lacks not his due parings of the pigs he tends. Governing;—and, alas, also game-preserving; so that a Robert Hood, a William Scarlet and others have, in these days, put on Lincoln coats, and taken to living, in some universal-suffrage manner, under the green-wood-tree!

How silent, on the other hand, lie all Cotton-trades and such like; not a steeple-chimney yet got on end from sea to sea! North of the Humber, a stern Willelmus Conquæstor burnt the Country, finding it unruly, into very stern repose. Wild fowl scream in those ancient silences, wild cattle roam in those ancient solitudes; the scanty sulky Norse-bred popu-

lation all coerced into silence, — feeling that, under these new Norman Governors, their history has probably as good as *ended*. Men and Northumbrian Norse populations know little what has ended, what is but beginning! The Ribble and the Aire roll down, as yet unpolluted by dyers' chemistry; tenanted by merry trouts and piscatory otters; the sunbeam and the vacant wind's-blast alone traversing those moors. Side by side sleep the coal-strata and the iron-strata for so many ages; no Steam-Demon has yet risen smoking into being. Saint Mungo rules in Glasgow; James Watt still slumbering in the deep of Time. *Mancunium*, Manceaster, what we now call Manchester, spins no cotton, — if it be not *wool* "cottons," clipped from the backs of mountain sheep. The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the four-and-twenty hours, with eddying brine, elangorous with sea-fowl; and is a *Lither-Pool*, a *lazy* or sullen Pool, no monstrous pitehy City, and Sea-haven of the world! The Centuries are big; and the birth-hour is coming, not yet come. *Tempus ferax, tempus edax rerum.*

CHAPTER VI.

MONK SAMSON.

WITHIN doors, down at the hill-foot, in our Convent here, we are a peeculiar people, — hardly conceivable in the Arkwright Corn-Law ages, of mere Spinning-Mills and Jóc-Mantons! There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of Secularities: no Methodism; our Religion is not yet a horrible restless Doubt, still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heavèn-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of Life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here, with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart, That this Earthly Life and *its* riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at

all, but *are* a shadow of realities eternal, infinite; that this Time-world, as an air-image, fearfully *emblematic*, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little Life has Duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This, with our poor litanies, we testify, and struggle to testify.

Which, testified or not, remembered by all men or forgotten by all men, does verily remain the fact, even in Arkwright Joe-Manton ages! But it is incalculable, when litanies have grown obsolete; when *fodercorns*, *avragiums*, and all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of *cash payment*; and man's duty to man reduces itself to, handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then shoving him out of doors; and man's duty to God becomes a cant, a doubt, a dim inanity, a "pleasure of virtue" or such like; and the thing a man does infinitely fear (the real *Hell* of a man) is, "that he do not make money and advance himself," — I say, it is incalculable what a change has introduced itself everywhere into human affairs! How human affairs shall now circulate everywhere not healthy life-blood in them, but, as it were, a detestable copperas banker's ink; and all is grown acrid, divisive, threatening dissolution; and the huge tumultuous Life of Society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil! For, in short, Mammon *is* not a god at all; but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the Devil faithfully, you are sure enough to *go* to the Devil: whither else can you go? — In such situations, men look back with a kind of mournful recognition even on poor limited Monk-figures, with their poor litanies; and reflect, with Ben Jonson, that soul is indispensable, some degree of soul, even to save you the expense of salt! —

For the rest, it must be owned, we Monks of St. Edmundsbury are but a limited class of creatures, and seem to have a somewhat dull life of it. Much given to idle gossip; having indeed no other work, when our chanting is over. Listless gossip, for most part, and a mitigated slander; the fruit of idleness, not of spleen. We are dull, insipid men, many of us; easy-minded; whom prayer and digestion of food will avail

for a life. We have to receive all strangers in our Convent, and lodge them gratis; such and such sorts go by rule to the Lord Abbot and his special revenues; such and such to us and our poor Cellarer, however straitened. Jews themselves send their wives and little ones hither in war-time, into our *Pitanceria*; where they abide safe, with due *pittances*, — for a consideration. We have the fairest chances for collecting news. Some of us have a turn for reading Books; for meditation, silence; at times we even write Books. Some of us can preach, in English-Saxon, in Norman-French, and even in Monk-Latin; others cannot in any language or jargon, being stupid.

Failing all else, what gossip about one another! This is a perennial resource. How one hooded head applies itself to the ear of another, and whispers — *tacenda*. Willelmus Sacrista, for instance, what does he nightly, over in that Sacristy of his? Frequent bibations, "*frequentes bibationes et quedam tacenda*," — eheu! We have "*tempora minutionis*," stated seasons of blood-letting, when we are all let blood together; and then there is a general free-conference, a sanhedrim of clatter. Notwithstanding our vow of poverty, we can by rule amass to the extent of "two shillings;" but it is to be given to our necessitous kindred, or in charity. Poor Monks! Thus too a certain Canterbury Monk was in the habit of "slipping, *clanzulo*, from his sleeve," five shillings into the hand of his mother, when she came to see him, at the divine offices, every two months. Once, slipping the money elandestinely, just in the act of taking leave, he slipped it not into her hand but on the floor, and another had it; whereupon the poor Monk, coming to know it, looked mere despair for some days; till Lanfranc the noble Archbishop, questioning his secret from him, nobly made the sum *seven* shillings,¹ and said, Never mind!

One Monk, of a taciturn nature, distinguishes himself among these babbling ones: the name of him Samson; he that answered Jocelin, "*Fili mi*, a burnt child shuns the fire." They call him "Norfolk *Barrator*," or litigious person; for

¹ *Eadmeri Hist.* p. 8.

indeed, being of grave taciturn ways, he is not universally a favorite ; he has been in trouble more than once. The reader is desired to mark this Monk. A personable man of seven-and-forty ; stout-made, stands erect as a pillar ; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way ; the face massive, grave, with “ a very eminent nose ; ” his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with gray. This is Brother Samson ; a man worth looking at.

He is from Norfolk, as the nickname indicates ; from Tottington in Norfolk, as we guess ; the son of poor parents there. He has told me Jocelin, for I loved him much, That once in his ninth year he had an alarming dream ; — as indeed we are all somewhat given to dreaming here. Little Samson, lying uneasily in his crib at Tottington, dreamed that he saw the Arch Enemy in person, just alighted in front of some grand building, with outspread bat-wings, and stretching forth detestable clawed hands to grip him, little Samson, and fly off with him : whereupon the little dreamer shrieked desperate to St. Edmund for help, shrieked and again shrieked ; and St. Edmund, a reverend heavenly figure, did come, — and indeed poor little Samson’s mother, awakened by his shrieking, did come ; and the Devil and the Dream both fled away fruitless. On the morrow, his mother, pondering such an awful dream, thought it were good to take him over to St. Edmund’s own Shrine, and pray with him there. See, said little Samson at sight of the Abbey-Gate ; see, mother, this is the building I dreamed of ! His poor mother dedicated him to St. Edmund, — left him there with prayers and tears : what better could she do ? The exposition of the dream, Brother Samson used to say, was this : *Diabolus* with outspread bat-wings shadowed forth the pleasures of this world, *voluptates hujus sæculi*, which were about to snatch and fly away with me, had not St. Edmund flung his arms round me, that is to say, made me a monk of his. A monk, accordingly, Brother Samson is ; and here to this day where his mother left him. A learned man, of devout grave nature ; has studied at Paris, has taught in the Town Schools here, and done much else ; can preach in three

languages, and, like Dr. Caius, "has had losses" in his time. A thoughtful, firm-standing man; much loved by some, not loved by all; his clear eyes flashing into you, in an almost inconvenient way!

Abbot Hugo, as we said, had his own difficulties with him; Abbot Hugo had him in prison once, to teach him what authority was, and how to dread the fire in future. For Brother Samson, in the time of the Antipopes, had been sent to Rome on business; and, returning successful, was too late,—the business had all misgone in the interim! As tours to Rome are still frequent with us English, perhaps the reader will not grudge to look at the method of travelling thither in those remote ages. We happily have, in small compass, a personal narrative of it. Through the clear eyes and memory of Brother Samson one peeps direct into the very bosom of that Twelfth Century, and finds it rather curious. The actual *Papa*, Father, or universal President of Christendom, as yet not grown chimerical, sat there; think of that only! Brother Samson went to Rome as to the real Light-fountain of this lower world; we now —! But let us hear Brother Samson, as to his mode of travelling:—

"You know what trouble I had for that Church of Woolpit; how I was despatched to Rome in the time of the Schism between Pope Alexander and Octavian; and passed through Italy at that season, when all clergy carrying letters for our Lord Pope Alexander were laid hold of, and some were clapt in prison, some hanged; and some, with nose and lips cut off, were sent forward to our Lord the Pope, for the disgrace and confusion of him (*in dedecus et confusionem ejus*). I, however, pretended to be Scotch, and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and taking the gesture of one, walked along; and when anybody mocked at me, I would brandish my staff in the manner of that weapon they call *gaveloc*,¹ uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch. To those that met and questioned me who I was, I made no answer but: *Ride, ride Rome; turne Cantwereberei*.² Thus did I, to conceal myself

¹ Javelin, missile pike. *Gaveloc* is still the Scotch name for *crowbar*.

² Does this mean, "Rome forever; Canterbury not" (which claims an

and my errand, and get safer to Rome under the guise of a Scotchman.

“Having at last obtained a Letter from our Lord the Pope according to my wishes, I turned homewards again. I had to pass through a certain strong town on my road; and lo, the soldiers thereof surrounded me, seizing me, and saying: ‘This vagabond (*iste solivagus*), who pretends to be Scotch, is either a spy, or has Letters from the false Pope Alexander.’ And whilst they examined every stitch and rag of me, my leggings (*caligas*), breeches, and even the old shoes that I carried over my shoulder in the way of the Scotch, — I put my hand into the leather scrip I wore, wherein our Lord the Pope’s Letter lay, close by a little jug (*ciffus*) I had for drinking out of; and the Lord God so pleasing, and St. Edmund, I got out both the Letter and the jug together; in such a way that, extending my arm aloft, I held the Letter hidden between jug and hand: they saw the jug, but the Letter they saw not. And thus I escaped out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had, they took from me; wherefore I had to beg from door to door, without any payment (*sine omni expensa*) till I came to England again. But hearing that the Woolpit Church was already given to Geoffry Ridell, my soul was struck with sorrow because I had labored in vain. Coming home, therefore, I sat me down secretly under the Shrine of St. Edmund, fearing lest our Lord Abbot should seize and imprison me, though I had done no mischief; nor was there a monk who durst speak to me, nor a laic who durst bring me food except by stealth.”¹

Such resting and welcoming found Brother Samson, with his worn soles, and strong heart! He sits silent, revolving many thoughts, at the foot of St. Edmund’s Shrine. In the wide Earth, if it be not St. Edmund, what friend or refuge has he? Our Lord Abbot, hearing of him, sent the proper officer to lead him down to prison, and clap “foot-gyves on him” there.

unjust supremacy over us)! Mr. Rokewood is silent. Dryasdust would perhaps explain it, — in the course of a week or two of talking; did one dare to question him!

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 36.

Another poor official furtively brought him a cup of wine; bade him "be comforted in the Lord." Samson utters no complaint; obeys in silence. "Our Lord Abbot, taking counsel of it, banished me to Acre, and there I had to stay long."

Our Lord Abbot next tried Samson with promotions; made him Subsacristan, made him Librarian, which he liked best of all, being passionately fond of Books: Samson, with many thoughts in him, again obeyed in silence; discharged his offices to perfection, but never thanked our Lord Abbot, — seemed rather as if looking into him, with those clear eyes of his. Whereupon Abbot Hugo said, *Se nunquam vidisse*, He had never seen such a man; whom no severity would break to complain, and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks: — a questionable kind of man!

In this way, not without troubles, but still in an erect clear-standing manner, has Brother Samson reached his forty-seventh year; and his ruddy beard is getting slightly grizzled. He is endeavoring, in these days, to have various broken things thatched in; nay perhaps to have the Choir itself completed, for he can bear nothing ruinous. He has gathered "heaps of lime and sand;" has masons, slaters working, he and *Warinus monachus noster*, who are joint keepers of the Shrine; paying out the money duly, — furnished by charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury, they say. Charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury? To me Jocelin it seems rather, Samson, and Warinus whom he leads, have privily hoarded the oblations at the Shrine itself, in these late years of indolent dilapidation, while Abbot Hugo sat wrapt inaccessible; and are struggling, in this prudent way, to have the rain kept out!¹ — Under what conditions, sometimes, has Wisdom to struggle with Folly; get Folly persuaded to so much as thatch out the rain from itself! For, indeed, if the Infant govern the Nurse, what dexterous practice on the Nurse's part will not be necessary!

It is a new regret to us that, in these circumstances, our Lord the King's Custodians, interfering, prohibited all building or thatching from whatever source; and no Choir shall be completed, and Rain and Time, for the present, shall have

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 7.

their way. Willelmus Sacrista, he of "the frequent bibations and some things not to be spoken of;" he, with his red nose, I am of opinion, had made complaint to the Custodiars; wishing to do Samson an ill turn: — Samson his *Sub-sacristan*, with those clear eyes, could not be a prime favorite of his! Samson again obeys in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CANVASSING.

Now, however, come great news to St. Edmundsbury: That there is to be an Abbot elected; that our interlunar obscuration is to cease; St. Edmund's Convent no more to be a doleful widow, but joyous and once again a bride! Often in our widowed state had we prayed to the Lord and St. Edmund, singing weekly a matter of "one-and-twenty penitential Psalms, on our knees in the Choir," that a fit Pastor might be vouchsafed us. And, says Jocelin, had some known what Abbot we were to get, they had not been so devout, I believe! — Bozzy Jocelin opens to mankind the floodgates of authentic Convent gossip; we listen, as in a Dionysius' Ear, to the inanest hubbub, like the voices at Virgil's Horn-Gate of Dreams. Even gossip, seven centuries off, has significance. List, list, how like men are to one another in all centuries: —

"*Dixit quidam de quodam*, A certain person said of a certain person, 'He, that *Frater*, is a good monk, *probabilis persona*; knows much of the order and customs of the church; and, though not so perfect a philosopher as some others, would make a very good Abbot. Old Abbot Ordning, still famed among us, knew little of letters. Besides, as we read in Fables, it is better to choose a log for king, than a serpent never so wise, that will venomously hiss and bite his subjects.' — 'Impossible!' answered the other: 'How can such a man make a sermon in the Chapter, or to the people on festival-days, when he is without letters? How can he have the skill to bind

and to loose, he who does not understand the Scriptures? How — ?”

And then “another said of another, *alius de alio*, ‘That *Frater* is a *homo literatus*, eloquent, sagacious; vigorous in discipline; loves the Convent much, has suffered much for its sake.’ To which a third party answers, ‘From all your great clerks, good Lord deliver us! From Norfolk barrators and surly persons, That it would please thee to preserve us, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!’ Then another *quidam* said of another *quodam*, ‘That *Frater* is a good man-ager (*husebondus*);’ but was swiftly answered, ‘God forbid that a man who can neither read nor chant, nor celebrate the divine offices, an unjust person withal, and grinder of the faces of the poor, should ever be Abbot!’” One man, it appears, is nice in his victuals. Another is indeed wise, but apt to slight inferiors; hardly at the pains to answer, if they argue with him too foolishly. And so each *aliquis* concerning his *aliquo*, — through whole pages of electioneering babble. “For,” says Jocelin, “So many men, as many minds.” Our Monks “at time of blood-letting, *tempore minutionis*,” holding their sanhedrim of babble, would talk in this manner: Brother Samson, I remarked, never said anything; sat silent, sometimes smiling; but he took good note of what others said, and would bring it up, on occasion, twenty years after. As for me Jocelin, I was of opinion that “some skill in Dialectics, to distinguish true from false,” would be good in an Abbot. I spake, as a rash Novice in those days, some conscientious words of a certain benefactor of mine; “and behold, one of those sons of Belial” ran and reported them to him, so that he never after looked at me with the same face again! Poor Bozzy! —

Such is the buzz and frothy simmering ferment of the general mind and no-mind; struggling to “make itself up,” as the phrase is, or ascertain what *it* does really want: no easy matter, in most cases. St. Edmundsbury, in that Candlemas season of the year 1182, is a busily fermenting place. The very cloth-makers sit meditative at their looms; asking, Who shall be Abbot? The *sochemanni* speak of it, driving their

ox-teams afield; the old women with their spindles: and none yet knows what the days will bring forth.

The Prior, however, as our interim chief, must proceed to work; get ready "Twelve Monks," and set off with them to his Majesty at Waltham, there shall the election be made. An election, whether managed directly by ballot-box on public hustings, or indirectly by force of public opinion, or were it even by open alehouses, landlords' coercion, popular club-law, or whatever electoral methods, is always an interesting phenomenon. A mountain tumbling in great travail, throwing up dust-clouds and absurd noises, is visibly there; uncertain yet what mouse or monster it will give birth to.

Besides, it is a most important social act; nay, at bottom, the one important social act. Given the men a People choose, the People itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunky people chooses sham-heroes, what are called quacks, thinking them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his herohood and insight, or all his flunky-hood and horn-eyed dimness, is this question put to him, What man dost thou honor? Which is thy ideal of a man; or nearest that? So too of a People: for a People too, every People, *speaks* its choice, — were it only by silently obeying, and not revolting, — in the course of a century or so. Nor are electoral methods, Reform Bills and such like, unimportant. A People's electoral methods are, in the long-run, the express image of its electoral *talent*; tending and gravitating perpetually, irresistibly, to a conformity with that: and are, at all stages, very significant of the People. Judicious readers, of these times, are not disinclined to see how Monks elect their Abbot in the Twelfth Century: how the St. Edmundsbury mountain manages its midwifery; and what mouse or man the outcome is.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ELECTION.

ACCORDINGLY our Prior assembles us in Chapter; and, we adjuring him before God to do justly, nominates, not by our selection, yet with our assent, Twelve Monks, moderately satisfactory. Of whom are Hugo Third-Prior, Brother Dennis, a venerable man, Walter the *Medicus*, Samson *Subsacrista*, and other esteemed characters, — though Willelmus *Sacrista*, of the red nose, too is one. These shall proceed straightway to Waltham; and there elect the Abbot as they may and can. Monks are sworn to obedience; must not speak too loud, under penalty of foot-gyves, limbo, and bread-and-water: yet monks too would know what it is they are obeying. The St. Edmundsbury Community has no hustings, ballot-box, indeed no open voting: yet by various vague manipulations, pulse-feelings, we struggle to ascertain what its virtual aim is, and succeed better or worse.

This question, however, rises; alas, a quite preliminary question: Will the *Dominus Rex* allow us to choose freely? It is to be hoped! Well, if so, we agree to choose one of our own Convent. If not, if the *Dominus Rex* will force a stranger on us, we decide on demurring, the Prior and his Twelve shall demur: we can appeal, plead, remonstrate; appeal even to the Pope, but trust it will not be necessary. Then there is this other question, raised by Brother Samson: What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Brother Samson *Subsacrista*, one remarks, is ready oftenest with some question, some suggestion, that has wisdom in it. Though a servant of servants, and saying little, his words all tell, having sense in them; it seems by his light mainly that we steer ourselves in this great dimness.

What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Speak, Samson, and advise. — Could not, hints Samson, Six of our venerablest elders be chosen by us, a kind of electoral committee, here and now: of these, “with their hand on the Gospels, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*,” we take oath that they will do faithfully; let these, in secret and as before God, agree on Three whom they reckon fittest; write their names in a Paper, and deliver the same sealed, forthwith, to the Thirteen: one of those Three the Thirteen shall fix on, if permitted. If not permitted, that is to say, if the *Dominus Rex* force us to demur, — the paper shall be brought back unopened, and publicly burned, that no man’s secret bring him into trouble.

So Samson advises, so we act; wisely, in this and in other crises of the business. Our electoral committee, its eye on the *Sacrosancta*, is soon named, soon sworn; and we, striking up the Fifth Psalm, “*Verba mea*, —

Give ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh,”

march out chanting, and leave the Six to their work in the Chapter here. Their work, before long, they announce as finished: they, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*, imprecating the Lord to weigh and witness their meditation, have fixed on Three Names, and written them in this Sealed Paper. Let Samson Subsacrista, general servant of the party, take charge of it. On the morrow morning, our Prior and his Twelve will be ready to get under way.

This, then, is the ballot-box and electoral winnowing-machine they have at St. Edmundsbury: a mind fixed on the Thrice Holy, an appeal to God on high to witness their meditation: by far the best, and indeed the only good electoral winnowing-machine, — if men have souls in them. Totally worthless, it is true, and even hideous and poisonous, if men have no souls. But without soul, alas, what winnowing-machine in human elections can be of avail? We cannot get along without soul; we stick fast, the mournfulest spectacle; and salt itself will not save us!

On the morrow morning, accordingly, our Thirteen set forth; or rather our Prior and Eleven; for Samson, as general servant of the party, has to linger, settling many things. At length he too gets upon the road; and, "carrying the sealed Paper in a leather pouch hung round his neck; and *froccum bajulans in ulnis* [thanks to thee, Bozzy Jocelin], his frock-skirts looped over his elbow," showing substantial stern-works, tramps stoutly along. Away across the Heath, not yet of Newmarket and horse-jockeying; across your Fleam-dike and Devil's-dike, no longer useful as a Mercian East-Anglian boundary or bulwark: continually towards Waltham, and the Bishop of Winchester's House there, for his Majesty is in that. Brother Samson, as purse-bearer, has the reckoning always, when there is one, to pay; "delays are numerous," progress none of the swiftest.

But, in the solitude of the Convent, Destiny thus big and in her birthtime, what gossiping, what babbling, what dreaming of dreams! The secret of the Three our electoral elders alone know: some Abbot we shall have to govern us; but which Abbot, oh, which! One Monk discerns in a vision of the night-watches, that we shall get an Abbot of our own body, without needing to demur: a prophet appeared to him clad all in white, and said, "Ye shall have one of yours, and he will rage among you like a wolf, *saviet ut lupus*." Verily! — then which of ours? Another Monk now dreams: he has seen clearly which; a certain Figure taller by head and shoulders than the other two, dressed in alb and *pallium*, and with the attitude of one about to fight; — which tall Figure a wise Editor would rather not name at this stage of the business! Enough that the vision is true: that St. Edmund himself, pale and awful, seemed to rise from his Shrine, with naked feet, and say audibly, "He, *ille*, shall veil my feet;" which part of the vision also proves true. Such guessing, visioning, dim perscrutation of the momentous future: the very cloth-makers, old women, all townsfolk speak of it, "and more than once it is reported in St. Edmundsbury, This one is elected; and then, This one, and That other." Who knows?

But now, sure enough, at Waltham "on the Second Sunday of Quadragesima," which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22d day of February, year 1182, Thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manor-house; and, in some high Presence-chamber and Hall of State, get access to Henry II. in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manor-house has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off; sunk *so* far in the Night, there they *are*; peep through the blankets of the old Night, and thou wilt see! King Henry himself is visibly there; a vivid, noble-looking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume; with earls round him, and bishops, and dignitaries, in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one thing an altar near it,—chapel and altar adjoining it; but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hangings, and huge fire of logs:—alas, it has Human Life in it; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume soever?—

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with their obeisance, and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honor and the Church's good, commands, "by the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor,"—*Galfridus Cancellarius*, Henry's and the Fair Rosamond's authentic Son present here!—commands, "That they, the said Thirteen, do now withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery." A work soon done; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think *ye* of it, ye higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmus *Sacrista* with the red bottle-nose?—the names, in this order: of Samson *Subsacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius-Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, "flush suddenly

red in the face;" but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior, who was of the electoral committee, came to nominate *himself* as one of the Three? A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of!—However, we return, and report to the King our Three names; merely altering the order; putting Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us: "Who are they? Were they born in my domain? Totally unknown to me! You must nominate three others." Whereupon Willelmus Sacrista says, "Our Prior must be named, *quia caput nostrum est*, being already our head." And the Prior responds, "Willelmus Sacrista is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,"—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee! Venerable Dennis too is named; none in his conscience can say nay. There are now Six on our List. "Well," said the King, "they have done it swiftly, they! *Deus est cum eis*." The Monks withdraw again; and Majesty revolves, for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or "*Law-wards*" and Soul-Overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

In short while, they are next ordered, To add yet another three; but not from their own Convent; from other Convents, "for the honor of my kingdom." Here,—what is to be done here? We will demur, if need be! We do name three, however, for the nonee: the Prior of St. Faith's, a good Monk of St. Neot's, a good Monk of St. Alban's; good men all; all made abbots and dignitaries since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may be farther? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three. The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more; then yet one more: Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellerarius*, and venerable Monk Dennis;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two? It were hard to say,—by Monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo for speaking! We humbly request that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. “Which do you want?” asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech, “commending the persons of the Prior and Samson; but always in the corner of his discourse, *in angulo sui sermonis*, brought Samson in.” “I see!” said the Bishop: “We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.” “Either of them is good,” said venerable Dennis, almost trembling; “but we would have the better, if it pleased God.” “Which of the two *do* you want?” inquires the Bishop pointedly. “Samson!” answered Dennis; “Samson!” echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything: and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King’s Majesty, looking at us somewhat sternly, then says: “You present to me Samson; I do not know him: had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have accepted him: however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, *per veros oculos Dei*, if you manage badly, I will be upon you!” Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King’s feet; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note, the Fifty-first Psalm, “*Miserere mei Deus*,

After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me;”

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. “By God’s eyes,” said the King, “that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well.” By the same oath (charged to your Majesty’s account), I too am precisely of that opinion! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to him, and may the Lord *have* mercy on him as Abbot!

Thus, then, have the St. Edmundsbury Monks, without express ballot-box or other good winnowing-machine, contrived to accomplish the most important social feat a body of men can do, to winnow out the man that is to govern them: and truly one sees not that, by any winnowing-machine whatever, they could have done it better. O ye kind Heavens, there is in every Nation and Community a *fittest*, a wisest, bravest, best; whom could we find and make King over us, all were in very truth well;—the best that God and Nature had permitted *us* to make it! By what art discover him? Will the Heavens in their pity teach us no art; for our need of him is great!

Ballot-boxes, Reform Bills, winnowing-machines: all these are good, or are not so good;—alas, brethren, how *can* these, I say, be other than inadequate, be other than failures, melancholy to behold? Dim all souls of men to the divine, the high and awful meaning of Human Worth and Truth, we shall never, by all the machinery in Birmingham, discover the True and Worthy. It is written, “if we are ourselves valets, there shall exist no hero for us; we shall not know the hero when we see him;”—we shall take the quack for a hero; and cry, audibly through all ballot-boxes and machinery whatsoever, Thou art he; be thou King over us!

What boots it? Seek only deceitful Speciosity, money with gilt carriages, “fame” with newspaper-paragraphs, whatever name it bear, you will find only deceitful Speciosity; godlike Reality will be forever far from you. The Quack shall be legitimate inevitable King of you; no earthly machinery able to exclude the Quack. Ye shall be born thralls of the Quack, and suffer under him, till your hearts are near broken, and no French Revolution or Manchester Insurrection, or partial or universal volcanic combustions and explosions, never so many, can do more than “change the *figure* of your Quack;” the essence of him remaining, for a time and times.—“How long, O Prophet?” say some, with a rather melancholy sneer. Alas, ye *unprophetic*, ever till this come about: Till deep misery, if nothing softer will, have driven you out of your Speciosities *into* your Sincerities; and you find that there either is a God-

like in the world, or else ye are an unintelligible madness; that there is a God, as well as a Mammon and a Devil, and a Genius of Luxuries and canting Dilettantisms and Vain Shows! How long that will be, compute for yourselves. My unhappy brothers!—

CHAPTER IX.

ABBOT SAMSON.

So, then, the bells of St. Edmundsbury clang out one and all, and in church and chapel the organs go: Convent and Town, and all the west side of Suffolk, are in gala; knights, viscounts, weavers, spinners, the entire population, male and female, young and old, the very sockmen with their chubby infants,—out to have a holiday, and see the Lord Abbot arrive! And there is “stripping barefoot” of the Lord Abbot at the Gate, and solemn leading of him in to the High Altar and Shrine; with sudden “silence of all the bells and organs,” as we kneel in deep prayer there; and again with outburst of all the bells and organs, and loud *Te Deum* from the general human windpipe; and speeches by the leading viscount, and giving of the kiss of brotherhood; the whole wound up with popular games, and dinner within doors of more than a thousand strong, *plus quam mille comedentibus in gaudio magno*.

In such manner is the self-same Samson once again returning to us, welcomed on *this* occasion. He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high; suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him,—this man to-day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manor-houses, farms,

manors, and wide lands; a man with "Fifty Knights under him," and dependent, swiftly obedient multitudes of men. It is a change greater than Napoleon's; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos day-drudges had, on awakening some morning, found that *he* overnight was become Duke! Let Samson with his clear-beaming eyes see into that, and discern it if he can. We shall now get the measure of him by a new scale of inches, considerably more rigorous than the former was. For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuler by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundred-fold uglier, pitifuler. Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will show us them enlarged, as in the solar microscope, into frightful distortion. Nay, how many mere seminal principles of vice, hitherto all wholesomely kept latent, may we now see unfolded, as in the solar hot-house, into growth, into huge universally-conspicuous luxuriance and development!

But is not this, at any rate, a singular aspect of what political and social capabilities, nay, let us say, what depth and opulence of true social vitality, lay in those old barbarous ages, That the fit Governor could be met with under such disguises, could be recognized and laid hold of under such? Here he is discovered with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, and a leather scrip round his neck; trudging along the highway, his frock-skirts looped over his arm. They think this is he nevertheless, the true Governor; and he proves to be so. Brethren, have we no need of discovering true Governors, but will sham ones forever do for us? These were absurd superstitious blockheads of Monks; and we are enlightened Tenpound Franchisers, without taxes on knowledge! Where, I say, are our superior, are our similar or at all comparable discoveries? We also have eyes, or ought to have; we have hustings, telescopes; we have lights, link-lights and rush-lights of an enlightened free Press, burning and dancing everywhere, as in a universal torch-dance; singe-

ing your whiskers as you traverse the public thoroughfares in town and country. Great souls, true Governors, go about under all manner of disguises now as then. Such telescopes, such enlightenment, — and such discovery ! How comes it, I say ; how comes it ? Is it not lamentable ; is it not even, in some sense, amazing ?

Alas, the defect, as we must often urge and again urge, is less a defect of telescopes than of some eyesight. Those superstitious blockheads of the Twelfth Century had no telescopes, but they had still an eye ; not ballot-boxes ; only reverence for Worth, abhorrence of Unworth. It is the way with all barbarians. Thus Mr. Sale informs me, the old Arab Tribes would gather in liveliest *gaudeamus*, and sing, and kindle bonfires, and wreath the crowns of honor, and solemnly thank the gods that, in their Tribe too, a Poet had shown himself. As indeed they well might ; for what usefuler, I say not nobler and heavenlier thing could the gods, doing their very kindest, send to any Tribe or Nation, in any time or circumstances ? I declare to thee, my afflicted quack-ridden brother, in spite of thy astonishment, it is very lamentable ! We English find a Poet, as brave a man as has been made for a hundred years or so anywhere under the Sun ; and do we kindle bonfires, or thank the gods ? Not at all. We, taking due counsel of it, set the man to gauge ale-barrels in the Burgh of Dumfries ; and pique ourselves on our “patronage of genius.”

Genius, Poet : do we know what these words mean ? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed us, direct from Nature's own great fire-heart, to see the Truth, and speak it, and do it ; Nature's own sacred voice heard once more athwart the dreary boundless element of hearsaying and canting, of twaddle and poltroonery, in which the bewildered Earth, nigh perishing, has *lost its way*. Hear once more, ye bewildered benighted mortals ; listen once again to a voice from the inner Light-sea and Flame-sea, Nature's and Truth's own heart ; know the Fact of your Existence what it is, put away the Cant of it which it is *not* ; and knowing, do, and let it be well with you ! —

George the Third is Defender of something we call "the Faith" in those years; George the Third is head charioteer of the Destinies of England, to guide them through the gulf of French Revolutions, American Independences; and Robert Burns is Gauger of ale in Dumfries. It is an Iliad in a nutshell. The physiognomy of a world now verging towards dissolution, reduced now to spasms and death-throes, lies pictured in that one fact, — which astonishes nobody, except at me for being astonished at it. The fruit of long ages of confirmed Valet-hood, entirely confirmed as into a Law of Nature; cloth-worship and quack-worship: entirely *confirmed* Valet-hood, — which will have to *unconfirm* itself again; God knows, with difficulty enough! —

Abbot Samson had found a Convent all in dilapidation; rain beating through it, material rain and metaphorical, from all quarters of the compass. Willelmus Sacrista sits drinking nightly, and doing mere *tacenda*. Our larders are reduced to leanness, Jew harpies and unclean creatures our purveyors; in our basket is no bread. Old women with their distaffs rush out on a distressed Cellarer in shrill Chartism. "You cannot stir abroad but Jews and Christians pounce upon you with unsettled bonds;" debts boundless seemingly as the National Debt of England. For four years our new Lord Abbot never went abroad but Jew creditors and Christian, and all manner of creditors, were about him; driving him to very despair. Our Prior is remiss; our Cellarers, officials are remiss; our monks are remiss: what man is not remiss? Front this, Samson, thou alone art there to front it; it is thy task to front and fight this, and to die or kill it. May the Lord have mercy on thee!

To our antiquarian interest in poor Jocelin and his Convent, where the whole aspect of existence, the whole dialect, of thought, of speech, of activity, is so obsolete, strange, long-vanished, there now superadds itself a mild glow of human interest for Abbot Samson; a real pleasure, as at sight of man's work, especially of governing, which is man's highest work, done *well*. Abbot Samson had no experience in govern-

ing; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing, — alas, only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. He had never in any court given *vadium* or *plegium*, says Jocelin; hardly ever seen a court, when he was set to preside in one. But it is astonishing, continues Jocelin, how soon he learned the ways of business; and, in all sort of affairs, became expert beyond others. Of the many persons offering him their service, “he retained one Knight skilled in taking *vadia* and *plegia* ;” and within the year was himself well skilled. Nay, by and by, the Pope appoints him Justiciary in certain causes; the King one of his new Circuit Judges; official Osbert is heard saying, “That Abbot is one of your shrewd ones, *disputator est*; if he go on as he begins, he will cut out every lawyer of us!”¹

Why not? What is to hinder this Samson from governing? There is in him what far transcends all apprenticeships; in the man himself there exists a model of governing, something to govern by! There exists in him a heart-abhorrence of whatever is incoherent, pusillanimous, unvaracious, — that is to say, chaotic, *ungoverned*; of the Devil, not of God. A man of this kind cannot help governing! He has the living ideal of a governor in him; and the incessant necessity of struggling to unfold the same out of him. Not the Devil or Chaos, for any wages, will he serve; no, this man is the born servant of Another than them. Alas, how little avail all apprenticeships, when there is in your governor himself what we may well call *nothing* to govern by: nothing; — a general gray twilight, looming with shapes of expediences, parliamentary traditions, division-lists, election-funds, leading-articles; this, with what of vulpine alertness and adroitness soever, is not much!

But indeed what say we, apprenticeship? Had not this Samson served, in his way, a right good apprenticeship to governing; namely, the harshest slave-apprenticeship to obeying! Walk this world with no friend in it but God and St. Edmund, you will either fall into the ditch, or learn a good many things. To learn obeying is the fundamental art

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*. n. 25.

of governing. How much would many a Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa* ; and, at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper-paragraphs and city-illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread-and-water ! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many ; — that is the meaning of true mastership. Had not the Monk-life extraordinary "political capabilities" in it ; if not imitable by us, yet enviable ? Heavens, had a Duke of Logwood, now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time, on seven-and-sixpence a week, with no outdoor relief, — what a light, unquenehable by logic and statistic and arithmetic, would it have thrown on several things for him !

In all cases, therefore, we will agree with the judicious Mrs. Glass : "First catch your hare !" First get your man ; all is got : he can learn to do all things, from making boots, to decreeing judgments, governing communities ; and will do them like a man. Catch your no-man, — alas, have you not caught the terriblest Tartar in the world ! Perhaps all the terribler, the quieter and gentler he looks. For the mischief that one blockhead, that every blockhead does, in a world so feracious, teeming with endless results as ours, no ciphering will sum up. The quack bootmaker is considerable ; as corn-eutters can testify, and desperate men reduced to buckskin and list-shoes. But the quack priest, quack high-priest, the quack king ! Why do not all just citizens rush, half-frantic, to stop him, as they would a conflagration ? Surely a just citizen *is* admonished by God and his own Soul, by all silent and articulate voices of this Universe, to do what in *him* lies towards relief of this poor blockhead-quack, and of a world that groans under him. Run swiftly ; relieve him, — were it even by extinguishing him ! For all things have grown so old, tinder-dry, combustible ; and he is more ruinous than conflagration. Sweep him *down*, at least ; keep him strictly within the hearth : he will then cease to be conflagration ; he will then become useful, more or less, as culinary fire. Fire is

the best of servants ; but what a master ! This poor block-head too is born for uses : why, elevating him to mastership, will you make a conflagration, a parish-curse or world-curse of him ?

CHAPTER X.

GOVERNMENT.

How Abbot Samson, giving his new subjects seriatim the kiss of fatherhood in the St. Edmundsbury chapter-house, proceeded with cautious energy to set about reforming their disjointed distracted way of life ; how he managed with his Fifty rough *Milites* (Feudal Knights), with his lazy Farmers, remiss refractory Monks, with Pope's Legates, Viscounts, Bishops, Kings ; how on all sides he laid about him like a man, and putting consequence on premise, and everywhere the saddle on the right horse, struggled incessantly to educe organic method out of lazily fermenting wreck, — the careful reader will discern, not without true interest, in these pages of Jocelin Boswell. In most antiquarian quaint costume, not of garments alone, but of thought, word, action, outlook and position, the substantial figure of a man with eminent nose, bushy brows and clear-flashing eyes, his russet beard growing daily grayer, is visible, engaged in true governing of men. It is beautiful how the chrysalis governing-soul, shaking off its dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged, a true royal soul ! Our new Abbot has a right honest unconscious feeling, without insolence as without fear or flutter, of what he is and what others are. A courage to quell the proudest, an honest pity to encourage the humblest. Withal there is a noble reticence in this Lord Abbot : much vain unreason he hears ; lays up without response. He is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others ; he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness. Is he not their servant, as we said, who can suffer from them, and for them ; bear the burden their poor spindle-limbs totter and stagger under ; and, in

virtue of *being* their servant, govern them, lead them out of weakness into strength, out of defeat into victory !

One of the first Herculean Labors Abbot Samson undertook, or the very first, was to institute a strenuous review and radical reform of his economics. It is the first labor of every governing man, from *Paterfamilias* to *Dominus Rex*. To get the rain thatched out from you is the preliminary of whatever farther, in the way of speculation or of action, you may mean to do. Old Abbot Hugo's budget, as we saw, had become empty, filled with deficit and wind. To see his account-books clear, be delivered from those ravening flights of Jew and Christian creditors, pouncing on him like obscene harpies wherever he showed face, was a necessity for Abbot Samson.

On the morrow after his instalment he brings in a load of money-bonds, all duly stamped, sealed with this or the other Convent Seal : frightful, unmanageable, a bottomless confusion of Convent finance. There they are ; — but there at least they all are ; all that shall be of them. Our Lord Abbot demands that all the official seals in use among us be now produced and delivered to him. Three-and-thirty seals turn up ; are straightway broken, and shall seal no more : the Abbot only, and those duly authorized by him, shall seal any bond. There are but two ways of paying debt : increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out. With iron energy, in slow but steady undeviating perseverance, Abbot Samson sets to work in both directions. His troubles are manifold : cunning *milites*, unjust bailiffs, lazy sockmen, he an inexperienced Abbot ; relaxed lazy monks, not disinclined to mutiny in mass : but continued vigilance, rigorous method, what we call “ the eye of the master,” work wonders. The clear-beaming eyesight of Abbot Samson, steadfast, severe, all-penetrating, — it is like *Fiat lux* in that inorganic waste whirlpool ; penetrates gradually to all nooks, and of the chaos makes a *kosmos* or ordered world !

He arranges everywhere, struggles unweariedly to arrange, and place on some intelligible footing, the “ affairs and dues,

res ac redditus," of his dominion. The Lakenheath eels cease to breed squabbles between human beings; the penny of *reap-silver* to explode into the streets the Female Chartism of St. Edmundsbury. These and innumerable greater things. Where-soever Disorder may stand or lie, let it have a care; here is the man that has declared war with it, that never will make peace with it. Man is the Missionary of Order; he is the servant not of the Devil and Chaos, but of God and the Universe! Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false-spoken, unjust, and otherwise diabolic persons have a care: this is a dangerous man for them. He has a mild grave face; a thoughtful sternness, a sorrowful pity: but there is a terrible flash of anger in him too; lazy monks often have to murmur, "*Sævit ut lupus*, He rages like a wolf; was not our Dream true!" "To repress and hold in such sudden anger he was continually careful," and succeeded well:—right, Samson; that it may become in thee as noble central heat, fruitful, strong, beneficent; not blaze out, or the seldomest possible blaze out, as wasteful volcanoism to scorch and consume!

"We must first creep, and gradually learn to walk," had Abbot Samson said of himself, at starting. In four years he has become a great walker; striding prosperously along; driving much before him. In less than four years, says Jocelin, the Convent Debts were all liquidated: the harpy Jews not only settled with, but banished, bag and baggage, out of the *Bannaleuca* (Liberties, *Banlieue*) of St. Edmundsbury,—so has the King's Majesty been persuaded to permit. Farewell to *you*, at any rate; let us, in no extremity, apply again to you! Armed men march them over the borders, dismiss them under stern penalties,—sentence of excommunication on all that shall again harbor them here: there were many dry eyes at their departure.

New life enters everywhere, springs up beneficent, the Incubus of Debt once rolled away. Samson hastes not; but neither does he pause to rest. This of the Finance is a life-long business with him; Jocelin's anecdotes are filled to weariness with it. As indeed to Jocelin it was of very primary interest.

But we have to record also, with a lively satisfaction, that spiritual rubbish is as little tolerated in Samson's Monastery as material. With due rigor, Willelmus Sacrista, and his bibations and *tacenda* are, at the earliest opportunity, softly yet irrevocably put an end to. The bibations, namely, had to end; even the building where they used to be carried on was razed from the soil of St. Edmundsbury, and "on its place grow rows of beans:" Willelmus himself, deposed from the Sacristy and all offices, retires into obscurity, into absolute taciturnity unbroken thenceforth to this hour. Whether the poor Willelmus did not still, by secret channels, occasionally get some slight wetting of vinous or alcoholic liquor, — now grown, in a manner, indispensable to the poor man? Jocelin hints not; one knows not how to hope, what to hope! But if he did, it was in silence and darkness; with an ever-present feeling that tectotalism was his only true course. Drunken dissolute Monks are a class of persons who had better keep out of Abbot Samson's way. *Sevit ut lupus*; was not the Dream true! murmured many a Monk. Nay Ranulf de Glanvill, Justiciary in Chief, took umbrage at him, seeing these strict ways; and watched farther with suspicion: but discerned gradually that there was nothing wrong, that there was much the opposite of wrong.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ABBOT'S WAYS.

ABBOT SAMSON showed no extraordinary favor to the Monks who had been his familiars of old; did not promote them to offices, — *nisi essent idonei*, unless they chanced to be fit men! Whence great discontent among certain of these, who had contributed to make him Abbot: reproaches, open and secret, of his being "ungrateful, hard-tempered, unsocial, a Norfolk barrator and *paltenerius*."

Indeed, except it were for *idonei*, "fit men," in all kinds, it

was hard to say for whom Abbot Samson had much favor. He loved his kindred well, and tenderly enough acknowledged the poor part of them; with the rich part, who in old days had never acknowledged him, he totally refused to have any business. But even the former he did not promote into offices; finding none of them *idonei*. "Some whom he thought suitable he put into situations in his own household, or made keepers of his country places: if they behaved ill, he dismissed them without hope of return." In his promotions, nay almost in his benefits, you would have said there was a certain impartiality. "The official person who had, by Abbot Hugo's order, put the fetters on him at his return from Italy, was now supported with food and clothes to the end of his days at Abbot Samson's expense."

Yet he did not forget benefits; far the reverse, when an opportunity occurred of paying them at his own cost. How pay them at the public cost;—how, above all, by *setting fire* to the public, as we said; clapping "conflagrations" on the public, which the services of blockheads, *non-idonei*, intrinsically are! He was right willing to remember friends, when it could be done. Take these instances: "A certain chaplain who had maintained him at the Schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, *questu aquæ benedictæ*;—to this good chaplain he did give a vicarage, adequate to the comfortable sustenance of him." "The Son of Elias too, that is, of old Abbot Hugo's Cupbearer, coming to do homage for his Father's land, our Lord Abbot said to him in full Court: 'I have, for these seven years, put off taking thy homage for the land which Abbot Hugo gave thy Father, because that gift was to the damage of Elmswell, and a questionable one: but now I must profess myself overcome; mindful of the kindness thy Father did me when I was in bonds; because he sent me a cup of the very wine his master had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God.'"

"To Magister Walter, son of Magister William de Dice, who wanted the vicarage of Chevington, he answered: 'Thy Father was Master of the Schools; and when I was an indigent *clericus*, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to

his School, and opportunity of learning; wherefore I now, for the sake of God, grant to thee what thou askest.’” Or lastly, take this good instance, — and a glimpse, along with it, into long-obsolete times: “Two *Milites* of Risby, Willelm and Norman, being adjudged in Court to come under his mercy, *in misericordia ejus*,” for a certain very considerable fine of twenty shillings, “he thus addressed them publicly on the spot: ‘When I was a Cloister-monk, I was once sent to Durham on business of our Church; and coming home again, the dark night caught me at Risby, and I had to beg a lodging there. I went to Dominus Norman’s, and he gave me a flat refusal. Going then to Dominus Willelm’s, and begging hospitality, I was by him honorably received. The twenty shillings therefore of *mercy*, I, without mercy, will exact from Dominus Norman; to Dominus Willelm, on the other hand, I, with thanks, will wholly remit the said sum.’” Men know not always to whom they refuse lodgings; men have lodged Angels unawares! —

It is clear Abbot Samson had a talent; he had learned to judge better than Lawyers, to manage better than bred Bailiffs: — a talent shining out indisputable, on whatever side you took him. “An eloquent man he was,” says Jocelin, “both in French and Latin; but intent more on the substance and method of what was to be said, than on the ornamental way of saying it. He could read English Manuscripts very elegantly, *elegantissime*: he was wont to preach to the people in the English tongue, though according to the dialect of Norfolk, where he had been brought up; wherefore indeed he had caused a Pulpit to be erected in our Church both for ornament of the same, and for the use of his audiences.” There preached he, according to the dialect of Norfolk: a man worth going to hear.

That he was a just clear-hearted man, this, as the basis of all true talent, is presupposed. How can a man, without clear vision in his heart first of all, have any clear vision in the head? It is impossible! Abbot Samson was one of the justest of judges; insisted on understanding the case to the bottom,

and then swiftly decided without feud or favor. For which reason, indeed, the Dominus Rex, searching for such men, as for hidden treasure and healing to his distressed realm, had made him one of the new Itinerant Judges, — such as continue to this day. “My curse on that Abbot’s court,” a suitor was heard imprecating, “*Maledicta sit curia istius Abbatis*, where neither gold nor silver can help me to confound my enemy!” And old friendships and all connections forgotten, when you go to seek an office from him! “A kinless loon,” as the Scotch said of Cromwell’s new judges, — intent on mere indifferent fair-play!

Eloquence in three languages is good; but it is not the best. To us, as already hinted, the Lord Abbot’s eloquence is less admirable than his *ine*loquence, his great invaluable “talent of silence”! “‘*Deus, Deus,*’ said the Lord Abbot to me once, when he heard the Convent were murmuring at some act of his, ‘I have much need to remember that Dream they had of me, that I was to rage among them like a wolf. Above all earthly things I dread their driving me to do it. How much do I hold in, and wink at; raging and shuddering in my own secret mind, and not outwardly at all!’ He would boast to me at other times: ‘This and that I have seen, this and that I have heard; yet patiently stood it.’ He had this way, too, which I have never seen in any other man, that he affectionately loved many persons to whom he never or hardly ever showed a countenance of love. Once on my venturing to expostulate with him on the subject, he reminded me of Solomon: ‘Many sons I have; it is not fit that I should smile on them.’ He would suffer faults, damage from his servants, and know what he suffered, and not speak of it; but I think the reason was, he waited a good time for speaking of it, and in a wise way amending it. He intimated, openly in chapter to us all, that he would have no eavesdropping: ‘Let none,’ said he, ‘come to me secretly accusing another, unless he will publicly stand to the same; if he come otherwise, I will openly proclaim the name of him. I wish, too, that every Monk of you have free access to me, to speak of your needs or grievances when you will.’”

The kinds of people Abbot Samson liked worst were these three: "*Mendaces, ebriosi, verbosi*, Liars, drunkards and wordy or windy persons;" — not good kinds, any of them! He also much condemned "persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, especially Monks of that disposition." We remark, from the very first, his strict anxious order to his servants to provide handsomely for hospitality, to guard "above all things that there be no shabbiness in the matter of meat and drink; no look of mean parsimony, *in novitate meâ*, at the beginning of my Abbotship;" and to the last he maintains a due opulence of table and equipment for others; but he is himself in the highest degree indifferent to all such things.

"Sweet milk, honey and other naturally sweet kinds of food, were what he preferred to eat: but he had this virtue," says Jocelin, "he never changed the dish (*ferculum*) you set before him, be what it might. Once when I, suill a novice, happened to be waiting table in the refectory, it came into my head [rogue that I was!] to try if this were true; and I thought I would place before him a *ferculum* that would have displeased any other person, the very platter being black and broken. But he, seeing it, was as one that saw it not: and now some little delay taking place, my heart smote me that I had done this; and so, snatching up the platter (*discus*), I changed both it and its contents for a better, and put down that instead; which emendation he was angry at, and rebuked me for," — the stoical monastic man! "For the first seven years he had commonly four sorts of dishes on his table; afterwards only three, except it might be presents, or venison from his own parks, or fishes from his ponds. And if, at any time, he had guests living in his house at the request of some great person, or of some friend, or had public messengers, or had harpers (*citharados*), or any one of that sort, he took the first opportunity of shifting to another of his Manor-houses, and so got rid of such superfluous individuals,"¹ — very prudently, I think.

As to his parks, of these, in the general repair of buildings, general improvement and adornment of the St. Edmund

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 31.

Domains, "he had laid out several, and stocked them with animals, retaining a proper huntsman with hounds : and, if any guest of great quality were there, our Lord Abbot with his Monks would sit in some opening of the woods, and see the dogs run ; but he himself never meddled with hunting, that I saw." ¹

"In an opening of the woods ;" — for the country was still dark with wood in those days ; and Scotland itself still rustled shaggy and leafy, like a damp black American Forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there. Dryasdust advances several absurd hypotheses as to the insensible but almost total disappearance of these woods ; the thick wreck of which now lies as *peat*, sometimes with huge heart-of-oak timber-logs imbedded in it, on many a height and hollow. The simplest reason doubtless is, that by increase of husbandry, there was increase of cattle ; increase of hunger for green spring food ; and so, more and more, the new seedlings got yearly eaten out in April ; and the old trees, having only a certain length of life in them, died gradually, no man heeding it, and disappeared into *peat*.

A sorrowful waste of noble wood and umbrage ! Yes, — but a very common one ; the course of most things in this world. Monachism itself, so rich and fruitful once, is now all rotted into *peat* ; lies sleek and buried, — and a most feeble bog-grass of Dilettantism all the crop we reap from it ! That also was frightful waste ; perhaps among the saddest our England ever saw. Why will men destroy noble Forests, even when in part a nuisance, in such reckless manner ; turning loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the-Eighths into them ! The fifth part of our English soil, Dryasdust computes, lay consecrated to "spiritual uses," better or worse ; solemnly set apart to foster spiritual growth and culture of the soul, by the methods then known : and now — it too, like the four-fifths, fosters what ? Gentle shepherd, tell me what !

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 21.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ABBOT'S TROUBLES.

THE troubles of Abbot Samson, as he went long in this abstemious, reticent, rigorous way, were more than tongue can tell. The Abbot's mitre once set on his head, he knew rest no more. Double, double toil and trouble; that is the life of all governors that really govern: not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs. Abbot Samson found all men more or less headstrong, irrational, prone to disorder; continually threatening to prove *ungovernable*.

His lazy Monks gave him most trouble. "My heart is tortured," said he, "till we get out of debt, *cor meum cruciatum est*." Your heart, indeed;—but not altogether ours! By no devisable method, or none of three or four that he devised, could Abbot Samson get these Monks of his to keep their accounts straight; but always, do as he might, the Cellerarius at the end of the term is in a coil, in a flat deficit,—verging again towards debt and Jews. The Lord Abbot at last declares sternly he will keep our accounts too himself; will appoint an officer of his own to see our Cellerarius keep them. Murmurs thereupon among us: Was the like ever heard? Our Cellerarius a cipher; the very Townsfolk know it: *sub-sannatio et derisio sumus*, we have become a laughing-stock to mankind. The Norfolk barrator and paltener!

And consider, if the Abbot found such difficulty in the mere economic department, how much in more complex ones, in spiritual ones perhaps! He wears a stern calm face; raging and gnashing teeth, *fremens* and *frendens*, many times, in the secret of his mind. Withal, however, there is a noble slow perseverance in him; a strength of "subdued rage" calculated to subdue most things: always, in the long-run, he contrives to gain his point.

Murmurs from the Monks, meanwhile, cannot fail; ever deeper murmurs, new grudges accumulating. At one time, on slight cause, some drop making the cup run over, they burst into open mutiny: the Cellarer will not obey, prefers arrest on bread-and-water to obeying; the Monks thereupon strike work; refuse to do the regular chanting of the day, at least the younger part of them with loud clamor and uproar refuse:—Abbot Samson has withdrawn to another residence, acting only by messengers: the awful report circulates through St. Edmundsbury that the Abbot is in danger of being murdered by the Monks with their knives! How wilt thou appease this, Abbot Samson! Return; for the Monastery seems near catching fire!

Abbot Samson returns; sits in his *Talamus*, or inner room, hurls out a bolt or two of excommunication: lo, one disobedient Monk sits in limbo, excommunicated, with foot-shackles on him, all day; and three more our Abbot has gyved “with the lesser sentence, to strike fear into the others”! Let the others think with whom they have to do. The others think; and fear enters into them. “On the morrow morning we decide on humbling ourselves before the Abbot, by word and gesture, in order to mitigate his mind. And so accordingly was done. He, on the other side, replying with much humility, yet always alleging his own justice and turning the blame on us, when he saw that we were conquered, became himself conquered. And bursting into tears, *perfusus lachrymis*, he swore that he had never grieved so much for anything in the world as for this, first on his own account, and then secondly and chiefly for the public scandal which had gone abroad, that St. Edmund’s Monks were going to kill their Abbot. And when, he had narrated how he went away on purpose till his anger should cool, repeating this word of the philosopher, ‘I would have taken vengeance on thee, had not I been angry,’ he arose weeping, and embraced each and all of us with the kiss of peace. He wept; we all wept:”¹—what a picture! Behave better, ye remiss Monks, and thank Heaven for such an Abbot; or know at least that ye must and shall obey him.

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 85.

Worn down in this manner, with ineessant toil and tribulation, Abbot Samson had a sore time of it; his grizzled hair and beard grew daily grayer. Those Jews, in the first four years, had "visibly emaciated him:" Time, Jews, and the task of Governing, will make a man's beard very gray! "In twelve years," says Jocelin, "our Lord Abbot had grown wholly white as snow, *totus efficitur albus sicut nix*." White atop, like the granite mountains:—but his clear-beaming eyes still look out, in their stern clearness, in their sorrow and pity; the heart within him remains unconquered.

Nay sometimes there are gleams of hilarity too; little snatches of encouragement granted even to a Governor. "Once my Lord Abbot and I, coming down from London through the Forest, I inquired of an old woman whom we came up to, Whose wood this was, and of what manor; who the master, who the keeper?"—All this I knew very well beforehand, and my Lord Abbot too, Bozzy that I was! But "the old woman answered, The wood belonged to the new Abbot of St. Edmund's, was of the manor of Harlow, and the keeper of it was one Arnald. How did he behave to the people of the manor? I asked farther. She answered that he used to be a devil incarnate, *dæmon vivus*, an enemy of God, and flayer of the peasants' skins,"—skinning them like live eels, as the manner of some is: "but that now he dreads the new Abbot, knowing him to be a wise and sharp man, and so treats the people reasonably, *tractat homines pacifice*." Whereat the Lord Abbot *factus est hilaris*,—could not but take a triumphant laugh for himself; and determines to leave that Harlow manor yet unmeddled with, for a while.¹

A brave man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings; and, with swift force or slow watchful manœuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God's Creation; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or surrender in it! The Fifty feudal Knights, for example, were of unjust greedy temper, and eheated us, in the Installation-day, of ten

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 24.

knights'-fees; — but they know now whether that has profited them aught, and I Jocelin know. Our Lord Abbot for the moment had to endure it, and say nothing; but he watched his time.

Look also how my Lord of Clare, coming to claim his *undue* "debt" in the Court of Witham, with barons and apparatus, gets a Roland for his Oliver! Jocelin shall report: "The Earl, crowded round (*constipatus*) with many barons and men-at-arms, Earl Alberic and others standing by him, said, 'That his bailiffs had given him to understand they were wont annually to receive for his behoof, from the Hundred of Risc-bridge and the bailiffs thereof, a sum of five shillings, which sum was now unjustly held back;' and he alleged farther that his predecessors had been infeft, at the Conquest, in the lands of Alfrie son of Wisgar, who was lord of that Hundred, as may be read in Domesday Book by all persons. — The Abbot, reflecting for a moment, without stirring from his place, made answer: 'A wonderful deficit, my Lord Earl, this that thou mentionest! King Edward gave to St. Edmund that entire Hundred, and confirmed the same with his Charter; nor is there any mention there of those five shillings. It will behoove thee to say, for what service, or on what ground, thou exactest those five shillings.' Whereupon the Earl, consulting with his followers, replied, That he had to carry the Banner of St. Edmund in war-time, and for this duty the five shillings were his. To which the Abbot: 'Certainly, it seems inglorious, if so great a man, Earl of Clare no less, receive so small a gift for such a service. To the Abbot of St. Edmund's it is no unbearable burden to give five shillings. But Roger Earl Bigot holds himself duly seised, and asserts that he by such seisin has the office of carrying St. Edmund's Banner; and he did carry it when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings were beaten at Fornham. Then again Thomas de Mendham says that the right is his. When you have made out with one another, that this right is thine, come then and claim the five shillings, and I will promptly pay them!' Whereupon the Earl said, He would speak with Earl Roger his relative; and so the matter *cepit dilationem*," and lies undecided to the end

of the world. Abbot Samson answers by word or act, in this or the like pregnant manner, having justice on his side, innumerable persons: Pope's Legates, King's Viscounts, Canterbury Archbishops, Cellarers, *Sochemanni*; — and leaves many a solecism extinguished.

On the whole, however, it is and remains sore work. "One time, during my elaplaincy, I ventured to say to him: '*Domine*, I heard thee, this night, after matins, wakeful, and sighing deeply, *valde suspirantem*, contrary to thy usual wont.' He answered: 'No wonder. Thou, son Joeelin, sharest in my good things, in food and drink, in riding and such like; but thou little thinkest concerning the management of House and Family, the various and arduous businesses of the Pastoral Care, which harass me, and make my soul to sigh and be anxious.' Whereto I, lifting up my hands to Heaven: 'From such anxiety, Omnipotent merciful Lord deliver me!' — I have heard the Abbot say, If he had been as he was before he became a Monk, and could have anywhere got five or six mares of income," some three-pound ten of yearly revenue, "whereby to support himself in the schools, he would never have been Monk nor Abbot. Another time he said with an oath, If he had known what a business it was to govern the Abbey, he would rather have been Almoner, how much rather Keeper of the Books, than Abbot and Lord. That latter office he said he had always longed for, beyond any other. *Quis talia crederet?*" concludes Jocelin, "Who can believe such things?"

Three-pound ten, and a life of Literature, especially of quiet Literature, without copyright, or world-ecelebrity of literary-gazettes, — yes, thou brave Abbot Samson, for thyself it had been better, easier, perhaps also nobler! But then, for thy disobedient Monks, unjust Viscounts; for a Domain of St. Edmund overgrown with Solecisms, human and other, it had not been so well. Nay neither could *thy* Literature, never so quiet, have been easy. Literature, when noble, is not easy; but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one; — rather a hard fight at times,

even with the three-pound ten secure. Thou, there where thou art, wrestle and duel along, cheerfully to the end; and make no remarks!

CHAPTER XIII.

IN PARLIAMENT.

OF Abbot Samson's public business we say little, though that also was great. He had to judge the people as Justice Errant, to decide in weighty arbitrations and public controversies; to equip his *milites*, send them duly in war-time to the King; — strive every way that the Commonweal, in his quarter of it, take no damage.

Once, in the confused days of Laekland's usurpation, while Cœur-de-Lion was away, our brave Abbot took helmet himself, having first excommunicated all that should favor Laekland; and led his men in person to the siege of *Windleshora*, what we now call Windsor; where Laekland had intrenched himself, the centre of infinite confusions; some Reform Bill, then as now, being greatly needed. There did Abbot Samson "fight the battle of reform," — with other ammunition, one hopes, than "tremendous cheering" and such like! For these things he was called "the magnanimous Abbot."

He also attended duly in his place in Parliament *de arduis regni*; attended especially, as in *arduissimo*, when "the news reached London that King Richard was a captive in Germany." Here "while all the barons sat to consult," and many of them looked blank enough, "the Abbot started forth, *prosiluit coram omnibus*, in his place in Parliament, and said, That *he* was ready to go and seek his Lord the King, either clandestinely by subterfuge (*in tapinagio*), or by any other method; and search till he found him, and got certain notice of him; he for one! By which word," says Jocelin, "he acquired great praise for himself," — unfeigned commendation from the Able Editors of that age.

By which word;—and also by which *deed*: for the Abbot actually went “with rich gifts to the King in Germany;”¹ Usurper Lackland being first rooted out from Windsor, and the King’s peace somewhat settled.

As to these “rich gifts,” however, we have to note one thing: In all England, as appeared to the Collective Wisdom, there was not like to be treasure enough for ransoming King Richard; in which extremity certain Lords of the Treasury, *Justiciarii ad Scaccarium*, suggested that St. Edmund’s Shrine, covered with thick gold, was still untouched. Could not it, in this extremity, be peeled off, at least in part; under condition, of course, of its being replaced when times mended? The Abbot, starting plumb up, *se erigens*, answered: “Know ye for certain, that I will in nowise do this thing; nor is there any man who could force me to consent thereto. But I will open the doors of the Church: Let him that likes enter; let him that dares come forward!” Emphatic words, which created a sensation round the woolsack. For the Justiciaries of the *Scaccarium* answered, “with oaths, each for himself: ‘I won’t come forward, for my share; nor will I, nor I! The distant and absent who offended him, St. Edmund has been known to punish fearfully; much more will he those close by, who lay violent hands on his coat, and would strip it off!’ These things being said, the Shrine was not meddled with, nor any ransom levied for it.”²

For Lords of the Treasury have in all times their impassable limits, be it by “force of public opinion” or otherwise; and in those days a heavenly Awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought and must, all earthly Business whatsoever.

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, pp. 39, 40.

² *Ib.* p. 71.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY OF ESSEX.

OF St. Edmund's fearful avengements have they not the remarkablest instance still before their eyes? He that will go to Reading Monastery may find there, now tonsured into a mournful penitent Monk, the once proud Henry Earl of Essex; and discern how St. Edmund punishes terribly, yet with mercy! This Narrative is too significant to be omitted as a document of the Time. Our Lord Abbot, once on a visit at Reading, heard the particulars from Henry's own mouth; and thereupon charged one of his monks to write it down; — as accordingly the Monk has done, in ambitious rhetorical Latin; inserting the same, as episode, among Jocelin's garrulous leaves. Read it here; with ancient yet with modern eyes.

Henry Earl of Essex, standard-bearer of England, had high places and emoluments; had a haughty high soul, yet with various flaws, or rather with one many-branched flaw and crack, running through the texture of it. For example, did he not treat Gilbert de Cereville in the most shocking manner? He cast Gilbert into prison; and, with chains and slow tortments, wore the life out of him there. And Gilbert's crime was understood to be only that of innocent Joseph: the Lady Essex was a Potiphar's Wife, and had accused poor Gilbert! Other cracks, and branches of that wide-spread flaw in the Standard-bearer's soul we could point out: but indeed the main stem and trunk of all is too visible in this, That he had no right reverence for the Heavenly in Man, — that far from showing due reverence to St. Edmund, he did not even show him common justice. While others in the Eastern Counties were adorning and enlarging with rich gifts St. Edmund's

resting-place, which had become a city of refuge for many things, this Earl of Essex flatly defrauded him, by violence or quirk of law, of five shillings yearly, and converted said sum to his own poor uses ! Nay, in another case of litigation, the unjust Standard-bearer, for his own profit, asserting that the cause belonged not to St. Edmund's Court, but to *his* in Lailand Hundred, "involved us in travellings and innumerable expenses, vexing the servants of St. Edmund for a long tract of time." In short, he is without reverence for the Heavenly, this Standard-bearer ; reveres only the Earthly, Gold-coined ; and has a most morbid lamentable flaw in the texture of him. It cannot come to good.

Accordingly, the same flaw, or St.-Vitus' *tic*, manifests itself ere long in another way. In the year 1157, he went with his Standard to attend King Henry, our blessed Sovereign (whom *we* saw afterwards at Waltham), in his War with the Welsh. A somewhat disastrous War ; in which while King Henry and his force were struggling to retreat Parthian-like, endless clouds of exasperated Welshmen hemming them in, and now we had come to the "difficult pass of Coleshill," and as it were to the nick of destruction, — Henry Earl of Essex shrieks out on a sudden (blinded doubtless by his inner flaw, or "evil genius" as some name it), That King Henry is killed, That all is lost, — and flings down his Standard to shift for itself there ! And, certainly enough, all *had* been lost, had all men been as he ; — had not brave men, without such miserable jerking *tic-douloureux* in the souls of them, come dashing up, with blazing swords and looks, and asserted, That nothing was lost yet, that all must be regained yet. In this manner King Henry and his force got safely retreated, Parthian-like, from the pass of Coleshill and the Welsh War.¹ But, once home again, Earl Robert de Montfort, a kinsman of this Standard-bearer's, rises up in the King's Assembly to declare openly that such a man is unfit for bearing English Standards, being in fact either a special traitor, or something almost worse, a coward namely, or universal traitor. Wager of Battle in consequence ; solemn Duel, by the King's appointment, "in a

¹ See Lyttelton's *Henry II.*, ii. 384.

certain Island of the Thames-stream at Reading, *apud Radin-gas*, short way from the Abbey there." King, Peers, and an immense multitude of people, on such scaffoldings and heights as they can come at, are gathered round, to see what issue the business will take. The business takes this bad issue, in our Monk's own words faithfully rendered : —

"And it came to pass, while Robert de Montfort thundered on him manfully (*viriliter intonâsset*) with hard and frequent strokes, and a valiant beginning promised the fruit of victory, Henry of Essex, rather giving way, glanced round on all sides ; and lo, at the rim of the horizon, on the confines of the River and land, he discerned the glorious King and Martyr Edmund, in shining armor, and as if hovering in the air ; looking towards him with severe countenance, nodding his head with a mien and motion of austere anger. At St. Edmund's hand there stood also another Knight, Gilbert de Cereville, whose armor was not so splendid, whose stature was less gigantic : casting vengeful looks at him. This he seeing with his eyes, remembered that old crime brings new shame. And now wholly desperate, and changing reason into violence, he took the part of one blindly attacking, not skilfully defending. Who while he struck fiercely was more fiercely struck ; and so, in short, fell down vanquished, and it was thought slain. As he lay there for dead, his kinsmen, Magnates of England, besought the King, that the Monks of Reading might have leave to bury him. However, he proved not to be dead, but got well again among them ; and now, with recovered health, assuming the Regular Habit, he strove to wipe out the stain of his former life, to cleanse the long week of his dissolute history by at least a purifying sabbath, and cultivate the studies of Virtue into fruits of eternal Felicity."¹

Thus does the Conscience of man project itself athwart whatsoever of knowledge or surmise, of imagination, understanding, faculty, acquirement, or natural disposition, he has in him ; and, like light through colored glass, paint strange pictures "on the rim of the horizon" and elsewhere ! Truly,

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*. p. 52.

this same "sense of the Infinite nature of Duty" is the central part of all with us; a ray as of Eternity and Immortality, innured in dusky many-colored Time, and its deaths and births. Your "colored glass" varies so much from century to century;—and, in certain money-making, game-preserving centuries, it gets so terribly opaque! Not a Heaven with cherubims surrounds you then, but a kind of vacant leaden-colored Hell. One day it will again cease to be *opaque*, this "colored glass." Nay, may it not become at once translucent and *uncolored*? Painting no Pictures more for us, but only the everlasting Azure itself? That will be a right glorious consummation!—

St. Edmund from the horizon's edge, in shining armor, threatening the misdoer in his hour of extreme need: it is beautiful, it is great and true. So old, yet so modern, actual; true yet for every one of us, as for Henry the Earl and Monk! A glimpse as of the Deepest in Man's Destiny, which is the same for all times and ages. Yes, Henry my brother, there in thy extreme need, thy soul is *lamed*; and behold thou canst not so much as fight! For Justice and Reverence *are* the everlasting central Law of this Universe; and to forget them, and have all the Universe against one, God and one's own Self for enemies, and only the Devil and the Dragons for friends, is not that a "lameness" like few? That some shining armed St. Edmund hang minatory on thy horizon, that infinite sulphur-lakes hang minatory, or do not now hang,—this alters no whit the eternal fact of the thing. I say, thy soul is lamed, and the God and all Godlike in it marred: lamed, paralytic, tending towards baleful eternal death, whether thou know it or not;—nay hadst thou never known it, that surely had been worst of all!—

Thus, at any rate, by the heavenly Awe that overshadows earthly Business, does Samson, readily in those days, save St. Edmund's Shrine, and innumerable still more precious things.

CHAPTER XV.

PRACTICAL-DEVOTIONAL.

HERE indeed, by rule of antagonisms, may be the place to mention that, after King Richard's return, there was a liberty of tourneying given to the fighting-men of England: that a Tournament was proclaimed in the Abbot's domain, "between Thetford and St. Edmundsbury,"—perhaps in the Euston region, on Fakenham Heights, midway between these two localities: that it was publicly prohibited by our Lord Abbot; and nevertheless was held in spite of him,—and by the parties, as would seem, considered "a gentle and free passage of arms."

Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four-and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the Gates to be closed; the whole party shut in. The morrow was the Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul: no outgate on the morrow. Giving their promise not to depart without permission, those four-and-twenty young bloods dined all that day (*manducaverunt*) with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. "But after dinner,"—mark it, posterity!—"the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Talamus*, they all started up, and began carolling and singing (*carolare et cantare*); sending into the Town for wine; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*);—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of their afternoon's nap; doing all this in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole day till evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order! Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town-Gates, and went off by violence!"¹ Was

¹ *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 40.

the like ever heard of? The roisterous young dogs; earoling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot's sleep, — after that sinful chivalry cockfight of theirs! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether eased in iron or in whalebone, begin to caper and earol on the green Earth! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monks' menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries in St. Edmund's Churchyard, and "from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cutting and the effusion of blood," — our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters, with bell, book and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke.¹ Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed nearly naked, "nothing on but their breeches, *omnino nudi præter femoralia*, and prostrate themselves at the Church-door." Figure that!

In fact, by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay sometimes in his adroit practice there are swift turns almost of a surprising nature! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Ridell, Bishop of Ely, a Prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request; could not, however, give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his Manor-house of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop's men or monks, with a message from his Lordship, "That he now begged permission to cut down the requisite trees in Elmswell Wood," — so said the monk *Elmswell*, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs, instead of *Elmset*, our true *nemus* and high-towering oak-wood,

¹ *Jacelin's Chronica*, p. 68.

here on Melford Manor! Elmswell? The Lord Abbot, in surprise, inquires privily of Richard his Forester; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii* in *Elmset*, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. Abbot Samson thereupon answers the monk: "Elmswell? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes." The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely; but, on the morrow morning, "directly after mass," Abbot Samson too was busy! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl; is ordered back to say that *Elmset* was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at *Elmset*, he finds the Bishop's trees, they "and a hundred more," all felled and piled, and the stamp of St. Edmund's Monastery burnt into them, — for roofing of the great tower we are building there! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for *Glemsford* edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot!

We said withal there was a terrible flash of anger in him: witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebe-lands at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass, our Lord Abbot orders the *Cellerarius* to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevis manu*, and lay up the wood in safe keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers: "I am obliged to chee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet! By God's face, *per os Dei*, I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change aught within the Liberties without consent of Abbot and Convent: and thou hast presumed on such a thing? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills; for the Townsfolk will go to thy mill, and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to!"¹ — The very reverend the old Dean

¹ *Jocelin's Chronica*, p. 43.

totters home again, in all haste; tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii*, to save at least the timber; and Abbot Samson's workmen, coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully down poor old rural Deans, and blow their windmills away: but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers! Abbot Samson too; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St. Edmund, and a principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months; who by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of severer tenor; answered with new deep humilities, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer: "The King can send if he will, and seize the ward: force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure."

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not? Cœur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfullest. *Videat Altissimus*. I reverence Cœur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be *homo suus*; but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the

whole, have I not looked on the face of "Satan with outspread wings;" steadily into Hell-fire these seven-and-forty years; — and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me? Cœur-de-Lion!

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, To be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right; and forgave him, and even loved him. "King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good." Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson! Richard too, I suppose, "loved a man," and knew one when he saw him.

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of wanting worldly wisdom, due interest in worldly things. A skilful man; full of cunning insight, lively interests; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short-cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon. Nay rather it might seem, from Jocelin's Narrative, as if he had his eye all but exclusively directed on terrestrial matters, and was much too secular for a devout man. But this too, if we examine it, was right. For it is *in* the world that a man, devout or other, has his life to lead, his work waiting to be done. The basis of Abbot Samson's, we shall discover, was truly religion, after all. Returning from his dusty pilgrimage, with such welcome as we saw, "he sat down at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine." Not a talking theory, that; no, a silent practice: Thou, St. Edmund, with what lies in thee, thou now must help me, or none will!

This also is a significant fact: the zealous interest our Abbot took in the Crusades. To all noble Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise so noble? "When Henry II., having taken the cross, came to St. Edmund's, to pay his devotions before setting out, the Abbot secretly made for himself a cross of linen cloth: and, holding this in one hand and a threaded needle in the other, asked leave of the King

to assume it." The King could not spare Samson out of England; — the King himself indeed never went. But the Abbot's eye was set on the Holy Sepulchre, as on the spot of this Earth where the true cause of Heaven was deciding itself. "At the retaking of Jerusalem by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair-shirt, and wore under-garments of hair-cloth ever after; he abstained also from flesh and flesh-meats (*carne et carnis*) thenceforth to the end of his life." Like a dark cloud eclipsing the hopes of Christendom, those tidings cast their shadow over St. Edmundsbury too: Shall Samson Abbas take pleasure while Christ's Tomb is in the hands of the Infidel? Samson, in pain of body, shall daily be reminded of it, daily be admonished to grieve for it.

The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the Earth; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendor over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else, — making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be! — The "imaginative faculties?" "Rude poetic ages?" The "primeval poetic element?" Oh, for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity! —

And truly, as we said above, is not this comparative silence of Abbot Samson as to his religion precisely the healthiest sign of him and of it? "The Unconscious is the alone Complete." Abbot Samson all along a busy working man, as all men are bound to be, his religion, his worship was like his daily bread to him; — which he did not take the trouble to

talk much about ; which he merely ate at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon ! This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the Twelfth Century ; — something like the *Isms* of all true men in all true centuries, I fancy ! Alas, compared with any of the *Isms* current in these poor days, what a thing ! Compared with the respectablest, morbid, struggling Methodism, never so earnest ; with the respectablest, ghastly, dead o galvanized Dilettantism, never so spasmodic !

Methodism with its eye forever turned on its own navel, asking itself with torturing anxiety of Hope and Fear, "Am I right ? am I wrong ? Shall I be saved ? shall I not be damned ?" — what is this, at bottom, but a new phasis of *Egoism*, stretched out into the Infinite ; not always the heavenlier for its infinitude ! Brother, so soon as possible, endeavor to rise above all that. "Thou *art* wrong ; thou art like to be damned : " consider that as the fact, reconcile thyself even to that, if thou be a man ; — then first is the devouring Universe subdued under thee, and from the black murk of midnight and noise of greedy Acheron, dawn as of an everlasting morning, how far above all Hope and all Fear, springs for thee, enlightening thy steep path, awakening in thy heart celestial Memnon's music !

But of our Dilettantisms, and galvanized Dilettantisms ; of Puseyism — O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism, in comparison to Twelfth-Century Catholicism ? Little or nothing ; for indeed it is a matter to strike one dumb.

The Builder of this Universe was wise,
He plann'd all souls, all systems, planets, particles :
The Plan He shap'd all Worlds and Æons by,
Was — Heavens ! — Was thy small Nine-and-thirty Articles ?

That certain human souls, living on this practical Earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudations of *the* Church, instead of some unnoisy, unconscious, but *practical*, total, heart-and-soul demonstration of *a* Church : this, in the circle of revolving ages, this also was a thing we were to see. A kind of penultimate thing, precursor of very strange consummations ;

last thing but one? If there is no atmosphere, what will it serve a man to demonstrate the excellence of lungs? How much profitabler, when you can, like Abbot Samson, breathe; and go along your way!

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. EDMUND.

ABBOT SAMSON built many useful, many pious edifices; human dwellings, churches, church-steeples, barns; — all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood. He built and endowed “the Hospital of Babwell;” built “fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury Schools.” Many are the roofs once “thatched with reeds” which he “caused to be covered with tiles;” or if they were churches, probably “with lead.” For all ruinous incomplete things, buildings or other, were an eye-sorrow to the man. We saw his “great tower of St. Edmund’s;” or at least the roof-timbers of it, lying cut and stamped in Elmset Wood. To change combustible decaying reed-thatch into tile or lead; and material, still more, moral wreck into rain-tight order, what a comfort to Samson!

One of the things he could not in any wise but rebuild was the great Altar, aloft on which stood the Shrine itself; the great Altar, which had been damaged by fire, by the careless rubbish and careless candle of two somnolent Monks, one night, — the Shrine escaping almost as if by miracle! Abbot Samson read his Monks a severe lecture: “A Dream one of us had, that he saw St. Edmund naked and in lamentable plight. Know ye the interpretation of that Dream? St. Edmund proclaims himself naked, because ye defraud the naked Poor of your old clothes, and give with reluctance what ye are bound to give them of meat and drink: the idleness moreover and negligence of the Sacristan and his people is too evident from the late misfortune by fire. Well might our Holy

Martyr seem to lie cast out from his Shrine, and say with groans that he was stript of his garments, and wasted with hunger and thirst !”

This is Abbot Samson’s interpretation of the Dream ;—diametrically the reverse of that given by the Monks themselves, who scruple not to say privily, “It is *we* that are the naked and famished limbs of the Martyr ; we whom the Abbot curtails of all our privileges, setting his own official to control our very Cellarer !” Abbot Samson adds, that this judgment by fire has fallen upon them for murmuring about their meat and drink.

Clearly enough, meanwhile, the Altar, whatever the burning of it mean or foreshadow, must needs be re-edified. Abbot Samson re-edifies it, all of polished marble ; with the highest stretch of art and sumptuosity, re-embellishes the Shrine for which it is to serve as pediment. Nay farther, as had ever been among his prayers, he enjoys, he sinner, a glimpse of the glorious Martyr’s very Body in the process ; having solemnly opened the *Loculus*, Chest or sacred Coffin, for that purpose. It is the culminating moment of Abbot Samson’s life. Bozzy Jocelin himself rises into a kind of Psalmist solemnity on this occasion ; the laziest monk “weeps” warm tears, as *Te Deum* is sung.

Very strange ;—how far vanished from us in these unworshipping ages of ours ! The Patriot Hampden, best beatified man we have, had lain in like manner some two centuries in his narrow home, when certain dignitaries of us, “and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys,” raised him also up, under cloud of night, cut off his arm with penknives, pulled the scalp off his head,—and otherwise worshipped our Hero Saint in the most amazing manner !¹ Let the modern eye look earnestly on that old midnight hour in St. Edmundsbury Church, shining yet on us, ruddy-bright, through the depths of seven hundred years ; and consider mournfully what our Hero-worship once was, and what it now is ! We translate with all the fidelity we can :—

“The Festival of St. Edmund now approaching, the marble

¹ *Annual Register* (year 1828, Chronicle, p. 93), *Gentleman’s Magazine*, &c. &c.

blocks are polished, and all things are in readiness for lifting of the Shrine to its new place. A fast of three days was held by all the people, the cause and meaning thereof being publicly set forth to them. The Abbot announces to the Convent that all must prepare themselves for transferring of the Shrine, and appoints time and way for the work. Coming therefore that night to matins, we found the great Shrine (*feretrum magnum*) raised upon the Altar, but empty; covered all over with white doeskin leather, fixed to the wood with silver nails; but one panel of the Shrine was left down below, and resting thereon, beside its old column of the Church, the Loculus with the Sacred Body yet lay where it was wont. Praises being sung, we all proceeded to commence our disciplines (*ad disciplinas suscipiendas*). These finished, the Abbot and certain with him are clothed in their albs; and, approaching reverently, set about uncovering the Loculus. There was an outer cloth of linen, enwrapping the Loculus and all; this we found tied on the upper side with strings of its own. within this was a cloth of silk, and then another linen cloth, and then a third; and so at last the Loculus was uncovered, and seen resting on a little tray of wood, that the bottom of it might not be injured by the stone. Over the breast of the Martyr, there lay, fixed to the surface of the Loculus, a Golden Angel about the length of a human foot; holding in one hand a golden sword, and in the other a banner: under this there was a hole in the lid of the Loculus, on which the ancient servants of the Martyr had been wont to lay their hands for touching the Sacred Body. And over the figure of the Angel was this verse inscribed:—

*Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma.*¹

At the head and foot of the Loculus were iron rings whereby it could be lifted.

“Lifting the Loculus and Body, therefore, they carried it to the Altar; and I put to my sinful hand to help in carrying, though the Abbot had commanded that none should approach except called. And the Loculus was placed in the Shrine;

¹ “This is the Martyr’s Garment, which Michael’s Image guards.”

and the panel it had stood on was put in its place, and the Shrine for the present closed. We all thought that the Abbot would show the Loculus to the people; and bring out the Sacred Body again, at a certain period of the Festival. But in this we were woefully mistaken, as the sequel shows.

“For in the fourth holiday of the Festival, while the Convent were all singing *Completorium*, our Lord Abbot spoke privily with the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus; and order was taken that twelve of the Brethren should be appointed against midnight, who were strong for carrying the panel-planks of the Shrine, and skilful in unfixing them, and putting them together again. The Abbot then said that it was among his prayers to look once upon the Body of his Patron; and that he wished the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus to be with him. The Twelve appointed Brethren were these: The Abbot’s two Chaplains, the two Keepers of the Shrine, the two Masters of the Vestry; and six more, namely, the Sacristan Hugo, Walter the Medicus, Augustin, William of Dice, Robert, and Richard. I, alas, was not of the number.

“The Convent therefore being all asleep, these Twelve, clothed in their albs, with the Abbot, assembled at the Altar; and opening a panel of the Shrine, they took out the Loculus; laid it on a table, near where the Shrine used to be; and made ready for unfastening the lid, which was joined and fixed to the Loculus with sixteen very long nails. Which when, with difficulty, they had done, all except the two forenamed associates are ordered to draw back. The Abbot and they two were alone privileged to look in. The Loculus was so filled with the Sacred Body that you could scarcely put a needle between the head and the wood, or between the feet and the wood: the head lay united to the body, a little raised with a small pillow. But the Abbot, looking close, found now a silk cloth veiling the whole Body, and then a linen cloth of wondrous whiteness; and upon the head was spread a small linen cloth, and then another small and most fine silk cloth, as if it were the veil of a nun. These coverings being lifted off, they found now the Sacred Body all wrapt in linen; and so at length the lineaments of the same appeared. But here

the Abbot stopped; saying he durst not proceed farther, or look at the sacred flesh naked. Taking the head between his hands, he thus spake, groaning: 'Glorious Martyr, holy Edmund, blessed be the hour when thou wert born. Glorious Martyr, turn it not to my perdition that I have so dared to touch thee, I miserable and sinful; thou knowest my devout love, and the intention of my mind.' And proceeding, he touched the eyes; and the nose, which was very massive and prominent (*valde grossum et valde eminentem*); and then he touched the breast and arms; and raising the left arm he touched the fingers, and placed his own fingers between the sacred fingers. And proceeding he found the feet standing stiff up, like the feet of a man dead yesterday; and he touched the toes and counted them (*tangendo numeravit*).

"And now it was agreed that the other Brethren should be called forward to see the miracles; and accordingly those ten now advanced, and along with them six others who had stolen in without the Abbot's assent, namely, Walter of St. Alban's, Hugh the Infirmirarius, Gilbert brother of the Prior, Richard of Henham, Jocellus our Cellarer, and Turstan the Little; and all these saw the Saered Body, but Turstan alone of them put forth his hand, and touched the Saint's knees and feet. And that there might be abundance of witnesses, one of our Brethren, John of Dice, sitting on the roof of the Church, with the servants of the Vestry, and looking through, clearly saw all these things."

What a scene; shining luminous effulgent, as the lamps of St. Edmund do, through the dark Night; John of Dice, with vestrymen, clambering on the roof to look through; the Convent all asleep, and the Earth all asleep, — and since then, Seven Centuries of Time mostly gone to sleep! Yes, there, sure enough, is the martyred Body of Edmund, landlord of the Eastern Counties, who, nobly doing what he liked with his own, was slain three hundred years ago: and a noble awe surrounds the memory of him, symbol and promoter of many other right noble things.

But have not we now advanced to strange new stages of

Hero-worship, now in the little Church of Hampden, with our penknives out, and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys? The manner of men's Hero-worship, verily it is the innermost fact of their existence, and determines all the rest,—at public hustings, in private drawing-rooms, in church, in market, and wherever else. Have true reverence, and what indeed is inseparable therefrom, reverence the right man, all is well; have sham-reverence, and what also follows, greet with it the wrong man, then all is ill, and there is nothing well. Alas, if Hero-worship become Dilettantism, and all except Mammonism be a vain grimace, how much, in this most earnest Earth, has gone and is evermore going to fatal destruction, and lies wasting in quiet lazy ruin, no man regarding it! Till at length no heavenly *Ism* any longer coming down upon us, *Isms* from the other quarter have to mount up. For the Earth, I say, is an earnest place; Life is no grimace, but a most serious fact. And so, under universal Dilettantism much having been stript bare, not the souls of men only, but their very bodies and bread-cupboards having been stript bare, and life now no longer possible,—all is reduced to desperation, to the iron law of Necessity and very Fact again; and to temper Dilettantism, and astonish it, and burn it up with infernal fire, arises Chartism, *Bare-back-ism*, Sansculottism so called! May the gods, and what of unworshipped heroes still remain among us, avert the omen!—

But however this may be, St. Edmund's Loculus, we find, has the veils of silk and linen reverently replaced, the lid fastened down again with its sixteen ancient nails; is wrapt in a new costly covering of silk, the gift of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury: and through the sky-window John of Dice sees it lifted to its place in the Shrine, the panels of this latter duly refixed, fit parchment documents being introduced withal;—and now John and his vestrymen can slide down from the roof, for all is over, and the Convent wholly awakens to matins. "When we assembled to sing matins," says Jocelin, "and understood what had been done, grief took hold of all that had not seen these things, each saying to himself, 'Alas, I was

deceived.' Matins over, the Abbot called the Convent to the great Altar; and briefly recounting the matter, alleged that it had not been in his power, nor was it permissible or fit, to invite us all to the sight of such things. At hearing of which, we all wept, and with tears sang *Te Deum laudamus*; and hastened to toll the bells in the Choir."

Stupid blockheads, to reverence their St. Edmund's dead Body in this manner? Yes, brother; — and yet, on the whole, who knows how to reverence the Body of a Man? It is the most reverend phenomenon under this Sun. For the Highest God dwells visible in that mystic unfathomable Visibility, which calls itself "I" on the Earth. "Bending before men," says Novalis, "is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human Body." And the Body of one Dead; — a temple where the Hero-soul once was and now is not: Oh, all mystery, all pity, all mute awe and wonder; *Supernaturalism* brought home to the very dullest; Eternity laid open, and the nether Darkness and the upper Light-Kingdoms, do conjoin there, or exist nowhere. Sauerteig used to say to me, in his peculiar way: "A Chancery Lawsuit; justice, nay justice in mere money, denied a man, for all his pleading, till twenty, till forty years of his Life are gone seeking it: and a Cockney Funeral, Death revered by hatchments, horse-hair, brass-lacquer, and unconcerned bipeds carrying long poles and bags of black silk: — are not these two reverences, this reverence for Death and that reverence for Life, a notable pair of reverences among you English?"

Abbot Samson, at this culminating point of his existence, may, and indeed must, be left to vanish with his Life-scenery from the eyes of modern men. He had to run into France, to settle with King Richard for the military service there of his St. Edmundsbury Knights; and with great labor got it done. He had to decide on the dilapidated Coventry Monks; and with great labor, and much pleading and journeying, got them reinstated; dined with them all, and with the "Masters of the Schools of Oxneford," — the veritable Oxford *Caput* sitting there at dinner, in a dim but undeniable manner, in the City of Peeping Tom! He had, not without labor, to controvert

the intrusive Bishop of Ely, the intrusive Abbot of Cluny. Magnanimous Samson, his life is but a labor and a journey ; a bustling and a justling, till the still Night come. He is sent for again, over sea, to advise King Richard touching certain Peers of England, who had taken the Cross, but never followed it to Palestine ; whom the Pope is inquiring after. The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure ; departs, and — And Jocelin's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are no words more ; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable : the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric-machinery, suddenly quits hold ; impenetrable Time-Curtains rush down ; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void ; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real-phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's Vision ; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black Ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and diletanti pasturing in their places.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGINNINGS.

WHAT a singular shape of a Man, shape of a Time, have we in this Abbot Samson and his history ; how strangely do modes, creeds, formularies, and the date and place of a man's birth, modify the figure of the man !

Formulas too, as we call them, have a *reality* in Human Life. They are real as the very *skin* and *muscular tissue* of a Man's Life ; and a most blessed indispensable thing, so long as they have *vitality* withal, and are a *living* skin and tissue to him ! No man, or man's life, can go abroad and do business in the world without skin and tissues. No : first of all, these have

to fashion themselves, — as indeed they spontaneously and inevitably do. Foam itself, and this is worth thinking of, can harden into oyster-shell; all living objects do by necessity form to themselves a skin.

And yet, again, when a man's Formulas become *dead*; as all Formulas, in the progress of living growth, are very sure to do! When the poor man's integuments, no longer nourished from within, become dead skin, mere adscititious leather and callosity, wearing thicker and thicker, uglier and uglier; till no *heart* any longer can be felt beating through them, so thick, callous, calcified are they; and all over it has now grown mere calcified oyster-shell, or were it polished mother-of-pearl, inwards almost to the very heart of the poor man: — yes then, you may say, his usefulness once more is quite obstructed; once more, he cannot go abroad and do business in the world; it is time that *he* take to bed, and prepare for departure, which cannot now be distant!

Ubi homines sunt modi sunt. Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength; if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. — From Stoke to Stowe is as yet a field, all pathless, untrodden: from Stoke where I live, to Stowe where I have to make my merchandises, perform my businesses, consult my heavenly oracles, there is as yet no path or human footprint; and I, impelled by such necessities, must nevertheless undertake the journey. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footprints are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way. It is easier than any other way: the industry of "scanning" lies already invested in it for me; I can go this time with less of scanning, or without scanning at all. Nay the very sight of my footprints, what a comfort for me; and in a degree, for all my brethren of mankind! The footprints are trodden and retrodden; the path wears ever broader, smoother, into a broad highway, where even wheels can run; and many travel it; — till — till the Town of Stowe disappear from that locality (as towns have been known to do), or no merchandising, heavenly oracle, or real business any longer exist for one there: then why should

anybody travel the way? — Habit is our primal, fundamental law; Habit and Imitation. there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all Working and all Apprenticeship, of all Practice and all Learning, in this world.

Yes, the wise man too speaks, and acts, in Formulas; all men do so. And in general, the more completely cased with Formulas a man may be, the safer, happier is it for him. Thou who, in an All of rotten Formulas, seemest to stand nigh bare, having indignantly shaken off the superannuated rags and unsound callosities of Formulas, — consider how thou too art still clothed! This English Nationality, whatsoever from uncounted ages is genuine and a fact among thy native People, in their words and ways: all this, has it not made for thee a skin or second-skin, adhesive actually as thy natural skin? This thou hast not stript off, this thou wilt never strip off: the humor that thy mother gave thee has to show itself through this. A common, or it may be an uncommon Englishman thou art: but, good Heavens, what sort of Arab, Chinaman, Jew-Clothesman, Turk, Hindoo, African Mandingo, wouldst thou have been, *thou* with those mother-qualities of thine!

It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full Church, Court-house, London-Tavern Meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two of years ago, all these were little red-colored pulpy infants; each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you chose: yet see now how they are fixed and hardened, — into artisans, artists, clergy, gentry, learned serjeants, unlearned dandies, and can and shall now be nothing else henceforth!

Mark on that nose the color left by too copious port and viands; to which the profuse cravat with exorbitant breastpin, and the fixed, forward, and as it were menacing glance of the eyes correspond. That is a "Man of Business;" prosperous manufacturer, house-contractor, engineer, law-manager; his eye, nose, cravat have, in such work and fortune, got such a character: deny him not thy praise, thy pity. Pity him too, the Hard-handed, with bony brow, rudely combed hair, eyes looking out as in labor, in difficulty and uncertainty; rude

mouth, the lips coarse, loose, as in hard toil and lifelong fatigue they have got the habit of hanging:—hast thou seen aught more touching than the rude intelligence, so cramped, yet energetic, unsubduable, true, which looks out of that marred visage? Alas, and his poor wife, with her own hands, washed that cotton neck-cloth for him, buttoned that coarse shirt, sent him forth creditably trimmed as she could. In such imprisonment lives he, for his part; man cannot now deliver him: the red pulpy infant has been baked and fashioned *so*.

Or what kind of baking was it that this other brother mortal got, which has baked him into the genus Dandy? Elegant Vacuum; serenely looking down upon all Plenums and Entities as low and poor to his serene Chimeraship and *Nonentity* laboriously attained! Heroic Vacuum; inexpugnable, while purse and present condition of society hold out; curable by no hellebore. The doom of Fate was, Be thou a Dandy! Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses, thy Long-Acre cabs with white-breeched tiger, thy yawning impassivities, pococurantisms; *fix* thyself in Dandyhood, undeliverable; it is thy doom.

And all these, we say, were red-colored infants; of the same pulp and stuff, few years ago; now irretrievably shaped and kneaded as we see! Formulas? There is no mortal extant, out of the depths of Bedlam, but lives all skinned, thatched, covered over with Formulas; and is, as it were, held in from delirium and the Inane by his Formulas! They are withal the most beneficent, indispensable of human equipments: blessed he who has a skin and tissues, so it be a living one, and the heart-pulse everywhere discernible through it. Monachism, Feudalism, with a real King Plantagenet, with real Abbots Samson, and their other living realities, how blessed!

Not without a mournful interest have we surveyed that authentic image of a Time now wholly swallowed. Mournful reflections crowd on us;—and yet consolatory. How many brave men have lived before Agamemnon! Here is a brave governor Samson, a man fearing God, and fearing nothing else; of whom as First Lord of the Treasury, as King, Chief Editor, High Priest, we could be so glad and proud; of whom nevertheless Fame has altogether forgotten to make mention! The

faint image of him, revived in this hour, is found in the gossip of one poor Monk, and in Nature nowhere else. Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him altogether, even to the echo of his ever having existed. What regiments and hosts and generations of such has Oblivion already swallowed! Their crumbled dust makes up the soil our life-fruit grows on. Said I not, as my old Norse Fathers taught me, The Life-tree Igdrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots down deep in the oldest Death-King doms; and grows; the three Nornas, or *Times*, Past, Present, Future, watering it from the Sacred Well!

For example, who taught thee to *speak*? From the day when two hairy-naked or fig-leaved Human Figures began, as uncomfortable dummies, anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another; and endeavored, with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful pantomime and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner, — up to the writing of this present copyright Book, which also is not very successful! Between that day and this, I say, there has been a pretty space of time; a pretty spell of work, which *somebody* has done! Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer? No heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for; and needed to shape and coin a word for, — what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like? For every word we have, there was such a man and poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor, and bold questionable originality. “Thy very ATTENTION, does it not mean an *attentio*, a STRETCHING-TO?” Fancy that act of the mind, which all were conscious of, which none had yet named, — when this new “poet” first felt bound and driven to name it! His questionable originality, and new glowing metaphor, was found adoptable, intelligible; and remains our name for it to this day.

Literature: — and look at Paul’s Cathedral, and the Masonries and Worshipings and Quasi-Worshipings that are there; not to speak of Westminster Hall and its wigs! Men had not a hammer to begin with, not a syllabled articulation: they had it all to make; — and they have made it. What thousand thou-

sand articulate, semi-articulate, earnest-stammering *Prayers* ascending up to Heaven, from hut and cell, in many lands, in many centuries, from the fervent kindled souls of innumerable men, each struggling to pour itself forth incompletely, as it might, before the incompletest *Liturgy* could be compiled ! The Liturgy, or adoptable and generally adopted Set of Prayers and Prayer-Method, was what we can call the Select Adoptabilities, "Select Beauties" well edited (by Œcumenic Councils and other Useful-Knowledge Societies) from that wide waste imbroglio of Prayers already extant and accumulated, good and bad. The good were found adoptable by men ; were gradually got together, well-edited, accredited : the bad, found inappropriate, unadoptable, were gradually forgotten, disused and burnt. It is the way with human things. The first man who, looking with open soul on this august Heaven and Earth, this Beautiful and Awful, which we name Nature, Universe and such like, the essence of which remains forever UNNAMABLE ; he who first, gazing into this, fell on his knees awestruck, in silence as is likeliest, — he, driven by inner necessity, the "audacious original" that he was, had done a thing, too, which all thoughtful hearts saw straightway to be an expressive, altogether adoptable thing ! To bow the knee was ever since the attitude of supplication. Earlier than any spoken Prayers, *Litanias*, or *Leitourgias* ; the beginning of all Worship, — which needed but a beginning, so rational was it. What a poet he ! Yes, this bold original was a successful one withal. The well-head this one, hidden in the primeval dusks and distances, from whom as from a Nile-source all *Forms of Worship* flow : — such a Nile-river (somewhat muddy and malarious now !) of Forms of Worship sprang there, and flowed, and flows, down to Puseyism, Rotatory Calabash, Archbishop Laud at St. Catherine Creed's, and perhaps lower !

Things rise, I say, in that way. The *Iliad* Poem, and indeed most other poetic, especially epic things, have risen as the Liturgy did. The great *Iliad* in Greece, and the small *Robin Hood's Garland* in England, are each, as I understand, the well-edited "Select Beauties" of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and

countries. Think what strumming of the seven-stringed heroic lyre, torturing of the less heroic fiddle-catgut, in Hellenic Kings' Courts, and English wayside Public Houses; and beating of the studious Poetic brain, and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of Poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of a Will Scarlet or Wakefield Pindar, could be adequately sung! Honor to you, ye nameless great and greatest ones, ye long-forgotten brave!

Nor was the Statute *De Tallagio non concedendo*, nor any Statute, Law-method, Lawyer's-wig, much less were the Statute-Book and Four Courts, with Coke upon Lyttelton and Three Estates of Parliament in the rear of them, got together without human labor,—mostly forgotten now! From the time of Cain's slaying Abel by swift head-breakage, to this time of killing your man in Chancery by inches, and slow heart-break for forty years,—there too is an interval! Venerable Justice herself began by Wild-Justice; all Law is as a tamed furrow-field, slowly worked out, and rendered arable, from the waste jungle of Club-Law. Valiant Wisdom tilling and draining; escorted by owl-eyed Pedantry, by owlish and vulturish and many other forms of Folly;—the valiant Husbandman assiduously tilling; the blind greedy enemy *too* assiduously sowing tares! It is because there is yet in venerable wigged Justice some wisdom, amid such mountains of wiggeries and folly, that men have not cast her into the River; that she still sits there, like Dryden's Head in the *Battle of the Books*,—a huge helmet, a huge mountain of greased parchment, of unclean horse-hair, first striking the eye; and then in the innermost corner, visible at last, in size as a hazelnut, a real fraction of God's Justice, perhaps not yet unattainable to some, surely still indispensable to all;—and men know not what to do with her! Lawyers were not all pedants, voluminous voracious persons; Lawyers too were poets, were heroes,—or their Law had been past the Nore long before this time. Their Owlisms, Vulturisms, to an incredible extent, will disappear by and by, their Heroisms only remaining, and the helmet be reduced to something like the size of the head, we hope!—

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-aered World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us; they, — honor to them; they, in *spite* of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them: All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with; and yet Wren built St. Paul's: not an articulated syllable; and yet there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic-School, Coekney-School, and other Literatures; — once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble; waiting terribly to be "well-edited" and "well-burnt"! Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even a distaff; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at twopence an ell.

Work? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called "Fame" into total silence for a wise man? For fools and unreflective persons, she is and will be very noisy, this "Fame," and talks of her "immortals" and so forth: but if you will consider it, what is she? Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody *said* anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honorable Sir Jabesh Windbag can be made something by Parlia-

mentary Majorities and Leading Articles? Her "immortals"! Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakspeare or so; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him; — and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences, all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other such? She begins to be uncertain as to what they were, whether spirits or men of mould, — gods, charlatans; begins sometimes to have a misgiving that they were mere symbols, ideas of the mind; perhaps nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming, foolishest, unmusicallest of fowls that fly; and needs no "trumpet," I think, but her own enormous goose-throat, — measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her "wings," in these days, have grown far swifter than ever; but her goose-throat hitherto seems only larger, louder and foolisher than ever. *She* is transitory, futile, a goose-goddess: — if she were not transitory, what would become of us! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all; all, even to the very Wodans; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too; feels *it* no hardship, but a comfort; counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often made his strong heart sigh. Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose-voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidancee for any Son of Adam? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the "small still voices" will speak to him better; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumor is short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand thou by that; and let "Fame" and the rest of it go prating.

"Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.'"

GOETHE.

BOOK III.

THE MODERN WORKER.



CHAPTER I.

PHENOMENA.

BUT, it is said, our religion is gone: we no longer believe in St. Edmund, no longer see the figure of him "on the rim of the sky," minatory or confirmatory! God's absolute Laws, sanctioned by an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell, have become Moral Philosophies, sanctioned by able computations of Profit and Loss, by weak considerations of Pleasures of Virtue and the Moral Sublime.

It is even so. To speak in the ancient dialect, we "have forgotten God;" — in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the Fact of this Universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal Substance of things, and opened them only to the Shows and Shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattle-fold and Workhouse, with most extensive Kitchen-ranges, Dining-tables, — whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the Truth of this Universe is uncertain; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man.

There is no longer any God for us! God's Laws are become a Greatest-Happiness Principle, a Parliamentary Expediency: the Heavens overarch us only as an Astronomical

Time-keeper; a butt for Herschel-telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at:— in our and old Jonson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him; and now, after the due period,— begins to find the want of it! This is verily the plague-spot; centre of the universal Social Gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and tap-root, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison-exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour.

For actually this is *not* the real fact of the world; the world is not made so, but otherwise!— Truly, any Society setting out from this No-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two. The *Unveracities*, escorted, each Unveracity of them by its corresponding Misery and Penalty; the Phantasms and Fatuities, and ten-years Corn-Law Debatings, that shall walk the Earth at noonday,— must needs be numerous! The Universe *being* intrinsically a Perhaps, being too probably an “infinite Humbug,” why should any minor Humbug astonish us? It is all according to the order of Nature; and Phantasms riding with huge clatter along the streets, from end to end of our existence, astonish nobody. Enchanted St. Ives' Workhouses and Joe-Manton Aristocracies; giant Working Mammonism near strangled in the partridge-nets of giant-looking Idle Dilettantism,— this, in all its branches, in its thousand-thousand modes and figures, is a sight familiar to us.

The Popish Religion, we are told, flourishes extremely in these years; and is the most vivacious-looking religion to be met with at present. “*Elle a trois cents ans dans le ventre,*”

counts M. Jouffroy; "*c'est pourquoi je la respecte!*" — The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious to kneel so long while they cart him through the streets to bless the people on *Corpus-Christi* Day, complains of rheumatism; whereupon his Cardinals consult; construct him, after some study, a stuffed cloaked figure, of iron and wood, with wool or baked hair; and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands: the rump with its cloaks kneels, the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on *Corpus-Christi* Day, as well as they can.

I have considered this amphibious Pope, with the wool-and-iron back, with the flesh head and hands; and endeavored to calculate his horoscope. I reckon him the remarkablest Pontiff that has darkened God's daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years. Nay, since Chaos first shivered, and "sneezed," as the Arabs say, with the first shaft of sunlight shot through it, what stranger product was there of Nature and Art working together? Here is a Supreme Priest who believes God to be — What, in the name of God, *does* he believe God to be? — and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax-candles, organ-blasts, Gregorian chants, mass-brayings, purple monsignori, wool-and-iron rumps, artistically spread out, — to save the ignorant from worse.

O reader, I say not who are Belial's elect. This poor amphibious Pope too gives loaves to the Poor; has in him more good latent than he is himself aware of. His poor Jesuits, in the late Italian Cholera, were, with a few German Doctors, the only creatures whom dastard terror had not driven mad: they descended fearless into all gulfs and bedlams; watched over the pillow of the dying, with help, with counsel and hope; shone as luminous fixed stars, when all else had gone out in chaotic night: honor to them! This poor Pope, — who knows what good is in him? In a Time otherwise too prone to forget, he keeps up the mournfulest ghastly memorial of

the Highest, Blessedest, which once was; which, in new fit forms, will again partly have to be. Is he not as a perpetual death's-head and cross-bones, with their *Resurgam*, on the grave of a Universal Heroism, — grave of a Christianity? Such Noblenesses, purchased by the world's best heart's-blood, must not be lost; we cannot afford to lose them, in what confusions soever. To all of us the day will come, to a few of us it has already come, when no mortal, with his heart yearning for a "Divine Humility," or other "Highest form of Valor," will need to look for it in death's-heads, but will see it round him in here and there a beautiful living head.

Besides, there is in this poor Pope, and his practice of the Scenic Theory of Worship, a frankness which I rather honor. Not half and half, but with undivided heart does *he* set about worshipping by stage-machinery; as if there were now, and could again be, in Nature no other. He will ask you, What other? Under this my Gregorian Chant, and beautiful wax-light Phantasmagory, kindly hidden from you is an Abyss, of Black Doubt, Scepticism, nay Sansculottic Jacobinism; an Orcus that has no bottom. Think of that. "Groby Pool is thatched with pancakes," — as Jeannie Deans's Innkeeper defied it to be! The Bottomless of Scepticism, Atheism, Jacobinism, behold, it is thatched over, hidden from your despair, by stage-properties judiciously arranged. This stuffed rump of mine saves not me only from rheumatism, but you also from what other *isms*! In this your Life-pilgrimage No-whither, a fine Squallacci marching-music, and Gregorian Chant, accompanies you, and the hollow Night of Orcus is well hid!

Yes truly, few men that worship by the rotatory Calabash of the Calmucks do it in half so great, frank or effectual a way. Drury-Lane, it is said, and that is saying much, might learn from him in the dressing of parts, in the arrangement of lights and shadows. He is the greatest Play-actor that at present draws salary in this world. Poor Pope; and I am told he is fast growing bankrupt too; and will, in a measurable term of years (a great way *within* the "three hundred"), not have a penny to make his pot boil! His old rheumatic

back will then get to rest ; and himself and his stage-properties sleep well in Chaos forevermore.

Or, alas, why go to Rome for Phantasms walking the streets ? Phantasms, ghosts, in this midnight hour, hold jubilee, and screech and jabber ; and the question rather were, What high Reality anywhere is yet awake ? Aristocracy has become Phantasm-Aristocracy, no longer able to *do* its work, not in the least conscious that it has any work longer to do. Unable, totally careless to *do* its work ; careful only to clamor for the *wages* of doing its work, — nay for higher, and *palpably* undue wages, and Corn-Laws and *increase* of rents ; the old rate of wages not being adequate now ! In hydra-wrestle, giant "*Millocracy*" so called, a real giant, though as yet a blind one and but half awake, wrestles and wrings in choking nightmare, "like to be strangled in the partridge-nets of Phantasm-Aristocracy," as we said, which fancies itself still to be a giant. Wrestles, as under nightmare, till it do awaken ; and gasps and struggles thousand-fold, we may say, in a truly painful manner, through all fibres of our English Existence, in these hours and years ! Is our poor English Existence wholly becoming a Nightmare ; full of mere Phantasms ? —

The Champion of England, cased in iron or tin, rides into Westminster Hall, "being lifted into his saddle with little assistance," and there asks, If in the four quarters of the world, under the cope of Heaven, is any man or demon that dare question the right of this King ? Under the cope of Heaven no man makes intelligible answer, — as several men ought already to have done. Does not this Champion too know the world ; that it is a huge Imposture, and bottomless Inanity, thatched over with bright cloth and other ingenious tissues ? Him let us leave there, questioning all men and demons.

Him we have left to his destiny ; but whom else have we found ? From this the highest apex of things, downwards through all strata and breadths, how many fully awakened Realities have we fallen in with : — alas, on the contrary, what troops and populations of Phantasms, not God-Veracities

but Devil-Falsities, down to the very lowest stratum, — which now, by such superincumbent weight of Unveracities, lies enchanted in St. Ives' Workhouses, broad enough, helpless enough! You will walk in no public thoroughfare or remotest byway of English Existence but you will meet a man, an interest of men, that has given up hope in the Everlasting, True, and placed its hope in the Temporary, half or wholly False. The Honorable Member complains unmusically that there is "devil's-dust" in Yorkshire cloth. Yorkshire cloth, — why, the very Paper I now write on is made, it seems, partly of plaster-lime well smoothed, and obstructs my writing! You are lucky if you can find now any good Paper, — any work really *done*; search where you will, from highest Phantasm apex to lowest Enchanted basis.

Consider, for example, that great Hat seven-feet high, which now perambulates London Streets; which my Friend Sauerteig regarded justly as one of our English notabilities; "the topmost point as yet," said he, "would it were your culminating and returning point, to which English Puffery has been observed to reach!" — The Hatter in the Strand of London, instead of making better felt-hats than another, mounts a huge lath-and-plaster Hat, seven feet high, upon wheels; sends a man to drive it through the streets; hoping to be saved *thereby*. He has not attempted to *make* better hats, as he was appointed by the Universe to do, and as with this ingenuity of his he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to *persuade* us that he has made such! He too knows that the Quack has become God. Laugh not at him, O reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to be comic; he is fast becoming tragic. To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a Doom's-blast! I have to say to myself in old dialect: "God's blessing is not written on all this; His curse is written on all this!" Unless perhaps the Universe *be* a chimera; — some old totally deranged eight-day clock, dead as brass; which the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with? — To my Friend Sauerteig this poor seven-feet

Hat-manufacturer, as the topstone of English Puffery, was very notable.

Alas, that we natives note him little, that we view him as a thing of course, is the very burden of the misery. We take it for granted, the most rigorous of us, that all men who have made anything are expected and entitled to make the loudest possible proclamation of it, and call on a discerning public to reward them for it. Every man his own trumpeter; that is, to a really alarming extent, the accepted rule. Make loudest possible proclamation of your Hat: true proclamation if that will do; if that will not do, then false proclamation, — to such extent of falsity as will serve your purpose; as will not seem too false to be credible! — I answer, once for all, that the fact is not so. Nature requires no man to make proclamation of his doings and hat-makings; Nature forbids all men to make such. There is not a man or hat-maker born into the world but feels, or has felt, that he is degrading himself if he speak of his excellencies and prowesses, and supremacy in his craft: his inmost heart says to him, "Leave thy friends to speak of these; if possible, thy enemies to speak of these; but at all events, thy friends!" He feels that he is already a poor braggart; fast hastening to be a falsity and speaker of the Untruth.

Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no Twenty-seven Millions of men. Show me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a Nation travelling with one assent on the broad way. The broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills and Duke's Palaces it may have. Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent Valor, will this Nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel-crowns; but only to the brave and true: *Unnature*, what we call Chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs.

What are Twenty-seven Millions, and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature and All Men say otherwise.

"Rhetoric all this?" No, my brother, very singular to say, it is Fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer: but it will be brought to mind again, — unless indeed the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they *can* walk on vacancy. Unanimity of the Twenty-seven Millions will do nothing; walk not thou with them; fly from them as for thy life. Twenty-seven Millions travelling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats heaven-high, are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, towards the *firm-land's end*, — towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness, Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life. Their noble ancestors have fashioned for them a "life-road;" — in how many thousand senses, this! There is not an old wise Proverb on their tongue, an honest Principle articulated in their hearts into utterance, a wise true method of doing and despatching any work or commerce of men, but helps yet to carry them forward. Life is still possible to them, because all is not yet Puffery, Falsity, Mammon-worship and Unnature; because somewhat is yet Faithfulness, Veracity and Valor. With a certain very considerable finite quantity of Unveracity and Phantasm, social life is still possible; not with an infinite quantity! Exceed your certain quantity, the seven-feet Hat, and all things upwards to the very Champion cased in tin, begin to reel and flounder, — in Manchester Insurrections, Chartisms, Sliding-scales; the Law of Gravitation not forgetting to act. You advance incessantly towards the land's end; you are, literally enough, "consuming the way." Step after step, Twenty-seven Million unconscious men; — till you are *at* the land's end; till there is not Faithfulness enough among you any more: and the next step now is lifted *not* over land, but into air, over ocean-deeps and roaring abysses: — unless perhaps the Law of Gravitation have forgotten to act?

Oh, it is frightful when a whole Nation, as our Fathers used to say, has “forgotten God;” has remembered only Mammon, and what Mammon leads to! When your self-trumpeting Hat-maker is the emblem of almost all makers, and workers, and men, that make anything, — from soul-overseerships, body-overseerships, epic poems, acts of parliament, to hats and shoe-blackings! Not one false man but does uncountable mischief: how much, in a generation or two, will Twenty-seven Millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? The sum of it, visible in every street, market-place, senate-house, circulating-library, cathedral, cotton-mill, and union-workhouse, fills one *not* with a comic feeling!



CHAPTER II.

GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM.

READER, even Christian Reader as thy title goes, hast thou any notion of Heaven and Hell? I rather apprehend, not. Often as the words are on our tongue, they have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character for most of us, and pass on like a kind of transient similitude, like a sound signifying little.

Yet it is well worth while for us to know, once and always, that they are not a similitude, nor a fable nor semi-fable; that they are an everlasting highest fact! “No Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur burns now anywhere in these ages,” sayest thou? Well, and if there did not! Believe that there does not; believe it if thou wilt, nay hold by it as a real increase, a rise to higher stages, to wider horizons and empires. All this has vanished, or has not vanished; believe as thou wilt as to all this. But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict arithmetical exactness, an *Infinite*, has vanished or can vanish from the Life of any Man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope,

of Pity, did it not at any moment diselose itself to thee, indubitable, unnamable? Came it never, like the gleam of *preternatural* eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism, then; it was thy Animalism! The Infinite is more sure than any other fact. But only men can discern it; mere building beavers, spinning arachnes, much more the predatory vulturous and vulpine species, do not discern it well! —

“The word Hell,” says Sauerteig, “is still frequently in use among the English people: but I could not without difficulty ascertain what they meant by it. Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man *is* infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development: but the Hells of men and Peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror not of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for *unmanfully*. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth, — what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What *is* his Hell, after all these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of ‘Not succeeding;’ of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world, — chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?”

Yes, O Sauerteig, it is very singular. If we do not “succeed,” where is the use of us? We had better never have been born. “Tremble intensely,” as our friend the Emperor of China says: *there* is the black Bottomless of Terror; what Sauerteig calls the “Hell of the English”! — But indeed this Hell belongs naturally to the Gospel of Mammonism, which also has its corresponding Heaven. For *there is* one Reality

among so many Phantasms; about one thing we are entirely in earnest: The making of money. Working Mammonism does divide the world with idle game-preserving Dilettantism: — thank Heaven that there is even a Mammonism, *anything* we are in earnest about! Idleness is worst, Idleness alone is without hope: work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things. There is endless hope in work, were it even work at making money.

True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon-Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totalest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named “fair competition” and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings; we think, nothing doubting, that *it* absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. “My starving workers?” answers the rich mill-owner: “Did not I hire them fairly in the market? Did I not pay them, to the last sixpence, the sum covenanted for? What have I to do with them more?” — Verily Mammon-worship is a melancholy creed. When Cain, for his own behoof, had killed Abel, and was questioned, “Where is thy brother?” he too made answer, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Did I not pay my brother *his* wages, the thing he had merited from me?

O sumptuous Merchant-Prince, illustrious game-preserving Duke, is there no way of “killing” thy brother but Cain’s rude way! “A good man by the very look of him, by his very presence with us as a fellow wayfarer in this Life-pilgrimage, *promises* so much:” woe to him if he forget all such promises, if he never know that they were given! To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all “promises,” and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any Society anywhere under God’s Heaven supporting

itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made so ; it is made otherwise than so. The man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doubting, step after step ; but marches — whither we know ! In these last two centuries of Atheistic Government (near two centuries now, since the blessed restoration of his Sacred Majesty, and Defender of the Faith, Charles Second), I reckon that we have pretty well exhausted what of “firm earth” there was for us to march on ; — and are now, very ominously, shuddering, reeling, and let us hope trying to recoil, on the cliff’s edge ! —

For out of this that we call Atheism come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels ! — A SOUL is not like wind (*spiritus*, or breath) contained within a capsule ; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a Clock-maker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his Horologe of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go ! Not at all. Hence comes Atheism ; come, as we say, many other *isms* ; and as the sum of all, comes Valetism, the *reverse* of Heroism ; sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above-said wind-element enclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom more deniable than conceivable ; so too he finds, in spite of Bridgewater Bequests, your Clock-maker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair ; — and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else. Alas, one knows not what and how much else ! For the faith in an Invisible, Unnamable, Godlike, present everywhere in all that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever ; and that once denied, or still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayer-books only, what other thing remains believable ? That Cant well-ordered is marketable Cant ; that Heroism means gas-lighted Histrionism ; that seen with “clear eyes” (as they call Valet-eyes), no man is a Hero, or ever was a Hero, but all men are Valets and Varlets. The accursed practical quintessence of all sorts of Unbelief ! For if there be now no Hero, and the Histrion himself begin to be seen into, what hope is there for the seed of Adam here below ? We are the doomed everlasting prey of the Quack ; who, now in

this guise, now in that, is to filch us, to pluck and eat us, by such modes as are convenient for him. For the modes and guises I care little. The Quack once inevitable, let him come swiftly, let him pluck and eat me;—swiftly, that I may at least have done with him; for in his Quack-world I can have no wish to linger. Though he slay me, yet will I *not* trust in him. Though he conquer nations, and have all the Flunkies of the Universe shouting at his heels, yet will I know well that *he* is an Inanity; that for him and his there is no continuance appointed, save only in Gehenna and the Pool. Alas, the Atheist world, from its utmost summits of Heaven and Westminster-Hall, downwards through poor seven-foot Hats and “Unveracities fallen hungry,” down to the lowest cellars and neglected hunger-dens of it, is very wretched.

One of Dr. Alison’s Scotch facts struck us much.¹ A poor Irish Widow, her husband having died in one of the Lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the Charitable Establishments of that City. At this Charitable Establishment and then at that she was refused; referred from one to the other, helped by none; till she had exhausted them all; till her strength and heart failed her: she sank down in typhus-fever; died, and infected her Lane with fever, so that “seventeen other persons” died of fever there in consequence. The humane Physician asks thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, Would it not have been *economy* to help this poor Widow? She took typhus-fever, and killed seventeen of you!—Very curious. The forlorn Irish Widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, “Behold I am sinking, bare of help: ye must help me! I am your sister, bone of your bone; one God made us: ye must help me!” They answer, “No, impossible; thou art no sister of ours.” But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus-fever kills *them*: they actually were her brothers, though denying it! Had human creature ever to go lower for a proof?

For, as indeed was very natural in such case, all govern-

¹ *Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland*: by William Pulteney Alison, M.D. (Edinburgh, 1840.)

ment of the Poor by the Rich has long ago been given over to Supply-and-demand, Laissez-faire and such like, and universally declared to be "impossible." "You are no sister of ours; what shadow of proof is there? Here are our parchments, our padlocks, proving indisputably our money-safes to be *ours*, and you to have no business with them. Depart! It is impossible!" — Nay, what wouldst thou thyself have us do? cry indignant readers. Nothing, my friends, — till you have got a soul for yourselves again. Till then all things are "impossible." Till then I cannot even bid you buy, as the old Spartans would have done, twopence worth of powder and lead, and compendiously shoot to death this poor Irish Widow: even that is "impossible" for you. Nothing is left but that she prove her sisterhood by dying, and infecting you with typhus. Seventeen of you lying dead will not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh; and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart.

"Impossible:" of a certain two-legged animal with feathers it is said, if you draw a distinct chalk-circle round him, he sits imprisoned, as if girt with the iron ring of Fate; and will die there, though within sight of victuals, — or sit in sick misery there, and be fatted to death. The name of this poor two-legged animal is — Goose; and they make of him, when well fattened, *Pâté de foie gras*, much prized by some!

CHAPTER III.

GOSPEL OF DILETTANTISM.

BUT after all, the Gospel of Dilettantism, producing a Governing Class who do not govern, nor understand in the least that they are bound or expected to govern, is still mournfuler than that of Mammonism. Mammonism, as we said, at least works; this goes idle. Mammonism has seized some portion of the message of Nature to man; and seizing that, and fol-

lowing it, will seize and appropriate more and more of Nature's message: but Dilettantism has missed it wholly. "Make money:" that will mean withal, "Do work in order to make money." But, "Go gracefully idle in Mayfair," what does or can that mean? An idle, game-preserving and even corn-lawing Aristocracy, in such an England as ours: has the world, if we take thought of it, ever seen such a phenomenon till very lately? Can it long continue to see such?

Accordingly the impotent, insolent Donothingism in Practice and Saynothingism in Speech, which we have to witness on that side of our affairs, is altogether amazing. A Corn-Law demonstrating itself openly, for ten years or more, with "arguments" to make the angels, and some other classes of creatures, weep! For men are not ashamed to rise in Parliament and elsewhere, and speak the things they do *not* think. "Expediency," "Necessities of Party," &c. &c.! It is not known that the Tongue of Man is a sacred organ; that Man himself is definable in Philosophy as an "Incarnate *Word*;" the Word not there, you have no Man there either, but a Phantasm instead! In this way it is that Absurdities may live long enough, — still walking, and talking for themselves, years and decades after the brains are quite out! How are "the knaves and dastards" ever to be got "arrested" at that rate? —

"No man in this fashionable London of yours," friend Sauerteig would say, "speaks a plain word to me. Every man feels bound to be something more than plain; to be pungent withal, witty, ornamental. His poor fraction of sense has to be perked into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me; — perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsy-turvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better! Such grinning inanity is very sad to the soul of man. Human faces should not grin on one like masks; they should look on one like faces! I love honest laughter, as I do sunlight; but not dishonest: most kinds of dancing too; but the St.-Vitus kind not at all! A fashionable wit, *ach Himmel!* if you ask, Which, he or a Death's-head, will be the cheerier company for me? pray send *not* him!"

Insincere Speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere Action. Action hangs, as it were, *dissolved* in Speech, in Thought whereof Speech is the Shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of Speech in a man betokens the kind of Action you will get from him. Our Speech, in these modern days, has become amazing. Johnson complained, "Nobody speaks in earnest, Sir; there is no serious conversation." To us all serious speech of men, as that of Seventeenth-Century Puritans, Twelfth-Century Catholics, German Poets of this Century, has become jargon, more or less insane. Cromwell was mad and a quack; Anselm, Becket, Goethe, *ditto ditto*.

Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake; and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions, — verging indeed towards a certain far deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung "remedial measures" not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses, That probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all "changed into Apes;"¹ sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it

¹ Sale's *Koran* (Introduction).

one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour: only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-remembrance; and they sit, with their wizened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may; looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew:—truest, tragicaest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape! They made no use of their souls; and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half remember that they had souls.

Didst thou never, O Traveller, fall in with parties of this tribe? Meseems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day.

CHAPTER IV.

HAPPY.

ALL work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble: be that here said and asserted once more. And in like manner too, all dignity is painful; a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a Sublime Sadness,—earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labor. Our highest religion is named the “Worship of Sorrow.” For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!—These things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts alive in every heart, were once well known.

Does not the whole wretchedness, the whole *Atheism* as I call it, of man’s ways, in these generations, shadow itself for us in that unspeakable Life-philosophy of his: The pretension to be what he calls “happy”? Every pitifulest whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that

he is, shall be, or by all human and divine laws ought to be "happy." His wishes, the pitifulest whipster's, are to be fulfilled for him; his days, the pitifulest whipster's, are to flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment, impossible even for the gods. The prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt love pleasant things, and find them. The people clamor, Why have we not found pleasant things?

We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle. "The word *Soul* with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with *Stomach*." We plead and speak, in our Parliaments and elsewhere, not as from the Soul, but from the Stomach;—wherefore indeed our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God's Justice; we are not ashamed to stand clamoring and pleading for our own "interests," our own rents and trade-profits; we say, They are the "interests" of so many; there is such an intense desire in us for them! We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevolence, That the poorer classes, who are terribly ill off at present, may have cheaper New-Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-Trade Platforms, How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon? We shall become a ruined Nation!—Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable: but, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that. You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me fast becoming a rather unhappy one.—What if we should cease babbling about "happiness," and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do!

A gifted Byron rises in his wrath; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not "happy," declares the same in very violent language, as a piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings: but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the *truth* in this matter. Byron's large audience indicates how true it is felt to be.

"Happy," my brother? First of all, what difference is it

whether thou art happy or not ! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays ; and then there is no question whatever of the "happiness," but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them ; thou shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser ! — A benevolent old Surgeon sat once in our company, with a Patient fallen sick by gourmandizing, whom he had just, too briefly in the Patient's judgment, been examining. The foolish Patient still at intervals continued to break in on our discourse, which rather promised to take a philosophic turn : " But I have lost my appetite," said he, objurgatively, with a tone of irritated pathos ; " I have no appetite ; I can't eat ! " — " My dear fellow," answered the Doctor in mildest tone, " it is n't of the slightest consequence ; " — and continued his philosophical discoursings with us !

Or does the reader not know the history of that Scottish iron Misanthrope ? The inmates of some town-mansion, in those Northern parts, were thrown into the fearfulest alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition-wall ! Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarring, growling and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began, in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song : " Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I 'm *meeserable* ! Clack-clack-clack, gnarr-r-r, whuz-z : Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I 'm *meeserable* ! " — Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ; — or indeed, as the good old Doctor said : My dear fellow, it is n't of the slightest consequence ! But no ; the perturbed spirit could not rest ; and to the neighbors, fretted, affrighted, or at least insufferably bored by him, it *was* of such consequence that they had to go and examine in his haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber, they find that the perturbed spirit is an unfortunate — Imitator of Byron ? No, is an unfortunate rusty Meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work ; and this, in Scottish dialect, is *its* Byronic musical Life-philosophy, sung according to ability !

Truly, I think the man who goes about pothering and up-roaring for his "happiness," — pothering, and were it ballot-boxing, poem-making, or in what way soever fussing and exerting himself, — he is not the man that will help us to "get our knaves and dastards arrested"! No; he rather is on the way to increase the number, — by at least one unit and his tail! Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair: belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. "Happiness our being's end and aim," all that very paltry speculation is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness, — it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labor and rust! But our work, — behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains; — for endless Times and Eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diamonds, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it; let us see thy work!

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticising his victuals to such extent; and criticise himself rather, what he does with his victuals!

CHAPTER V.

THE ENGLISH.

AND yet, with all thy theoretic platitudes, what a depth of practical sense in thee, great England! A depth of sense, of justice, and courage; in which, under all emergencies and world-bewilderments, and under this most complex of emergencies we now live in, there is still hope, there is still assurance!

The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, *their* Epic Poem is written on the Earth's surface: England her Mark! It is complained that they have no artists: one Shakspeare indeed; but for Raphael only a Reynolds; for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishop: not a picture, not a song. And yet they did produce one Shakspeare: consider how the element of Shakspearian melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere Cotton-mills, Constitutional Governments, and such like; — all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing! Goethe spoke of the Horse, how impressive, almost affecting it was that an animal of such qualities should stand obstructed so; its speech nothing but an inarticulate neighing, its handiness mere *hoofiness*, the fingers all constricted, tied together, the finger-nails coagulated into a mere hoof, shod with iron. The more significant, thinks he, are those eye-flashings of the generous noble quadruped; those prancings, curvings of the neck clothed with thunder.

A Dog of Knowledge has free utterance; but the War-horse is almost mute, very far from free! It is even so. Truly,

your freest utterances are not by any means always the best: they are the worst rather; the feeblest, trivialest; their meaning prompt, but small, ephemeral. Commend me to the silent English, to the silent Romans. Nay the silent Russians, too, I believe to be worth something: are they not even now drilling, under much obloquy, an immense semi-barbarous half-world from Finland to Kamtschatka, into rule, subordination, civilization, — really in an old Roman fashion; speaking no word about it; quietly hearing all manner of vituperative Able Editors speak! While your ever-talking, ever-gesticulating French, for example, what are they at this moment drilling? — Nay of all animals, the freest of utterance, I should judge, is the genus *Simia*: go into the Indian woods, say all Travelers, and look what a brisk, adroit, unresting Ape-population it is!

The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does. To work: why, it is to try himself against Nature, and her everlasting unerring Laws; these will tell a true verdict as to the man. So much of virtue and of faculty did *we* find in him; so much and no more! He had such capacity of harmonizing himself with *me* and my unalterable ever-merciful Laws; of co-operating and working as *I* bade him; — and has prospered, and has not prospered, as you see! — Working as great Nature bade him: does not that mean virtue of a kind; nay of all kinds? Cotton can be spun and sold, Lancashire operatives can be got to spin it, and at length one has the woven webs and sells them, by following Nature's regulations in that matter: by not following Nature's regulations, you have them not. You have them not; — there is no Cotton-web to sell: Nature finds a bill against you; your "Strength" is not Strength, but Futility! Let faculty be honored, so far as it is faculty. A man that can succeed in working is to me always a man.

How one loves to see the burly figure of him, this thick-skinned, seemingly opaque, perhaps sulky, almost stupid Man of Practice, pitted against some light adroit Man of Theory, all equipt with clear logic, and able anywhere to give you Why for Wherefore ! The adroit Man of Theory, so light of movement, clear of utterance, with his bow full-bent and quiver full of arrow-arguments, — surely he will strike down the game, transfix everywhere the heart of the matter ; triumph everywhere, as he proves that he shall and must do ? To your astonishment, it turns out oftenest No. The cloudy-browed, thick-soled, opaque Practicality, with no logic-utterance, in silence mainly, with here and there a low grunt or growl, has in him what transcends all logic-utterance : a Congruity with the Unuttered. The Speakable, which lies atop, as a superficial film, or outer skin, is his or is not his : but the Doable, which reaches down to the World's centre, you find him there !

The rugged Brindley has little to say for himself ; the rugged Brindley, when difficulties accumulate on him, retires silent, “generally to his bed ;” retires “sometimes for three days together to his bed, that he may be in perfect privacy there,” and ascertain in his rough head how the difficulties can be overcome. The ineloquent Brindley, behold he *has* chained seas together ; his ships do visibly float over valleys, invisibly through the hearts of mountains ; the Mersey and the Thames, the Humber and the Severn have shaken hands : Nature most audibly answers, Yea ! The Man of Theory twangs his full-bent bow : Nature's Fact ought to fall stricken, but does not : his logic-arrow glances from it as from a scaly dragon, and the obstinate Fact keeps walking its way. How singular ! At bottom, you will have to grapple closer with the dragon ; take it home to you, by real faculty, not by seeming faculty ; try whether you are stronger, or it is stronger. Close with it, wrestle it : sheer obstinate toughness of muscle ; but much more, what we call toughness of heart, which will mean persistence hopeful and even desperate, unsubduable patience, composed candid openness, clearness of mind : all this shall be “strength” in wrestling your dragon ; the whole man's

real strength is in this work, we shall get the measure of him here.

Of all the Nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. As good as a "dumb" Nation, I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken, — spite of the Shakspeares and Miltons who show us what possibilities there are! — O Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend; and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness, — profound melancholy (as some have said) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great Universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The Fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt, with a godlike indifference believe it. My friend, — and it is all untrue, nothing ever falser in point of fact! Thou art of those great ones whose greatness the small passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee: thy Epie, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this Planet, — sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!

But the dumb Russians too, as I said, they, drilling all wild Asia and wild Europe into military rank and file, a terrible yet hitherto a prospering enterprise, are still dumber. The old Romans also could not *speak*, for many centuries: — not till the world was theirs; and so many speaking Greekdoms, their logic-arrows all spent, had been absorbed and abolished. The logic-arrows, how they glanced futile from obdurate thick-skinned Facts; Facts to be wrestled down only by the real vigor of Roman thews! — As for me, I honor, in these loud-babbling days, all the Silent rather. A grand Silence that of Romans; — nay the grandest of all, is it not that of the gods!

Even Triviality, Imbecility, that can sit silent, how respectable is it in comparison! The "talent of silence" is our fundamental one. Great honor to him whose Epic is a melodious hexameter Iliad; not a jingling Sham-Iliad, nothing true in it but the hexameters and forms merely. But still greater honor, if his Epic be a mighty Empire slowly built together, a mighty Series of Heroic Deeds, — a mighty Conquest over Chaos; *which* Epic the "Eternal Melodies" have, and must have, informed and dwelt in, as *it* sung itself! There is no mistaking that latter Epic. Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves. My much-honored, illustrious, extremely inarticulate Mr. Bull! —

Ask Bull his spoken opinion of any matter, — oftentimes the force of dulness can no farther go. You stand silent, incredulous, as over a platitude that borders on the Infinite. The man's Churchisms, Dissenterisms, Puseyisms, Benthamisms, College Philosophies, Fashionable Literatures, are unexampled in this world. Fate's prophecy is fulfilled; you call the man an ox and an ass. But set him once to work, — respectable man! His spoken sense is next to nothing; nine-tenths of it palpable *nonsense*: but his unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable, — this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker; irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, incivilization; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order. He "retires to his bed three days," and considers!

Nay withal, stupid as he is, our dear John, — ever, after infinite tumblings, and spoken platitudes innumerable from barrel-heads and parliament-benches, he does settle down somewhere about the just conclusion; you are certain that his jumbings and tumblings will end, after years or centuries, in

the stable equilibrium. Stable equilibrium, I say; centre-of-gravity lowest; — not the unstable, with centre-of-gravity highest, as I have known it done by quicker people! For indeed, do but jumble and tumble sufficiently, you avoid that worst fault, of settling with your centre-of-gravity highest; your centre-of-gravity is certain to come lowest, and to stay there. If slowness, what we in our impatience call “stupidity,” be the price of stable equilibrium over unstable, shall we grudge a little slowness? Not the least admirable quality of Bull is, after all, that of remaining insensible to logic; holding out for considerable periods, ten years or more, as in this of the Corn-Laws, after all arguments and shadow of arguments have faded away from him, till the very urchins on the street titter at the arguments he brings. Logic — *Λογική*, the “Art of Speech” — does indeed speak so and so; clear enough: nevertheless Bull still shakes his head; will see whether nothing else *illogical*, not yet “spoken,” not yet able to be “spoken,” do not lie in the business, as there so often does! — My firm belief is, that, finding himself now enchanted, hand-shackled, foot-shackled, in Poor-Law Bastilles and elsewhere, he will retire three days to his bed, and *arrive* at a conclusion or two! His three-years “total stagnation of trade,” alas, is not that a painful enough “lying in bed to consider himself”? Poor Bull!

Bull is a born Conservative; for this too I inexpressibly honor him. All great Peoples are conservative; slow to believe in novelties; patient of much error in actualities; deeply and forever certain of the greatness that is in LAW, in Custom once solemnly established, and now long recognized as just and final. — True, O Radical Reformer, there is no Custom that can, properly speaking, be final; none. And yet thou seest *Customs* which, in all civilized countries, are accounted final; nay, under the Old-Roman name of *Mores*, are accounted *Morality*, Virtue, Laws of God Himself. Such, I assure thee, not a few of them are; such almost all of them once were. And greatly do I respect the solid character, — a blockhead, thou wilt say; yes, but a well-conditioned blockhead, and the best-conditioned, — who

esteems all "Customs once solemnly acknowledged" to be ultimate, divine, and the rule for a man to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring farther. What a time of it had we, were all men's life and trade still, in all parts of it, a problem, a hypothetic seeking, to be settled by painful Logics and Baconian Inductions! The Clerk in Eastcheap cannot spend the day in verifying his Ready-Reckoner; he must take it as verified, true and indisputable; or his Book-keeping by Double Entry will stand still. "Where is your Posted Ledger?" asks the Master at night. — "Sir," answers the other, "I was verifying my Ready-Reckoner, and find some errors. The Ledger is —!" Fancy such a thing!

True, all turns on your Ready-Reckoner being moderately correct, — being *not* insupportably incorrect! A Ready-Reckoner which has led to distinct entries in your Ledger such as these: "*Creditor* an English People by fifteen hundred years of good Labor; and *Debtor* to lodging in enchanted Poor-Law Bastilles: *Creditor* by conquering the largest Empire the Sun ever saw; and *Debtor* to Donothingism and 'Impossible' written on all departments of the government thereof: *Creditor* by mountains of gold ingots earned; and *Debtor* to No Bread purchasable by them:" — *such* Ready-Reckoner, methinks, is beginning to be suspect; nay is ceasing, and has ceased, to be suspect! Such Ready-Reckoner is a Solecism in Eastcheap; and must, whatever be the press of business, and will and shall be rectified a little. Business can go on no longer with *it*. The most Conservative English People, thickest-skinned, most patient of Peoples, is driven alike by its Logic and its Unlogic, by things "spoken," and by things not yet spoken or very speakable, but only felt and very unendurable, to be wholly a Reforming People. Their Life, as it is, has ceased to be longer possible for them.

Urge not this noble silent People; rouse not the Berserkir rage that lies in them! Do you know their Cromwells, Hampdens, their Pym's and Bradshaws? Men very peaceable, but men that can be made very terrible! Men who, like their old Teutsch Fathers in Agrippa's days, "have a soul that despises death;" to whom "death," compared with

falsehoods and injustices, is light; — “in whom there is a rage unconquerable by the immortal gods!” Before this, the English People have taken very preternatural-looking Spectres by the beard; saying virtually: “And if thou *wert* ‘preternatural’? Thou with thy ‘divine-rights’ grown diabolical-wrongs? Thou, — not even ‘natural;’ decapitable; totally extinguishable!” — Yes, just so godlike as this People’s patience was, even so godlike will and must its impatience be. Away, ye scandalous Practical Solecisms, children actually of the Prince of Darkness; ye have near broken our hearts; we can and will endure you no longer. Begone, we say; depart, while the play is good! By the Most High God, whose sons and born missionaries true men are, ye shall not continue here! You and we have become incompatible; can inhabit one house no longer. Either you must go, or we. Are ye ambitious to try *which* it shall be?

O my Conservative friends, who still specially name and struggle to approve yourselves “Conservative,” would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which Fate is not surer, That Truth and Justice alone are *capable* of being “conserved” and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is *not* according to God’s Law, will you, in a God’s Universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought *you*, of all others, to be in, to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair, — hasten, for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and forever if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair? “Impossibility” a thousand-fold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocrats: — ought not honor and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the Earth elsewhere, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunate!

The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old. Many a weary winter has it swung and creaked there, and gnawed and fretted, with its dead wood, the organic substance and still living fibre of this good tree; many a long summer has its

ugly naked brown defaced the fair green umbrage; every day it has done mischief, and that only: off with it, for the tree's sake, if for nothing more; let the Conservatism that would preserve cut *it* away. Did no wood-forester apprise you that a dead bough with its dead root left sticking there is extraneous, poisonous; is as a dead iron spike, some horrid rusty ploughshare driven into the living substance;—nay is far worse; for in every wind-storm (“commercial crisis” or the like), it frets and creaks, jolts itself to and fro, and cannot lie quiet as your dead iron spike would.

If I were the Conservative Party of England (which is another bold figure of speech), I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn-Laws to continue! Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasuries of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart? Do you know what questions, not as to Corn-prices and Sliding-scales alone, they are *forcing* every reflective Englishman to ask himself? Questions insoluble, or hitherto unsolved; deeper than any of our Logic-plummets hitherto will sound: questions deep enough, — which it were better that we did not name even in thought! You are forcing us to think of them, to begin uttering them. The utterance of them is begun; and where will it be ended, think you? When two millions of one's brother-men sit in Workhouses, and five millions, as is insolently said, “rejoice in potatoes,” there are various things that must be begun, let them end where they can.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO CENTURIES.

THE Settlement effected by our “Healing Parliament” in the Year of Grace 1660, though accomplished under universal acclamations from the four corners of the British Dominions, turns out to have been one of the mournfulest

that ever took place in this land of ours. It called and thought itself a Settlement of brightest hope and fulfilment, bright as the blaze of universal tar-barrels and bonfires could make it: and we find it now, on looking back on it with the insight which trial has yielded, a Settlement as of despair. Considered well, it was a Settlement to govern henceforth without God, with only some decent Pretence of God.

Governing by the Christian Law of God had been found a thing of battle, convulsion, confusion, an infinitely difficult thing: wherefore let us now abandon it, and govern only by so much of God's Christian Law as — as may prove quiet and convenient for us. What is the end of Government? To guide men in the way wherein they should go; towards their true good in this life, the portal of infinite good in a life to come? To guide men in such way, and ourselves in such way, as the Maker of men, whose eye is upon us, will sanction at the Great Day? — Or alas, perhaps at bottom *is* there no Great Day, no sure outlook of any life to come; but only this poor life, and what of taxes, felicities, Nell-Gwynns and entertainments we can manage to muster here? In that case, the end of Government will be, To suppress all noise and disturbance, whether of Puritan preaching, Cameronian psalm-singing, thieves'-riot, murder, arson, or what noise soever, and — be careful that supplies do not fail! A very notable conclusion, if we will think of it, and not without an abundance of fruits for us. Oliver Cromwell's body hung on the Tyburn gallows, as the type of Puritanism found futile, inexecutable, execrable, — yes, that gallows-tree has been a finger-post into very strange country indeed. Let earnest Puritanism die; let decent Formalism, whatsoever cant it be or grow to, live! We have had a pleasant journey in that direction; and are — arriving at our inn?

To support the Four Pleas of the Crown, and keep Taxes coming in: in very sad seriousness, has not this been, ever since, even in the best times, almost the one admitted end and aim of Government? Religion, Christian Church, Moral Duty; the fact that man had a soul at all; that in man's life there was any eternal truth or justice at all, — has been

good as left quietly out of sight. Church indeed, — alas, the endless talk and struggle we have had of High-Church, Low-Church, Church-Extension, Church-in-Danger: we invite the Christian reader to think whether it has not been a too miserable screech-owl phantasm of talk and struggle, as for a “Church,” — which one had rather not define at present!

But now in these godless two centuries, looking at England and her efforts and doings, if we ask, What of England’s doings the Law of Nature had accepted, Nature’s King had actually furthered and pronounced to have truth in them, — where is our answer? Neither the “Church” of Hurd and Warburton, nor the Anti-Church of Hume and Paine; not in any shape the Spiritualism of England: all this is already seen, or beginning to be seen, for what it is; a thing that Nature does *not* own. On the one side is dreary Cant, with a *reminiscence* of things noble and divine; on the other is but acrid Candor, with a *prophecy* of things brutal, infernal. Hurd and Warburton are sunk into the sere and yellow leaf; no considerable body of true-seeing men looks thitherward for healing: the Paine-and-Hume Atheistic theory, of “things well let alone,” with Liberty, Equality and the like, is also in these days declaring itself nought, unable to keep the world from taking fire.

The theories and speculations of both these parties, and, we may say, of all intermediate parties and persons, prove to be things which the Eternal Veracity did not accept; things superficial, ephemeral, which already a near Posterity, finding them already dead and brown-leafed, is about to suppress and forget. The Spiritualism of England, for those godless years, is, as it were, all forgettable. Much has been written: but the perennial Scriptures of Mankind have had small accession: from all English Books, in rhyme or prose, in leather binding or in paper wrappage, how many verses have been added to these? Our most melodious Singers have sung as from the throat outwards: from the inner Heart of Man, from the great Heart of Nature, through no Pope or Philips, has there come any tone. The Oracles have been dumb. In brief, the Spoken Word of England has not been true. The Spoken Word of England turns out to have been trivial; of short endurance; not valu-

able, not available as a Word, except for the passing day. It has been accordant with transitory Semblance; discordant with eternal Fact. It has been unfortunately not a Word, but a Cant; a helpless involuntary Cant, nay too often a cunning voluntary one: either way, a very mournful Cant; the Voice not of Nature and Fact, but of something other than these.

With all its miserable shortcomings, with its wars, controversies, with its trades-unions, famine-insurrections, — it is her Practical Material Work alone that England has to show for herself! This, and hitherto almost nothing more; yet actually this. The grim inarticulate veracity of the English People, unable to speak its meaning in words, has turned itself silently on things; and the dark powers of Material Nature have answered, “Yes, this at least is true, this is not false!” So answers Nature. “Waste desert-shrubs of the Tropical swamps have become Cotton-trees; and here, under my furtherance, are verily woven shirts, — hanging unsold, undistributed, but capable to be distributed, capable to cover the bare backs of my children of men. Mountains, old as the Creation, I have permitted to be bored through; bituminous fuel-stores, the wreck of forests that were green a million years ago, — I have opened them from my secret rock-chambers, and they are yours, ye English. Your huge fleets, steamships, do sail the sea; huge Indias do obey you; from huge *New* Englands and Antipodal Australias comes profit and traffic to this Old England of mine!” So answers Nature. The Practical Labor of England is *not* a chimerical Triviality: it is **a** Fact, acknowledged by all the Worlds; which no man and no demon will contradict. It is, very audibly, though very inarticulately as yet, the one God’s Voice we have heard in these two atheistic centuries.

And now to observe with what bewildering obscurations and impediments all this as yet stands entangled, and is yet intelligible to no man! How, with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the Voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a Voice of earthly Profit-and-Loss. And have a Hell in England, — the Hell of not making money. And coldly see the all-con-

quering valiant Sons of Toil sit enchanted, by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastille, as if this were Nature's Law;—mumbling to ourselves some vague janglement of *Laissez-faire*, Supply-and-demand, Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man: Free-trade, Competition, and Devil take the hindmost, our latest Gospel yet preached!

As if, in truth, there were no God of Labor; as if godlike Labor and brutal Mammonism were convertible terms. A serious, most earnest Mammonism grown Midas-eared; an unserious Dilettantism, earnest about nothing, grinning with inarticulate incredulous incredible jargon about all things, as the *enchanted* Dilettanti do by the Dead Sea! It is mournful enough, for the present hour; were there not an endless hope in it withal. Giant LABOR, truest emblem there is of God the World-Worker, Demiurgus, and Eternal Maker; noble LABOR, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest throne,—staggering hitherto like a blind irrational giant, hardly allowed to have his common place on the street-pavements; idle Dilettantism, Dead-Sea Apism crying out, “Down with him; he is dangerous!”

Labor must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things,—leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne.



CHAPTER VII.

OVER-PRODUCTION.

BUT what will reflective readers say of a Governing Class, such as ours, addressing its Workers with an indictment of “Over-production”! Over-production: runs it not so? “Ye miscellaneous, ignoble manufacturing individuals, ye have produced too much! We accuse you of making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind.

Your trousers too, which you have made, of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen and woollen broadcloth, are they not manifold? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with — Nay, what say we hats or shoes? You produce gold-watches, jewelries, silver-forks, and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas — Heavens, the Commercial Bazaar and multitudinous Howel-and-Jameses cannot contain you. You have produced, produced; — he that seeks your indictment, let him look around. Millions of shirts, and empty pairs of breeches hang there in judgment against you. We accuse you of over-producing: you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes and commodities, in a frightful overabundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed.

Never surely, against an earnest Working Mammonism was there brought, by Game-preserving aristocratic Dilettantism, a stranger accusation, since this world began. My lords and gentlemen, — why, it was *you* that were appointed, by the fact and by the theory of your position on the Earth, to “make and administer Laws,” — that is to say, in a world such as ours, to guard against “gluts;” against honest operatives, who had done their work, remaining unfed! I say, *you* were appointed to preside over the Distribution and Apportionment of the Wages of Work done; and to see well that there went no laborer without his hire, were it of money-coins, were it of hemp gallows-ropes: that function was yours, and from immemorial time has been; yours, and as yet no other’s. These poor shirt-spinners have forgotten much, which by the virtual unwritten law of their position they should have remembered: but by any written recognized law of their position, what have they forgotten? They were set to make shirts. The Community with all its voices commanded them, saying, “Make shirts;” — and there the shirts are! Too many shirts? Well, that is a novelty, in this intemperate Earth, with its nine hundred millions of bare backs! But the Community commanded you, saying, “See that the shirts are well apportioned, that our Human Laws be emblem of God’s

Laws ;” — and where is the apportionment ? Two million shirtless or ill-shirted workers sit enchanted in Workhouse Bastilles, five million more (according to some) in Ugolino Hunger-cellars ; and for remedy, you say, — what say you ? — “ Raise *our* rents : ” I have not in my time heard any stranger speech, not even on the Shores of the Dead Sea. You continue addressing those poor shirt-spinners and over-producers in really a *too* triumphant manner !

“ Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse *us* of over-production ? We take the Heavens and the Earth to witness that we have produced nothing at all. Not from us proceeds this frightful overplus of shirts. In the wide domains of created Nature circulates no shirt or thing of our producing. Certain fox-brushes nailed upon our stable-door, the fruit of fair audacity at Melton Mowbray ; these we have produced, and they are openly nailed up there. He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing ; — ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to ‘ consume ’ and make away with ! Mountains of those your heaped manufactures, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, of cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat ? Ye ungrateful ! — and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings ? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours ; on this soil of England, which belongs to — whom think you ? And we shall not offer you our own wheat at the price that pleases us, but that partly pleases you ? A precious notion ! What would become of you, if we chose, at any time, to decide on growing no wheat more ? ”

Yes, truly, *here* is the ultimate rock-basis of all Corn-Laws ; whereon, at the bottom of much arguing, they rest, as securely as they can : What would become of you, if we decided, some day, on growing no more wheat at all ? If we chose to grow only partridges henceforth, and a modicum of wheat for our own uses ? Cannot we do what we like with our own ? — Yes, indeed ! For my share, if I could melt Gneiss Rock, and create Law of Gravitation ; if I could stride out to the Dog-

gerbank, some morning, and striking down my trident there into the mud-waves, say, "Be land, be fields, meadows, mountains and fresh-rolling streams!" by Heaven, I should incline to have the letting of *that* land in perpetuity, and sell the wheat of it, or burn the wheat of it, according to my own good judgment! My Corn-Lawing friends, you affright me.

To the "Millo-crazy" so called, to the Working-Aristocracy, steeped too deep in mere ignoble Mammonism, and as yet all unconscious of its noble destinies, as yet but an irrational or semi-rational giant, struggling to awake some soul in itself, — the world will have much to say, reproachfully, reprovngly, admonishingly. But to the Idle Aristocracy, what will the world have to say? Things painful, and not pleasant!

To the man who *works*, who attempts, in never so ungracious barbarous a way, to get forward with some work, you will hasten out with furtherances, with encouragements, corrections; you will say to him: "Welcome; thou art ours; our care shall be of thee." To the Idler, again, never so gracefully going idle, coming forward with never so many parchments, you will not hasten out; you will sit still, and be disinclined to rise. You will say to him: "Not welcome, O complex Anomaly; would thou hadst stayed out of doors: for who of mortals knows what to do with thee? Thy parchments: yes, they are old, of venerable yellowness; and we too honor parchment, old-established settlements, and venerable use-and-wont. Old parchments in very truth: — yet on the whole, if thou wilt remark, they are young to the Granite Rocks, to the Ground-plan of God's Universe! We advise thee to put up thy parchments; to go home to thy place, and make no needless noise whatever. Our heart's wish is to save thee: yet there as thou art, hapless Anomaly, with nothing but thy yellow parchments, noisy futilities, and shot-belts and fox-brushes, who of gods or men can avert dark Fate? Be counselled, ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's Earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly, with a half-frantie earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee. We apprise thee of the world-old fact, becoming sternly

disclosed again in these days, That he who cannot work in this Universe cannot get existed in it: had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these, combustible fallible sheepskin, cannot avail him. Home, thou unfortunate; and let us have at least no noise from thee!"

Suppose the unfortunate Idle Aristocracy, as the unfortunate Working one has done, were to "retire three days to *its* bed," and consider itself there, what o'clock it had become?

How have we to regret not only that men have "no religion," but that they have next to no reflection; and go about with heads full of mere extraneous noises, with eyes wide-open but visionless,—for most part in the somnambulist state!

CHAPTER VIII.

UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY.

IT is well said, "Land is the right basis of an Aristocracy;" whoever possesses the Land, he, more emphatically than any other, is the Governor, Vice-king of the people on the Land. It is in these days as it was in those of Henry Plantagenet and Abbot Samson; as it will in all days be. The Land is *Mother* of us all; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all; in how many ways, from our first wakening to our last sleep on her blessed mother-bosom, does she, as with blessed mother-arms, enfold us all!

The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over, when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it? Mystic, deep as the world's centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil; no *tree* that grows is rooted so. From noblest Patriotism to humblest industrial Mechanism; from highest dying for your country, to lowest quarrying and coal-boring for it, a Nation's Life depends upon its Land. Again and again we have to say, there can be no true Aristocracy but must possess the Land.

Men talk of "selling" Land. Land, it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be "sold:" but the notion of "selling," for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the *Land* of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility! We buy what is salable of it; nothing more was ever buyable. Who can or could sell it to us? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Again, we hear it said, The soil of England, or of any country, is properly worth nothing, except "the labor bestowed on it." This, speaking even in the language of Eastcheap, is not correct. The rudest space of country equal in extent to England, could a whole English Nation, with all their habitudes, arrangements, skills, with whatsoever they do carry within the skins of them and cannot be stript of, suddenly take wing and alight on it,—would be worth a very considerable thing! Swiftly, within year and day, this English Nation, with its multiplex talents of ploughing, spinning, hammering, mining, road-making and trafficking, would bring a handsome value out of such a space of country. On the other hand, fancy what an English Nation, once "on the wing," could have done with itself, had there been simply no soil, not even an inarable one, to alight on? Vain all its talents for ploughing, hammering, and whatever else; there is no Earth-room for this Nation with its talents: this Nation will have to *keep* hovering on the wing, dolefully shrieking to and fro; and perish piecemeal; burying itself, down to the last soul of it, in the waste unfirmamented seas. Ah yes, soil, with or without ploughing, is the gift of God. The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree, to the Almighty Maker! The last stroke of labor

bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

It is very strange, the degree to which these truisms are forgotten in our days; how, in the ever-whirling chaos of Formulas, we have quietly lost sight of Fact, — which it is so perilous not to keep forever in sight. Fact, if we do not see it, will make us *feel* it by and by! — From much loud controversy, and Corn-Law debating there rises, loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others, Who made the Land of England? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over head for seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies: who did make it? — “We!” answer the much-consuming Aristocracy; “We!” as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray: “It is we that made it; or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did!” — My brothers, You? Everlasting honor to you, then; and Corn-Laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of Human pity for our famine bids you Hold! Ye are as gods, that can create soil. Soil-creating gods there is no withstanding. They have the might to sell wheat at what price they list; and the right, to all lengths; and famine-lengths, — if they be pitiless infernal gods! Celestial gods, I think, would stop short of the famine-price; but no infernal nor any kind of god can be bidden stop! — Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England?

I say, you did *not* make the Land of England; and, by the possession of it, you *are* bound to furnish guidance and governance to England! That is the law of your position on this God’s-Earth; an everlasting act of Heaven’s Parliament, not repealable in St. Stephen’s or elsewhere! True government and guidance; not no-government and Laissez-faire; how much less, *mis*-government and Corn-Law! There is not an imprisoned Worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven’s High Courts, against you, and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, “Why am I

here?" His appeal is audible in Heaven; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remain unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all; you stand in the front rank of the accused; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and Heaven!

What looks maddest, miserablest in these mad and miserable Corn-Laws is independent altogether of their "effect on wages," their effect on "increase of trade," or any other such effect: it is the continual maddening proof they protrude into the faces of all men, that our Governing Class, called by God and Nature and the inflexible law of Fact, either to do something towards governing, or to die and be abolished, — have not yet learned even to sit still and do no mischief! For no Anti-Corn-Law League yet asks more of them than this; — Nature and Fact, very imperatively, asking so much more of them. Anti-Corn-Law League asks not, Do something; but, Cease your destructive misdoing, Do ye nothing!

Nature's message will have itself obeyed: messages of mere Free-Trade, Anti-Corn-Law League and Laissez-faire, will then need small obeying! — Ye fools, in name of Heaven, work, work, at the Ark of Deliverance for yourselves and us, while hours are still granted you! No: instead of working at the Ark, they say, "We cannot get our hands kept rightly warm;" and *sit obstinately burning the planks*. No madder spectacle at present exhibits itself under this Sun.

The Working Aristocracy; Mill-owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working Men: Alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation; much, — and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost "Increase of Manufactures" and "Prosperity of Commerce," will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long, unreformed.

The Working Aristocracy — Yes, but on the threshold of

all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy? Again and again, What shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognized function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve), dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter-Sessions for England? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent, and know not what to say! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; permitted simply, nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this Planet. That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and, unless Nature's Laws fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them; or else that it must and will cease to be seen on the face of this Planet, which is a Working one, not an Idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trades-unions, Chartist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible:—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn-Laws and such like, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn-Law Majorities, Sliding-Scales. Protecting-Duties, Bribery-Elections, and triumphant Kentish-fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words; a handwriting as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding-scale you seem sliding; and to have slid,—you little know whither! Good God! did not a French Donothing Aristocracy, hardly above half a century ago, declare in like manner, and in its featherhead believe in like manner, “We cannot exist, and continue to dress and parade

ourselves, on the just rent of the soil of France; but we must have farther payment than rent of the soil, we must be exempted from taxes too," — we must have a Corn-Law to extend our rent? This was in 1789: in four years more — Did you look into the Tanneries of Meudon, and the long-naked making for themselves breeches of human skins! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen; may we be wiser, that so we be less wretched.

A High Class without duties to do is like a tree planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling. Nature owns no man who is not a Martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work, — he himself to sit serene, amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men? And such man calls himself a *noble*-man? His fathers worked for him, he says; or successfully gambled for him: here *he* sits; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shown under this Sun. A veritable fact in our England of the Nineteenth Century. His victuals he does eat: but as for keeping in the inside of the window, — have not his friends, like me, enough to do? Truly, looking at his Corn-Laws, Game-Laws, Chandos-Clauses, Bribery-Elections and much else, you do shudder over the tumbling and plunging he makes, held back by the lapels and coat-skirts; only a thin fence of window-glass before him, — and in the street mere horrid iron spikes! My sick brother, as in hospital-maladies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. "Cannot I do what I like with my own?" Gracious Heaven, my brother, this that thou seest with those sick eyes is no firm Eldorado, and Corn-Law Paradise of Donothings, but a dream of thy own

fevered brain. It is a glass-window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street; where are iron spikes and the law of gravitation!

What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be "noble"? In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a hero? Because he had slain Nemean Lions, cleansed Augean Stables, undergone Twelve Labors only not too heavy for a god. In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristocracy, they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honor; which is the post of difficulty, the post of danger, — of death, if the difficulty be not overcome. *Il faut payer de sa vie.* Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Donothing Pomp; quit thy down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it? The Czar of Russia became a dusty toiling shipwright; worked with his axe in the Docks of Saardam; and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid "living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger" weltering round thy feet; say, "I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it." Such is verily the law. Everywhere and everywhen a man has to "*pay* with his life;" to do his work, as a soldier does, at the expense of life. In no Piepowder earthly Court can you sue an Aristocracy to do its work, at this moment: but in the Higher Court, which even *it* calls "Court of Honor," and which is the Court of Necessity withal, and the eternal Court of the Universe, in which all Fact comes to plead, and every Human Soul is an apparator, — the Aristocracy is answerable, and even now answering, *there*.

Parchments? Parchments are venerable: but they ought at all times to represent, as near as they by possibility can, the writing of the Adamant Tablets; otherwise they are not

so venerable ! Benedict the Jew in vain pleaded parchments ; his usuries were too many. The King said, "Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay just debt ; down with thy dust, or observe this tooth-forceps !" Nature, a far juster Sovereign, has far terribler forceps. Aristocraeies, actual and imaginary, reach a time when parchment pleading does not avail them. "Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay due debt !" shouts the Universe to them, in an emphatic manner. They refuse to pay, confidently pleading parchment : their best grinder-tooth, with horrible agony, goes out of their jaw. Wilt thou pay now ? A second grinder, again in horrible agony, goes : a second, and a third, and if need be, all the teeth and grinders, and the life itself with them ; — and *then* there is free payment, and an anatomist-subject into the bargain !

Reform Bills, Corn-Law Abrogation Bills, and then Land-Tax Bill, Property-Tax Bill, and still dimmer list of *etceteras* ; grinder after grinder : — my lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise and begin doing your work, than sit there and plead parchments !

We write no Chapter on the Corn-Laws, in this place ; the Corn-Laws are too mad to have a Chapter. There is a certain immorality, when there is not a necessity, in speaking about things finished ; in chopping into small pieces the already slashed and slain. When the brains are out, why does not a Solecism die ? It is at its own peril if it refuse to die ; it ought to make all conceivable haste to die, and get itself buried ! The trade of Anti-Corn-Law Lecturer in these days, still an indispensable, is a highly tragie one.

The Corn-Laws will go, and even soon go : would we were all as sure of the Millennium as they are of going ! They go swiftly in these present months ; with an increase of velocity, an ever-deepening, ever-widening sweep of momentum, truly notable. It is at the Aristocracy's own damage and peril, still more than at any other's whatsoever, that the Aristocracy maintains them ; — at a damage, say only, as above computed, of a "hundred thousand pounds an hour" ! The Corn-Laws

keep all the air hot: fostered by their fever-warmth, much that is evil, but much also, how much that is good and indispensable, is rapidly coming to life among us!

CHAPTER IX.

WORKING ARISTOCRACY.

A POOR Working Mammonism getting itself "strangled in the partridge-nets of an Unworking Dilettantism," and bellowing dreadfully, and already black in the face, is surely a disastrous spectacle! But of a Midas-eared Mammonism, which indeed at bottom all pure Mammonisms are, what better can you expect? No better;—if not this, then something other equally disastrous, if not still more disastrous. Mammonisms, grown asinine, have to become human again, and rational; they have, on the whole, to cease to be Mammonisms, were it even on compulsion, and pressure of the hemp round their neck!—My friends of the Working Aristocracy, there are now a great many things which you also, in your extreme need, will have to consider.

The Continental people, it would seem, are "exporting our machinery, beginning to spin cotton and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that!" Sad news indeed; but irremediable;—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our National Existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other People. A most narrow stand for a great Nation to base itself on! A stand which, with all the Corn-Law Abrogations conceivable, I do not think will be capable of enduring.

My friends, suppose we quitted that stand; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said: "This is our minimum of cotton-prices. We care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seem so blessed to you, make

cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton-fuzz, your hearts with copperas-fumes, with rage and mutiny; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp!" — I admire a Nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other Nations, to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *undersell* them; we will be content to *equal*-sell them; to be happy selling equally with them! I do not see the use of underselling them. Cotton-cloth is already twopence a yard or lower; and yet bare backs were never more numerous among us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided among us. Let inventive men consider, Whether the Secret of this Universe, and of Man's Life there, does, after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is One God, just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him? — With a Hell which means "Failing to make money," I do not think there is any Heaven possible that would suit one well; nor so much as an Earth that can be habitable long! In brief, all this Mammon-Gospel, of Supply-and-demand, Competition, Laissez-faire, and Devil take the hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest Gospels ever preached; or altogether the shabbiest. Even with Diletante partridge-nets, and at a horrible expenditure of pain, who shall regret to see the entirely transient, and at best somewhat despicable life strangled out of *it*? At the best, as we say, a somewhat despicable, unvenerable thing, this same "Laissez-faire;" and now, at the *worst*, fast growing an altogether detestable one!

"But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with our ever-increasing population?" cry many. — Ay, what? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, and a thousand things, — had we once got a soul, and begun to try. This one thing, of doing for them by "underselling all people," and filling our own bursten pockets and appetites by the road; and turning over all care for any "population," or human or divine consideration except cash only, to the winds, with a "Laissez-faire" and the

rest of it: this is evidently not the thing. Farthing cheaper per yard? No great Nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher; balancing itself on its great-toe! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working? England never deliberately purposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. Laissez-faire and much else being once well dead, how many "impossibles" will become possible! They are impossible, as cotton-cloth at twopence an ell was — till men set about making it. The inventive genius of great England will not forever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps and billy-rollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a Beaver's, or a Spinner's or Spider's genius: it is a *Man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him!

Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand, — one begins to be weary of all that. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, of applause: — it is the Gospel of Despair! Man is a Patent-Digester, then: only give him Free Trade, Free digesting-room; and each of us digest what he can come at, leaving the rest to Fate! My unhappy brethren of the Working Mammonism, my unhappier brethren of the Idle Diletantism, no world was ever held together in that way for long. A world of mere Patent-Digesters will soon have nothing to digest: such world ends, and by Law of Nature must end, in "over-population;" in howling universal famine, "impossibility," and suicidal madness, as of endless dog-kennels run rabid. Supply-and-demand shall do its full part, and Free Trade shall be free as air; — thou of the shot-belts, see thou forbid it not, with those paltry, *worse* than Mammonish swindleries and Sliding-scales of thine, which are seen to be swindleries for all thy canting, which in times like ours are very scandalous to see! And Trade never so well freed, and all Tariffs settled or abolished, and Supply-and-demand in full operation, — let us all know that we have yet done nothing; that we have merely cleared the ground for doing.

Yes, were the Corn-Laws ended to-morrow, there is nothing yet ended; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The Corn-Laws gone, and Trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity; during which, it is likely, much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed. The strangling band of Famine will be loosened from our necks; we shall have room again to breathe; time to bethink ourselves, to repent and consider! A precious and thrice-precious space of years; wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways; in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people; seeking, as for life, that something like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them! It will be a priceless time. For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can, on the old methods of "Competition and Devil take the hindmost," prove but a paroxysm: a new paroxysm, — likely enough, if we do not use it better, to be our *last*. In this, of itself, is no salvation. If our Trade in twenty years, "flourishing" as never Trade flourished, could double itself; yet then also, by the old Laissez-faire method, our Population is doubled: we shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable!

All this dire misery, therefore; all this of our poor Work-house Workmen, of our Chartisms, Trades-strikes, Corn-Laws, Toryisms, and the general downbreak of Laissez-faire in these days, — may we not regard it as a voice from the dumb bosom of Nature, saying to us: "Behold! Supply-and-demand is not the one Law of Nature; Cash-payment is not the sole nexus of man with man, — how far from it! Deep, far deeper than Supply-and-demand, are Laws, Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself: these also, if you will continue to do work, you shall now learn and obey. He that will learn them, behold Nature is on his side, he shall yet work and prosper with noble rewards. He that will not learn them, Nature is against

him, he shall not be able to do work in Nature's empire, — not in hers. Perpetual mutiny, contention, hatred, isolation, execration shall wait on his footsteps, till all men discern that the thing which he attains, however golden it look or be, is not success, but the want of success."

Supply-and-demand, — alas ! For what noble work was there ever yet any audible "demand" in that poor sense ? The man of Macedonia, speaking in vision to an Apostle Paul, "Come over and help us," did not specify what rate of wages he would give ! Or was the Christian Religion itself accomplished by Prize-Essays, Bridgewater Bequests, and a "minimum of Four thousand five hundred a year" ? No demand that I heard of was made then, audible in any Labor-market, Manchester Chamber of Commerce, or other the like emporium and hiring establishment ; silent were all these from any whisper of such demand ; — powerless were all these to "supply" it, had the demand been in thunder and earthquake, with gold Eldorados and Mahometan Paradises for the reward. Ah me, into what waste latitudes, in this Time-Voyage, have we wandered ; like adventurous Sindbads ; — where the men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only a beaver-faculty and stomach ! The haggard despair of Cotton-factory, Coal-mine operatives, Chandos Farm-laborers, in these days, is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish God-forgetting Profit-and-Loss Philosophy and Life-theory, which we hear jangled on all hands of us, in senate-houses, spouting-clubs, leading-articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere as the Ultimate Gospel and candid Plain-English of Man's Life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men ! —

Enlightened Philosophies, like Molière Doctors, will tell you : "Enthusiasms, Self-sacrifice, Heaven, Hell and such like : yes, all that was true enough for old stupid times ; all that used to be true : but we have changed all that, *nous avons changé tout cela !*" Well ; if the heart be got round now into the right side, and the liver to the left ; if man have no heroism in him deeper than the wish to eat, and in his soul there dwell now no Infinite of Hope and Awe, and no divine Silence

can become imperative because it is not Sinai Thunder, and no tie will bind if it be not that of Tyburn gallows-ropes, — then verily you have changed all that; and for it, and for you, and for me, behold the Abyss and nameless Annihilation is ready. So scandalous a beggarly Universe deserves indeed nothing else; I cannot say I would save it from Annihilation. Vacuum, and the serene Blue, will be much handsomer; easier too for all of us. I, for one, decline living as a Patent-Digester. Patent-Digester, Spinning-Mule, Mayfair Clothes-Horse: many thanks, but your Chaossips will have the goodness to excuse me!

CHAPTER X.

PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT.

ONE thing I do know: Never, on this Earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of Laissez-faire, Competition and Supply-and-demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise: for man's philosophies are usually the "supplement of his practice;" some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings presentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise; be preached as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World; be believed, with what is called belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way: — but they are ominous gospels! They are the sure, and even swift, forerunner of great changes. Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying and fallen into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they can-

not live; they are bound and inexorably ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die. Curious enough: they thereupon, as I have pretty generally noticed, devise some light comfortable kind of "wine-and-walnuts philosophy" for themselves, this of Supply-and-demand or another; and keep saying, during hours of mastication and rumination, which they call hours of meditation: "Soul, take thy ease; it is all *well* that thou art a vulture-soul;"—and pangs of dissolution come upon them, oftenest before they are aware!

Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world. I invite his Grace of Castle-Rackrent to reflect on this;—does he think that a Land Aristocracy when it becomes a Land Auctioneership can have long to live? Or that Sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it? The indomitable Plugson too, of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Undershot, is invited to reflect on this; for to him also it will be new, perhaps even newer. Book-keeping by double entry is admirable, and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother-Destinies also keep their Tablets; in Heaven's Chancery also there goes on a recording; and things, as my Moslem friends say, are "written on the iron leaf."

Your Grace and Plugson, it is like, go to Church occasionally: did you never in vacant moments, with perhaps a dull parson droning to you, glance into your New Testament, and the cash-account stated four times over, by a kind of quadruple entry,—in the Four Gospels there? I consider that a cash-account, and balance-statement of work done and wages paid, worth attending to. Precisely *such*, though on a smaller scale, go on at all moments under this Sun; and the statement and balance of them in the Plugson Ledgers and on the Tablets of Heaven's Chancery are discrepant exceedingly;—which ought really to teach, and to have long since taught, an indomitable common-sense Plugson of Undershot, much more an unattackable *uncommon-sense* Grace of Rack-

rent, a thing or two! — In brief, we shall have to dismiss the Cash-Gospel rigorously into its own place: we shall have to know, on the threshold, that either there is some infinitely deeper Gospel, subsidiary, explanatory and daily and hourly corrective, to the Cash one; or else that the Cash one itself and all others are fast travelling!

For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unputrefied. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mould, modify, new-form or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine! — Oh, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other, he must and will have to be dethroned.

Fighting, for example, as I often say to myself, Fighting with steel murder-tools is surely a much uglier operation than Working, take it how you will. Yet even of Fighting, in religious Abbot Samson's days, see what a Feudalism there had grown, — a "glorious Chivalry," much besung down to the present day. Was not that one of the "impossiblest" things? Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hell-fire eyes, hacking one another's flesh; converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useful only for turnip-manure. How did a Chivalry ever come out of that; how anything that was not hideous, scandalous, infernal? It will be a question worth considering by and by.

I remark, for the present, only two things: first, that the Fighting itself was not, as we rashly suppose it, a Fighting without cause, but more or less with cause. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life "a battle and a march," under the right General. It is forever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton: — now also with the hallucinations

of his poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man ; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All Fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest ;—of Might which do in the long-run, and forever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust : this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing : how, in these baleful operations, a noble devout-hearted Chevalier will comport himself, and an ignoble godless Bucanier and Choctaw Indian. Victory is the aim of each. But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence ; ever-present, — like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body ; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos ! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battle-fields and garments rolled in blood : how it ennobles even the Battle-field ; and, in place of a Choctaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honor ! A Battle-field too is great. Considered well, it is a kind of Quintessence of Labor ; Labor distilled into its utmost concentration ; the significance of years of it compressed into an hour. Here too thou shalt be strong, and not in muscle only, if thou wouldst prevail. Here too thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul ; thou shalt dread no pain or death, thou shalt not love ease or life ; in rage, thou shalt remember mercy, justice ; — thou shalt be a Knight and not a Choctaw, if thou wouldst prevail ! It is the rule of all battles, against hallucinating fellow Men, against unkempt Cotton, or whatsoever battles they may be, which a man in this world has to fight.

Howel Davies dyes the West-Indian Seas with blood, piles his decks with plunder ; approves himself the expertest Seaman, the daringest Sea-fighter : but he gains no lasting victory, lasting victory is not possible for him. Not, had he fleets

larger than the combined British Navy all united with him in bucaniering. He, once for all, cannot prosper in his duel. He strikes down his man : yes ; but his man, or his man's representative, has no notion to lie struck down ; neither, though slain ten times, will he keep so lying ; — nor has the Universe any notion to keep him so lying ! On the contrary, the Universe and he have, at all moments, all manner of motives to start up again, and desperately fight again. Your Napoleon is flung out, at last, to St. Helena ; the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning. The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men : but what profits it ? He has one enemy never to be struck down ; nay two enemies : Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies : it is not the Bucanier, it is the Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating ; for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of Life. It is a poor Gospel, Cash-Gospel or whatever name it have, that does not, with clear tone, uncontradictable, carrying conviction to all hearts, forever keep men in mind of these things.

Unhappily, my indomitable friend Plugson of Undershot has, in a great degree, forgotten them ; — as, alas, all the world has ; as, alas, our very Dukes and Soul-Overseers have, whose special trade it was to remember them ! Hence these tears. — Plugson, who has indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds, I have to call as yet a Bucanier and Choctaw ; till there come something better, still more indomitable from him. His hundred Thousand-pound Notes, if there be nothing other, are to me but as the hundred Scalps in a Choctaw wigwam. The blind Plugson : he was a Captain of Industry, born member of the Ultimate genuine Aristocracy of this Universe, could he have known it ! These thousand men that span and toiled round him, they were a regiment whom he had enlisted, man by man ; to make war on a very genuine enemy : Bareness of back, and disobedient Cotton-fibre, which will not, unless forced to it, consent to cover bare

backs. Here is a most genuine enemy; over whom all creatures will wish him victory. He enlisted his thousand men; said to them, "Come, brothers, let us have a dash at Cotton!" They follow with cheerful shout; they gain such a victory over Cotton as the Earth has to admire and clap hands at: but, alas, it is yet only of the Bucanier or Choctaw sort, — as good as no victory! Foolish Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot: does he hope to become illustrious by hanging up the scalps in his wigwam, the hundred thousands at his banker's, and saying, Behold my scalps? Why, Plugson, even thy own host is all in mutiny: Cotton is conquered; but the "bare backs" — are worse covered than ever! Indomitable Plugson, thou must cease to be a Choctaw; thou and others; thou thyself, if no other!

Did William the Norman Bastard, or any of his Taillefers, *Ironcutters*, manage so? Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did not turn off his thousand fighters, but said to them: "Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it, — what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and *keeper* of Heaven's *Laws*: be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another!" Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them: "Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours: adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above!" The entirely unjust, Captain of Industry, say I; not Chevalier, but Bucanier! "Commercial Law" does indeed acquit him; asks, with wide eyes, What else? So too Howel Davies asks, Was it not according to the strictest Bucanier Custom? Did I depart in any jot or tittle from the Laws of the Bucaniers?

After all, money, as they say, is miraculous. Plugson wanted victory; as Chevaliers and Bucaniers, and all men alike do. He found money recognized, by the whole world with one assent, as the true symbol, exact equivalent and synonym of victory; — and here we have him, a grim-browed, indomitable

Bucanier, coming home to us with a "victory," which the whole world is *ceasing* to clap hands at! The whole world, taught somewhat impressively, is beginning to recognize that such victory is but half a victory; and that now, if it please the Powers, we must — have the other half!

Money is miraculous. What miraculous facilities has it yielded, will it yield us; but also what never-imagined confusions, obscurations has it brought in; down almost to total extinction of the moral-sense in large masses of mankind! "Protection of property," of what is "*mine*," means with most men protection of money, — the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine*; is, in a manner, scarcely worth calling mine! The symbol shall be held sacred, defended everywhere with tipstaves, ropes and gibbets; the thing signified shall be composedly cast to the dogs. A human being who has worked with human beings clears all scores with them, cuts himself with triumphant completeness forever loose from them, by paying down certain shillings and pounds. Was it not the wages I promised you? There they are, to the last sixpence, — according to the Laws of the Bucaniers! — Yes, indeed; — and, at such times, it becomes imperatively necessary to ask all persons, bucaniers and others, Whether these same respectable Laws of the Bucaniers are written on God's eternal Heavens at all, on the inner Heart of Man at all; or on the respectable Bucanier Log-book merely, for the convenience of bucaniering merely? What a question; — whereat Westminster Hall shudders to its driest parchment; and on the dead wigs each particular horse-hair stands on end!

The Laws of Laissez-faire, O Westminster, the laws of Industrial Captain and industrial Soldier, how much more of idle Captain and industrial Soldier, will need to be remodelled, and modified, and rectified in a hundred and a hundred ways, — and *not* in the Sliding-scale direction, but in the totally opposite one! With two million industrial Soldiers already sitting in Bastilles, and five million pining on potatoes, methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon! — A man has other obligations laid on him, in God's Universe, than the payment of cash: these also Westminster, if it will continue to exist and have

board-wages, must contrive to take some charge of : — by Westminster or by another, they must and will be taken charge of ; be, with whatever difficulty, got articulated, got enforced, and to a certain approximate extent put in practice. And, as I say, it cannot be too soon ! For Mammonism, left to itself, has become Midas-eared ; and with all its gold mountains, sits starving for want of bread : and Dilettantism with its partridge-nets, in this extremely earnest Universe of ours, is playing somewhat too high a game. “ A man by the very look of him promises so much : ” yes ; and by the rent-roll of him does he promise nothing ? —

Alas, what a business will this be, which our Continental friends, groping this long while somewhat absurdly about it and about it, call “ Organization of Labor ; ” — which must be taken out of the hands of absurd windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest and valiant men, to begin with it straightway ; to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more, if Europe, at any rate if England, is to continue habitable much longer. Looking at the kind of most noble Corn-Law Dukes or Practical *Duces* we have, and also of right reverend Soul-Overseers, Christian Spiritual *Duces* “ on a minimum of four thousand five hundred,” one’s hopes are a little chilled. Courage, nevertheless ; there are many brave men in England ! My indomitable Plugson, — nay is there not even in thee some hope ? Thou art hitherto a Bucanier, as it was written and prescribed for thee by an evil world : but in that grim brow, in that indomitable heart which *can* conquer Cotton, do there not perhaps lie other ten-times nobler conquests ?

CHAPTER XI.

LABOR.

FOR there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, *is* in communion with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their eaves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, — one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle un-revolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, — a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; — draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working,

cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell-Gwynn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwynn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, — if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her, — Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here;" — must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these, — and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain

centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king, — Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off

invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them · see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while : valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage : thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ; — how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep : a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service, — thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on, — to new Americas, or whither God wills !

CHAPTER XII.

REWARD.

“RELIGION,” I said ; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion : and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will ; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks, “*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship.”

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel : Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work ; — and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, amenable ; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou find-

est Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee ! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it ; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, — yes, there, with or without Church-rithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfourd-Mahon Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite, in the name of God ! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee ; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *unspoken* voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee ? The unborn Ages ; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry, — do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard ? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms, — up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied

brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind, — as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home* in honor; to thy far-distant Home, in honor; doubt it not, — if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone! One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his "Religion"? That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie; and that Man and his Life are a lie. — Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked? The faithfulest of us are unprofitable servants; the faithfulest of us know that best. The faithfulest of us may say, with sad and true old Samuel, "Much of my life has been trifled away!" But he that has, and except "on public occasions" professes to have, no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner; and of begetting sons to go idle; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers who at least *are* spinning and digging, "Ye scandalous persons who produce too much" — My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with law of gravitation, are ye rushing!

As to the Wages of Work there might innumerable things be said ; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in St. Stephen's and out of St. Stephen's ; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter : — " Fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work " is the most unrefusable demand ! Money-wages " to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may work more ; " these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble !

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest ; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter : The " wages " of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's Labor-bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labor-banks know thee not ; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from " rewarding," — all manner of bank-drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee ! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward ? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism ; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call " happy," in this world, or in any other world ? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No !

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee ; — thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner ? What price, for example, would content thee ? The just price of thy LIFE to thee, — why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold : that is the price which would content thee ; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that ! It is thy all : and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal ; — or rather thou art a poor

infinite mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable ! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart ; let the price be Nothing : thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it ! The heroic man — and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero ? — has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious : “ By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value ; I do not need your guineas for them ! ” It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be “ satisfactory ” otherwise ; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can ! Money for my little piece of work “ to the extent that will allow me to keep working ; ” yes, this, — unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me : but as to “ wages ” — !

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work *is* Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen ; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic Poem, is as yet “ seen,” half-seen, only by himself ; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible ; to Nature herself it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was ; — very “ impossible,” for it is as yet a No-thing ! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man ; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business ; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing, — which it had better not do !

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem, O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing ; for the truth is not in it ! Though printed, hot-pressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition : what is all that ? The Thing, in philosophical uncommercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly

semblance, and deception of the sight;—benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impatient till Chaos, to which it belongs, do reabsorb it!—

He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Manes*, and Hercules-like long suffer and labor there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war,—for is not this a battle?—thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall “make thee lean for many years.” The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone,—“*Se tu segui tua stella!*” Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed: this only shalt thou strive to follow. Oh, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses,—not without sympathy of *their* sort! “*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno.*” For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way,—who is by no means pleasant company! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighborhood and kindred with mere Insanity; literally so;—and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane;—truly enough a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work otherwise; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages.

Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have "Black or White Surplice" Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes ; — terrestrial *Law-wards*, Lords and Law-bringers, "organizing Labor" in these years, by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye ; most accursed, nevertheless, to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Sham-woven Cloth or of Dilet-tante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but Devil's-dust, accursed of God and man ! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously ; not even the poor day-laborer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion ; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil ; tearing asunder mountains, — to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared ! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage : the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labor is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism ; Labor is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism ! Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer of Normandy, wants victory ; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a Chivalrous victory than a Choctaw one ! The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People. Show me a People energetically busy ; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel ; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will ; — I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable ; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn ; they have, Antæus-like, their foot on Mother Fact : how can they but learn ?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such: all speed to these, they are England's hope at present! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, house-room; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment; he has to pick his supplies from the confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it!—He exclaims, at present, "black in the face," near strangled with Dilettante Legislation: "Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant: what 'sinews of war' lie in me, untold resources towards the Conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me!"—My indomitable friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shotbelts to the Devil; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law-precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God's Universe; but the adscititious excrescence of it; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real*

legislation, by true *noble's*-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all, were doomed to perdition! — Effected it will be; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene Highnesses, your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now "Arms and the Man;" how much less, "Shirt-frills and the Man:" no, it is now "Tools and the Man:" that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic; — and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that!

CHAPTER XIII.

DEMOCRACY.

IF the Serene Highnesses and Majesties do not take note of that, then as I perceive, *that* will take note of itself! The time for levity, insincerity, and idle babble and play-acting, in all kinds, is gone by; it is a serious, grave time. Old long-vexed questions, not yet solved in logical words or parliamentary laws, are fast solving themselves in facts, somewhat unblest to behold! This largest of questions, this question of Work and Wages, which ought, had we heeded Heaven's voice, to have begun two generations ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing Earth's voice. "Labor" will verily need to be somewhat "organized," as they say, — God knows with what difficulty. Man will actually need to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which, let Parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are eternally his due from man, and cannot, without penalty and at length not without death-penalty, be withheld. How much ought

to cease among us straightway; how much ought to begin straightway, while the hours yet are!

Truly they are strange results to which this of leaving all to "Cash;" of quietly shutting up the God's Temple, and gradually opening wide open the Mammon's Temple, with "Laissez-faire, and Every man for himself," — have led us in these days! We have Upper, speaking Classes, who indeed do "speak" as never man spake before; the withered flimsiness, the godless baseness and barrenness of whose Speech might of itself indicate what kind of Doing and practical Governing went on under it! For Speech is the gaseous element out of which most kinds of Practice and Performance, especially all kinds of moral Performance, condense themselves, and take shape; as the one is, so will the other be. Descending, accordingly, into the Dumb Class in its Stockport Cellars and Poor-Law Bastilles, have we not to announce that they also are hitherto unexampled in the History of Adam's Posterity.

Life was never a May-game for men: in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore. As bond-slaves, *villani*, *bordarii*, *sochemanni*, nay indeed as dukes, earls and kings, men were oftentimes made weary of their life; and had to say, in the sweat of their brow and of their soul, Behold, it is not sport, it is grim earnest, and our back can bear no more! Who knows not what massacings and harryings there have been; grinding, long-continuing, unbearable injustices, — till the heart had to rise in madness, and some "*Eu Sachsen, nimith euer sachsens*, You Saxons, out with your gully-knives, then!" You Saxons, some "arrestment," partial "arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards" has become indispensable! — The page of Dryasdust is heavy with such details.

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of

hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die, — the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal *Laissez-faire*: it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

Never before did I hear of an Irish Widow reduced to "prove her sisterhood by dying of typhus-fever and infecting seventeen persons," — saying in such undeniable way, "You see I was your sister!" Sisterhood, brotherhood, was often forgotten; but not till the rise of these ultimate Mammon and Shot-belt Gospels did I ever see it so expressly denied. If no pious Lord or *Law-ward* would remember it, always some pious Lady ("*Ilaf-dig*," Benefactress, "*Loaf-giveress*," they say she is, — blessings on her beautiful heart!) was there, with mild mother-voice and hand, to remember it; some pious thoughtful *Elder*, what we now call "Prester," *Presbyter* or "Priest," was there to put all men in mind of it, in the name of the God who had made all.

Not even in Blaek Dahomey was it ever, I think, forgotten to the typhus-fever length. Mungo Park, resoureeless, had sunk down to die under the Negro Village-Tree, a horrible White object in the eyes of all. But in the poor Black Woman, and her daughter who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth and funded eapital consisted of one small calabash of rieee, there lived a heart richer than *Laissez-faire*: they, with a royal munificenee, boiled their rieee for him; they sang all night to him, spinning assiduous on their cotton distaffs, as he lay to sleep: "Let us pity the poor white man; no mother has he to fete him milk, no sister to grind him eorn!" Thou poor blaek Noble One, — thou *Lady* too: did not a God make thee too; was there not in thee too something of a God! —

Gurth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others. Gurth, with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity: but Gurth, with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted boscage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of anybody! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him: Cedric *deserved* to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals. — Gurth is now "emancipated" long since; has what we call "Liberty." Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the "Liberty to die by starvation" is not so divine!

Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same! That is his true blessedness, honor, "liberty" and maximum of well-being: if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. Oh, if thou really art my *Senior*, Seigneur, my *Elder*, Presbyter or Priest, — if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to "conquer" me, to command me! If thou do know better than I

what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called, by all the Newspapers, a "free man" will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. Oh that the Newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life!—Liberty requires new definitions.

A conscious abhorrence and intolerance of Folly, of Base-ness, Stupidity, Poltroonery and all that brood of things, dwells deep in some men: still deeper in others an *unconscious* abhorrence and intolerance, clothed moreover by the beneficent Supreme Powers in what stout appetites, energies, egoisms so called, are suitable to it;—these latter are your Conquerors, Romans, Normans, Russians, Indo-English; Founders of what we call Aristocracies. Which indeed have they not the most "divine right" to found;—being themselves very truly *Ἀριστοι*, BRAVEST, BEST; and conquering generally a confused rabble of WORST, or at lowest, clearly enough, of WORSE? I think their divine right, tried, with affirmatory verdict, in the greatest Law-Court known to me, was good! A class of men who are dreadfully exclaimed against by Dryasdust; of whom nevertheless beneficent Nature has oftentimes had need; and may, alas, again have need.

When, across the hundred-fold poor scepticisms, trivialisms, and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville or such like,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King; whom not the Champion of England cased in tin, but all Nature and the Universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish, of obesity, stupor or other malady, as yet: a stern Ruler and Line of Rulers therefore is called in,—a stern but most beneficent *perpetual House-Surgeon* is by Nature herself called in, and even the appropriate *fees* are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the Fen Counties;

fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes: all which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: "A child, in this William's reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England." My erudite friend, it is a fact which outweighs a thousand! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental and other cobwebberies; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard: thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart; — in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of "a man of genius"! Dost thou call that nothing? I call it an immense thing! — Rage enough was in this Willelmus Conquæstor, rage enough for his occasions; — and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most godlike "elementary substance" in our world: a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquæstor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what *is* really what on this God's-Earth; — which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom "Justice," and "Virtues" not a few: *Conformity* to what the Maker has seen good to make; that, I suppose, will mean Justice and a Virtue or two? —

Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor would have tolerated ten years' jargon, one hour's jargon, on the propriety of killing Cotton-manufacturers by partridge Corn-Laws? I fancy, this was not the man to knock out of his night's-rest with nothing but a noisy bedlamism in your mouth! "Assist us still better to bush the partridges; strangle Plugson who spins the shirts?" — "*Par la Splendeur de Dieu!*" — Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor, in this new time, with Steam-engine Captains of Industry on one hand of him, and Joe-Manton Captains of Idleness on the other, would have doubted which *was* really the Best; which did deserve strangling, and which not?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquæstor. A resident House-Surgeon, provided by nature for

her beloved English People, and even furnished with the requisite fees, as I said; for he by no means felt himself doing Nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively! And his own work withal it was; informed "*par la Splendeur de Dieu*." — I say, it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be! When a world, not yet doomed for death, is rushing down to ever-deeper Baseness and Confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her ARISTOCRACIES, her BEST, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to *be* the Best, Nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness; and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature's to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of *Etceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

To what extent Democracy has now reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself. From the thunder of Napoleon battles, to the jabbering of Open-vestry in St. Mary Axe, all things announce Democracy. A distinguished man, whom some of my readers will hear again with pleasure, thus writes to me what in these days he notes from the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, where our London fashions seem to be in full vogue. Let us hear the Herr Teufelsdröckh again, were it but the smallest word!

"Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and contented putting up with the want of them, — alas, thou too, *mein Lieber*, seest well how close it is of kin to *Atheism*, and other sad *Isms*: he who discovers no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible Temples of God? — Strange enough meanwhile it is, to observe with what thoughtlessness, here in our rigidly Conservative Country, men rush into Democracy with full cry. Beyond doubt, his Excellenz the Titular-Herr Ritter Kauderwälsch von Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, he our distinguished Conservative Premier himself, and all but the thicker-headed of his

Party, discern Democracy to be inevitable as death, and are even desperate of delaying it much !

“ You cannot walk the streets without beholding Democracy announce itself: the very Tailor has become, if not properly Sansculottic, which to him would be ruinous, yet a Tailor unconsciously symbolizing, and prophesying with his scissors, the reign of Equality. What now is our fashionable coat ? A thing of superfine texture, of deeply meditated cut ; with Malines-lace cuffs ; quilted with gold ; so that a man can carry, without difficulty, an estate of land on his back ? *Keineswegs*, By no manner of means ! The Sumptuary Laws have fallen into such a state of desuetude as was never before seen. Our fashionable coat is an amphibium between barn-sack and drayman’s doublet. The cloth of it is studiously coarse ; the color a speckled soot-black or rust-brown gray ; the nearest approach to a Peasant’s. And for shape, — thou shouldst see it ! The last consummation of the year now passing over us is definable as Three Bags ; a big bag for the body, two small bags for the arms, and by way of collar a hem ! The first Antique Cheruscan who, of felt-cloth or bear’s-hide, with bone or metal needle, set about making himself a coat, before Tailors had yet awakened out of Nothing, — did not he make it even so ? A loose wide poke for body, with two holes to let out the arms ; this was his original coat : to which holes it was soon visible that two small loose pokes, or sleeves, easily appended, would be an improvement.

“ Thus has the Tailor-art, so to speak, overset itself, like most other things ; changed its centre-of-gravity ; whirled suddenly over from zenith to nadir. Your Stulz, with huge somerset, vaults from his high shopboard down to the depths of primal savagery, — carrying much along with him ! For I will invite thee to reflect that the Tailor, as topmost ultimate froth of Human Society, is indeed swift-passing, evanescent, slippery to decipher ; yet significant of much, nay of all. Topmost evanescent froth, he is churned up from the very lees, and from all intermediate regions of the liquor. The general outcome he, visible to the eye, of what men aimed to do, and were obliged and enabled to do, in this one public

department of symbolizing themselves to each other by covering of their skins. A smack of all Human Life lies in the Tailor; its wild struggles towards beauty, dignity, freedom, victory; and how, hemmed in by Sedan and Huddersfield, by Nescience, Dulness, Pruriency, and other sad necessities and laws of Nature, it has attained just to this: Gray savagery of Three Sacks with a hem!

"When the very Tailor verges towards Sansculottism, is it not ominous? The last Divinity of poor mankind dethroning himself; sinking *his* taper too, flame downmost, like the Genius of Sleep or of Death; admonitory that Tailor time shall be no more!—For, little as one could advise Sumptuary Laws at the present epoch, yet nothing is clearer than that where ranks do actually exist, strict division of costumes will also be enforced; that if we ever have a new Hierarchy and Aristocracy, acknowledged veritably as such, for which I daily pray Heaven, the Tailor will reawaken; and be, by volunteering and appointment, consciously and unconsciously, a safeguard of that same."—Certain farther observations, from the same invaluable pen, on our never-ending changes of mode, our "perpetual nomadic and even ape-like appetite for change and mere 'change' in all the equipments of our existence, and the fatal revolutionary character" thereby manifested, we suppress for the present. It may be admitted that Democracy, in all meanings of the word, is in full career; irresistible by any Ritter Kauderwälsch or other Son of Adam, as times go. "Liberty" is a thing men are determined to have.

But truly, as I had to remark in the mean while, "the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man" is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated: but from Thyself and from the Devil—? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go: but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for Money, Windsor Georges and such like? No man

oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser : but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee ? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go ; but this absurd Pot of Heavy-wet, this can and does ! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy "liberty" ? Thou entire blockhead !

Heavy-wet and gin : alas, these are not the only kinds of thralldom. Thou who walkest in a vain show, looking out with ornamental dilet tante sniff and serene supremacy at all Life and all Death ; and amblest jauntily ; perking up thy poor talk into crotchets, thy poor conduct into fatuous somnambulisms ; — and *art* as an "enchanted Ape" under God's sky, where thou mightest have been a man, had proper Schoolmasters and Conquerors, and Constables with cat-o'-nine tails, been vouchsafed thee ; dost thou call that "liberty" ? Or your unreposing Mammon-worshipper again, driven, as if by Galvanisms, by Devils and Fixed-Ideas, who rises early and sits late, chasing the impossible ; straining every faculty to "fill himself with the east-wind," — how merciful were it, could you, by mild persuasion, or by the severest tyranny so called, check him in his mad path, and turn him into a wiser one ! All painful tyranny, in that case again, were but mild "surgery ;" the pain of it cheap, as health and life, instead of galvanism and fixed-idea, are cheap at any price.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best path* for every man ; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do ; — which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing "like a man," as we phrase it ; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him ! His success, in such case, were complete ; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty : whatsoever hinders him, were it ward-motes, open-vestries, poll-booths, tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery.

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold, now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?" — is one of the pleasantest! Nature nevertheless is kind at present; and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty especially which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having "no business with him" but a cash-account: this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw; — as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions a liberty to die by want of food; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws are silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life-philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Dilettantism, Pococurantism, Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protesting burst of Byronism, establish themselves: at the end of a certain period, — if you go back to "the Dead Sea," there is, say our Moslem friends, a very strange "Sabbath-day" transacting itself there! — Brethren, we know but imperfectly yet, after ages of Constitutional Government, what Liberty and Slavery are.

Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course; unrestrainable by him of *Pferdefuss-Quacksalber*, or any of *his* household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpiablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-

Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, God-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn.

One thing I do know: Those Apes; chattering on the branches by the Dead Sea, never got it learned; but chatter there to this day. To them no Moses need come a second time; a thousand Moseses would be but so many painted Phantasms, interesting Fellow-Apes of new strange aspect, — whom they would “invite to dinner,” be glad to meet with in lion-soirées. To them the voice of Prophecy, of heavenly monition, is quite ended. They chatter there, all Heaven shut to them, to the end of the world. The unfortunates! Oh, what is dying of hunger, with honest tools in your hand, with a manful purpose in your heart, and much real labor lying round you done, in comparison? You honestly quit your tools; quit a most muddy confused coil of sore work, short rations, of sorrows, dispiritments and contradictions, having now honestly done with it all; — and await, not entirely in a distracted manner, what the Supreme Powers, and the Silences and the Eternities may have to say to you.

A second thing I know: This lesson will have to be learned, — under penalties! England will either learn it, or England also will cease to exist among Nations. England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gas-lighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God’s-voice, amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, “Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance for us:” or else England will continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood, — and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of Quacks! Can I dread such things of England? Wretched, thick-eyed, gross-hearted mortals, why will ye worship lies, and “Stuffed

Clothes-suits created by the ninth-parts of men"! It is not your purses that suffer; your farm-rents, your commerces, your mill-revenues, loud as ye lament over these; no, it is not these alone, but a far deeper than these: it is your souls that lie dead, crushed down under despicable Nightmares, Atheisms, Brain-fumes; and are not souls at all, but mere succedanea for *salt* to keep your bodies and their appetites from putrefying! Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? Spiders can spin, Beavers can build and show contrivance; the Ant lays up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack and spinning sea-sand; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute: he has no soul, but only a succedaneum for salt. Whereupon, seeing himself to be truly of the beasts that perish, he ought to admit it, I think; — and also straightway universally to kill himself; and so, in a manlike manner at least *end*, and wave these brute-worlds *his* dignified farewell! —

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR JABESH WINDBAG.

OLIVER CROMWELL, whose body they hung on their Tyburn gallows because he had found the Christian Religion inexecutable in this country, remains to me by far the remarkablest Governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so. For the last five centuries, there has been no Governor among us with anything like similar talent; and for the last two centuries, no Governor, we may say, with the possibility of similar talent, — with an idea in the heart of him capable of inspiring similar talent, capable of co-existing therewith. When you consider that Oliver believed in a God, the difference between Oliver's position and that of any subsequent

Governor of this Country becomes, the more you reflect on it, the more immeasurable !

Oliver, no volunteer in Public Life, but plainly a balloted soldier strictly ordered thither, enters upon Public Life ; compares himself there like a man who carried his own life in his hand ; like a man whose Great Commander's eye was always on him. Not without results. Oliver, well advanced in years, finds now, by Destiny and his own Deservings, or as he himself better phrased it, by wondrous successive "Births of Providence," the Government of England put into his hands. In senate-house and battle-field, in counsel and in action, in private and in public, this man has proved himself a man : England and the voice of God, through waste awful whirlwinds and environments, speaking to his great heart, summon him to assert formally, in the way of solemn Public Fact and as a new piece of English Law, what informally and by Nature's eternal Law needed no asserting, That he, Oliver, was the Ablest Man of England, the King of England ; that he, Oliver, would undertake governing England. His way of making this same "assertion," the one way he had of making it, has given rise to immense criticism : but the assertion itself, in what way soever "made," is it not somewhat of a solemn one, somewhat of a tremendous one !

And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honorable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Viscount Mealy-mouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years ! Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at Church on Sundays, if even then ; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes ; that Force of Public Opinion, as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have :—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHERWARD, by the *friendship*

of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them, when once *they* have made up their mind! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one: he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE; his indistinct Whitherward will be a *Thitherward*! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and *his* ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgment.

Oliver knew that his America lay THERE, Westward Ho; — and it was not entirely by *friendship* of the Water-Alps, and yeasty insane Froth-Oceans, that he meant to get thither! He sailed accordingly; had compass-card, and Rules of Navigation, — older and greater than these Froth-Oceans, old as the Eternal God! Or again, do but think of this. Windbag in these his probable five years of office has to prosper and get Paragraphs: the Paragraphs of these five years must be his salvation, or he is a lost man; redemption nowhere in the Worlds or in the Times discoverable for him. Oliver too would like his Paragraphs; successes, popularities in these five years are not undesirable to him: but mark, I say, this enormous circumstance: *after* these five years are gone and done, comes an Eternity for Oliver! Oliver has to appear before the Most High Judge: the utmost flow of Paragraphs, the utmost ebb of them, is now, in strictest arithmetic, verily no matter at all; its exact value *zero*; an account altogether erased! Enormous; — which a man, in these days, hardly fancies with an effort! Oliver's Paragraphs are all done, his battles, division-lists, successes all summed: and now in that awful unerring Court of Review, the real question first rises, Whether he has succeeded at all; whether he has not been defeated miserably forevermore? Let him come with world-wide *Io-Parans*, these avail him not. Let him come covered over with the world's execrations, gashed with ignominious death-wounds, the gallows-rope about his neck: what avails that? The word is, Come thou brave and faithful; the word is, Depart thou quack and accursed!

O Windbag, my right honorable friend, in very truth I pity thee. I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a pennyworth of tape, on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market; behold, the leather only *seemed* to be tanned; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes, — thou unfortunate, and I! O my right honorable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh? On the swelling tide he mounted; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs needs must: Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and forever sinking in ignominious ooze; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. “Posterity?” Thou appealest to Posterity, thou? My right honorable friend, what will Posterity do for thee! The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favor, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much if the man be not brainsick. Besides, to tell the truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honorable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours. Posterity, which has made of Norse Odin a similitude, and of Norman William a brute monster, what will or can it make of English Jabesh? O Heavens, “Posterity!” —

“These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters,” said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stunted French as stood at command, “*ils s’en appelaient à*” — “*A la Postérité*,” interrupted he, helping me out. — “*Ah, Monsieur, non, mille fois non!* They appealed to the Eternal God; not to Posterity at all! *C’était différent.*”

CHAPTER XV.

MORRISON AGAIN.

NEVERTHELESS, O Advanced-Liberal, one cannot promise thee any "New Religion," for some time; to say truth, I do not think we have the smallest chance of any! Will the candid reader, by way of closing this Book Third, listen to a few transient remarks on that subject?

Candid readers have not lately met with any man who had less notion to interfere with their Thirty-Nine or other Church-Articles; wherewith, very helplessly as is like, they may have struggled to form for themselves some not inconceivable hypothesis about this Universe, and their own Existence there. Superstition, my friend, is far from me; Fanaticism, for any *Fanum* likely to arise soon on this Earth, is far. A man's Church-Articles are surely articles of price to him; and in these times one has to be tolerant of many strange "Articles," and of many still stranger "No-articles," which go about placarding themselves in a very distracted manner, — the numerous long placard-poles, and questionable infirm paste-pots, interfering with one's peaceable thoroughfare sometimes!

Fancy a man, moreover, recommending his fellow men to believe in God, that so Chartism might abate, and the Manchester Operatives be got to spin peaceably! The idea is more distracted than any placard-pole seen hitherto in a public thoroughfare of men! My friend, if thou ever do come to believe in God, thou wilt find all Chartism, Manchester riot, Parliamentary incompetence, Ministries of Windbag, and the wildest Social Dissolutions, and the burning up of this entire Planet, a most small matter in comparison. Brother, this Planet, I find, is but an inconsiderable sand-grain in the continents of Being: this Planet's poor temporary interests, thy interests and my interests there, when I look fixedly into that

eternal Light-Sea and Flame-Sea with *its* eternal interests, dwindle literally into Nothing; my speech of it is — silence for the while. I will as soon think of making Galaxies and Star-Systems to guide little herring-vessels by, as of preaching Religion that the Constable may continue possible. O my Advanced-Liberal friend, this new second progress, of proceeding “to invent God,” is a very strange one! Jacobinism unfolded into Saint-Simonism bodes innumerable blessed things; but the thing itself might draw tears from a Stoic! — As for me, some twelve or thirteen New Religions, heavy Packets, most of them unfranked, having arrived here from various parts of the world, in a space of six calendar months, I have instructed my invaluable friend the Stamped Postman to introduce no more of them, if the charge exceed one penny.

Henry of Essex, duelling in that Thames Island, “near to Reading Abbey,” had a religion. But was it in virtue of his seeing armed Phantasms of St. Edmund “on the rim’ of the horizon,” looking minatory on him? Had that, intrinsically, anything to do with his religion at all? Henry of Essex’s religion was the Inner Light or Moral Conscience of his own soul; such as is vouchsafed still to all souls of men; — which Inner Light shone here “through such intellectual and other media” as there were; producing “Phantasms,” Kircherean Visual-Spectra, according to circumstances! It is so with all men. The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media, the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce, — the gladder surely shall I be, and not the sorrier! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced-Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining; — which certainly the “Phantasms” and the “turbid media” were not essential for! All religion was here to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other, — strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. “All

religion issues in due Practieal Hero-worship." He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succeedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preaeh him one.

But indeed, when men and reformers ask for "a religion," it is analogous to their asking, "What would you have us to do?" and such like. They fancy that their religion too shall be a kind of Morrison's Pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp down your Religion, your Morrison's Pill, you have it all plain sailing now: you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, dilettanting, dangling, and miming and chattering like a Dead-Sea Ape: your Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange! — Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor will ever be, in the wide eirele of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat.* In Created Nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemoek the poor inhabitants *there*.

Rituals, Liturgies, Creeds, Hierarchies: all this is not religion; all this, were it dead as Odinism, as Fetishism, does not kill religion at all! It is Stupidity alone, with never so many rituals, that kills religion. Is not this still a World? Spinning Cotton under Arkwright and Adam Smith; founding Cities by the Fountain of Juturna, on the Janiculum Mount; tilling Canaan under Prophet Samuel and Psalmist David, man is ever man; the missionary of Unseen Powers; and great and victorious, while he continues true to his mission; mean, miserable, foiled, and at last annihilated and trodden out of sight and memory, when he proves untrue. Brother, thou art a Man, I think; thou art not a mere building Beaver, or two-legged Cotton-Spider; thou hast verily a

Soul in thee, asphyxied or otherwise! Sooty Manchester,—it too is built on the infinite Abysses; overspanned by the skyey Firmaments; and there is birth in it, and death in it;—and it is every whit as wonderful, as fearful, unimaginable, as the oldest Salem or Prophetic City. Go or stand, in what time, in what place we will, are there not Immensities, Eternities over us, around us, in us:—

“ Solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o’er us,
Graves under us silent!”

Between *these* two great Silences, the hum of all our spinning cylinders, Trades-Unions, Anti-Corn-Law Leagues and Carlton Clubs goes on. Stupidity itself ought to pause a little and consider that. I tell thee, through all thy Ledgers, Supply-and-demand Philosophies, and daily most modern melancholy Business and Cant, there does shine the presence of a Primeval Unspeakable; and thou wert wise to recognize, not with lips only, that same!

The Maker’s Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful; sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of Gravitation known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men. He who knows this, it will sink, silent, awful, unspeakable, into his heart. He will say with Faust: “Who *dare* name HIM?” Most rituals or “namings” he will fall in with at present,

are like to be "namings" — which shall be nameless! In silence, in the Eternal Temple, let him worship, if there be no fit word. Such knowledge, the crown of his whole spiritual being, the life of his life, let him keep and sacredly walk by. He has a religion. Hourly and daily, for himself and for the whole world, a faithful, unspoken, but not ineffectual prayer rises, "Thy will be done." His whole work on Earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer, Be the will of God done on Earth, — not the Devil's will, or any of the Devil's servants' wills! He has a religion, this man; an everlasting Load-star that beams the brighter in the Heavens, the darker here on Earth grows the night around him. Thou, if thou know not this, what are all rituals, liturgies, mythologies, mass-chantings, turnings of the rotatory calabash? They are as nothing; in a good many respects they are as *less*. Divorced from this, getting half-divorced from this, they are a thing to fill one with a kind of horror; with a sacred inexpressible pity and fear. The most tragical thing a human eye can look on. It was said to the Prophet, "Behold, I will show thee worse things than these: women weeping to Thammuz." That was the acme of the Prophet's vision, — then as now.

Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder: I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's Laws more godlike to me? Brother, No. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now; and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not Fear, but Reverence alone, that shall now lead me! — Revelations, Inspirations? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou not call that a "revelation"? Who made THEE? Where didst Thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest Birth of Nature; it is "the Inspiration of the Almighty" that giveth *thee* understanding! My brother, my brother! —

Under baleful Atheisms, Mammonisms, Joe-Manton Dilettantisms, with their appropriate Cants and Idolisms, and

whatsoever scandalous rubbish obscures and all but extinguishes the soul of man, — religion now is ; its Laws, written if not on stone tables, yet on the Azure of Infinitude, in the inner heart of God's Creation, certain as Life, certain as Death ! I say the Laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them. It were better for thee not. Better a hundred deaths than yes. Terrible "penalties," withal, if thou still need "penalties," are there for disobeying. Dost thou observe, O red-tape Politician, that fiery infernal Phenomenon, which men name FRENCH REVOLUTION, sailing, unlooked-for, unbidden ; through thy inane Protocol Dominion : — far-seen, with splendor not of Heaven ? Ten centuries will see it. There were Tanneries at Meudon for human skins. And Hell, very truly Hell, had power over God's upper Earth for a season. The cruelest Portent that has risen into created Space these ten centuries : let us hail it, with awe-struck repentant hearts, as the voice once more of a God, though of one in wrath. Blessed be the God's-voice ; for *it* is true, and Falsehoods have to cease before it ! But for that same preternatural quasi-infernal Portent, one could not know what to make of this wretched world, in these days, at all. The deplorablest quack-ridden, and now hunger-ridden, down-trodden Despicability and *Flebile Ludibrium*, of red-tape Protocols, rotatory Calabashes, Poor-Law Bastilles : who is there that could think of *its* being fated to continue ? —

Penalties enough, my brother ! This penalty inclusive of all : Eternal Death to thy own hapless Self, if thou heed no other. Eternal Death, I say, — with many meanings old and new, of which let this single one suffice us here : The eternal impossibility for thee to be aught but a Chimera, and swift-vanishing deceptive Phantasm, in God's Creation ; — swift-vanishing, never to reappear : why should *it* reappear ! Thou hadst one chance, thou wilt never have another. Everlasting ages will roll on, and no other be given thee. The foolishlest articulate-speaking soul now extant, may not he say to himself : "A whole Eternity I waited to be born ; and now I have a whole Eternity waiting to see what I will do when born !" This is not Theology, this is Arithmetic. And thou but

half-discernest this; thou but half-believest it? Alas, on the shores of the Dead Sea, on Sabbath, there goes on a Tragedy!—

But we will leave this of “Religion;” of which, to say truth, it is chiefly profitable in these unspeakable days to keep silence. Thou needest no “New Religion;” nor art thou like to get any. Thou hast already more “religion” than thou makest use of. This day thou knowest ten commanded duties; seest in thy mind ten things which should be done, for one that thou doest! *Do* one of them; this of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done. “But my future fate?” Yes, thy future fate, indeed! Thy future fate, while thou makest *it* the chief question, seems to me—extremely questionable! I do not think it can be good. Norse Odin, immemorial centuries ago, did not he, though a poor Heathen, in the dawn of Time, teach us that for the Dastard there was, and could be, no good fate; no harbor anywhere, save down with Hela, in the pool of Night! Dastards, Knaves, are they that lust for Pleasure, that tremble at Pain. For this world and for the next Dastards are a class of creatures made to be “arrested;” they are good for nothing else, can look for nothing else. A greater than Odin has been here. A greater than Odin has taught us—not a greater Dastardism, I hope! My brother, thou must pray for a *soul*; struggle, as with life-and-death energy, to get back thy soul! Know that “religion” is no Morrison’s Pill from without, but a reawakening of thy own Self from within:—and, above all, leave me alone of thy “religions” and “new religions” here and elsewhere! I am weary of this sick croaking for a Morrison’s-Pill religion; for any and for every such. I want none such; and discern all such to be impossible. The resuscitation of old liturgies fallen dead; much more, the manufacture of new liturgies that will never be alive: how hopeless! Stylitisms, eremite fanaticisms and fakirisms; spasmodic agonistic posture-makings, and narrow, cramped, morbid, if forever noble wrestlings: all this is not a thing desirable to me. It is a thing the world *has* done once,—when its beard was not grown as now!

And yet there is, at worst, one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable: that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did withal) *by Working*. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same, — what was it ever good for? “Work is Worship;” yes, in a highly considerable sense, — which, in the present state of all “worship,” who is there that can unfold! He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has included all others. *Its* cathedral the Dome of Immensity, — hast thou seen it? coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History, — supernal ever as of old. Between two great Silences:—

“Stars silent rest o’er us,
Graves under us silent!”

Between which two great Silences, do not, as we said, all human Noises, in the naturalest times, most *preternaturally* march and roll?—

I will insert this also, in a lower strain, from Sauerteig’s *Ästhetische Springwurzeln*. “Worship?” says he: “Before that inane tumult of Hearsay filled men’s heads, while the world lay yet silent, and the heart true and open, many things were Worship! To the primeval man whatsoever good came, descended on him (as, in mere fact, it ever does) direct from God; whatsoever duty lay visible for him, this a Supreme God had prescribed. To the present hour I ask thee, Who else? For the primeval man, in whom dwelt Thought, this Universe was all a Temple; Life everywhere a Worship.

“What Worship, for example, is there not in mere Washing! Perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool and running brook, and there

wash and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness, that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection, how it radiates in on thee, with cunning symbolic influences, to thy very soul! Thou hast an increase of tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern Sages, with joy and holy gratitude, had felt it so, — and that it was the Maker's gift and will. Whose else *is* it? It remains a religious duty, from oldest times, in the East. — Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us at present it is still such here in the West! To that dingy fuliginous Operative, emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. *Can* he pray, by any ascertained method? One knows not entirely: — but with soap and a sufficiency of water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of this; they have a saying, 'Cleanliness is near of kin to Godliness:' — yet never, in any country, saw I operative men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths! — Alas, Sauerteig, our "operative men" are at present short even of potatoes: what "duty" can you prescribe to them?

Or let us give a glance at China. Our new friend, the Emperor there, is Pontiff of three hundred million men; who do all live and work, these many centuries now; authentically patronized by Heaven so far; and therefore must have some "religion" of a kind. This Emperor-Pontiff has, in fact, a religious belief of certain Laws of Heaven; observes, with a religious rigor, his "three thousand punctualities," given out by men of insight, some sixty generations since, as a legible transcript of the same, — the Heavens do seem to say, not totally an incorrect one. He has not much of a ritual, this Pontiff-Emperor; believes, it is likeliest, with the old Monks, that "Labor is Worship." His most public Act of Worship, it appears, is the drawing solemnly at a certain day, on the green bosom of our Mother Earth, when the Heavens, after dead black winter, have again with their vernal radiances awakened her, a distinct red Furrow with the Plough, — signal that all

the Ploughs of China are to begin ploughing and worshipping! It is notable enough. He, in sight of the Seen and Unseen Powers, draws his distinct red Furrow there; saying, and praying, in mute symbolism, so many most eloquent things!

If you ask this Pontiff, "Who made him? What is to become of him and us?" he maintains a dignified reserve; waves his hand and pontiff-eyes over the unfathomable deep of Heaven, the "Tsien," the azure kingdoms of Infinitude; as if asking, "Is it doubtful that we are right *well* made? Can aught that is *wrong* become of us?" — He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief "punctuality") visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother: alone there, in silence, with what of "worship" or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man; the divine Skies all silent over him; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him; the pulsings of his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal, — through what other need he try it?

Our friend the Pontiff-Emperor permits cheerfully, though with contempt, all manner of Buddhists, Bonzes, Talapoins and such like, to build brick Temples, on the voluntary principle; to worship with what of chantings, paper-lanterns and tumultuous brayings, pleases them; and make night hideous, since they find some comfort in so doing. — Cheerfully, though with contempt. He is a wiser Pontiff than many persons think! He is as yet the one Chief Potentate or Priest in this Earth who has made a distinct systematic attempt at what we call the ultimate result of all religion, "*Practical* Hero-worship:" he does incessantly, with true anxiety, in such way as he can, search and sift (it would appear) his whole enormous population for the Wisest born among them; by which Wisest, as by born Kings, these three hundred million men are governed. The Heavens, to a certain extent, do appear to countenance him. These three hundred millions actually make porcelain, souchong tea, with innumerable other things; and fight, under Heaven's flag, against Necessity; — and have fewer Seven-

Years Wars, Thirty-Years Wars, French-Revolution Wars, and infernal fightings with each other, than certain millions elsewhere have!

Nay in our poor distracted Europe itself, in these newest times, have there not religious voices risen, — with a religion new and yet the oldest; entirely indisputable to all hearts of men? Some I do know, who did not call or think themselves “Prophets,” far enough from that; but who were, in very truth, melodious Voices from the eternal Heart of Nature once again; souls forever venerable to all that have a soul. A French Revolution is one phenomenon; as complement and spiritual exponent thereof, a Poet Goethe and German Literature is to me another. The old Secular or Practical World, so to speak, having gone up in fire, is not here the prophecy and dawn of a new Spiritual World, parent of far nobler, wider, new Practical Worlds? A Life of Antique devoutness, Antique veracity and heroism, has again become possible, is again *seen* actual there, for the most modern man. A phenomenon, as quiet as it is, comparable for greatness to no other! “The great event for the world is, now as always, the arrival in it of a new Wise Man.” Touches there are, be the Heavens ever thanked, of new Sphere-melody; audible once more, in the infinite jargonning discords and poor scannel-pipings of the thing called Literature; — priceless there, as the voice of new Heavenly Psalms! Literature, like the old Prayer-Collections of the first centuries, were it “well selected from and burnt,” contains precious things. For Literature, with all its printing-presses, puffing-engines and shoreless deafening triviality, *is* yet “the Thought of Thinking Souls.” A sacred “religion,” if you like the name, does live in the heart of that strange froth-ocean, not wholly froth, which we call Literature; and will more and more disclose itself therefrom; — not now as scorching Fire: the red smoky scorching Fire has purified itself into white sunny Light. Is not Light grander than Fire? It is the same element in a state of purity.

My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips; a word which

perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, full of piety yet free of cant; to me, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Reed-Song* and *Marching-Song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time! He calls it *Mason-Lodge*, — not Psalm or Hymn: —

The Mason's ways are
A type of Existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal: —
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices, —
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless:

"Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

BOOK IV.

HOROSCOPE.



CHAPTER I.

ARISTOCRACIES.

To predict the Future, to manage the Present, would not be so impossible, had not the Past been so sacrilegiously mis-handled; effaced, and what is worse, defaced! The Past cannot be seen; the Past, looked at through the medium of "Philosophical History" in these times, cannot even be *not* seen: it is misseen; affirmed to have existed,—and to have been a godless Impossibility. Your Norman Conquerors, true royal souls, crowned kings as such, were vulturous irrational tyrants: your Becket was a noisy egoist and hypocrite; getting his brains spilt on the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, to secure the main chance,—somewhat uncertain how! "Policy, Fanaticism;" or say "Enthusiasm," even "honest Enthusiasm,"—ah yes, of course:—

"The Dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the Man!"—

For in truth, the eye sees in all things "what it brought with it the means of seeing." A godless century, looking back on centuries that were godly, produces portraitures more miraculous than any other. All was inane discord in the Past; brute Force bore rule everywhere; Stupidity, savage Unreason, fitter for Bedlam than for a human World! Whereby indeed it becomes sufficiently natural that the like qualities, in new sleeker habiliments, should continue in our time

to rule. Millions enchanted in Bastille Workhouses; Irish Widows proving their relationship by typhus-fever: what would you have? It was ever so, or worse. Man's History, was it not always even this: The cookery and eating-up of imbecile Dupedom by successful Quackhood; the battle, with various weapons, of vulturous Quack and Tyrant against vulturous Tyrant and Quack? No God was in the Past Time; nothing but Mechanisms and Chaotic Brute-Gods:—how shall the poor "Philosophic Historian," to whom his own century is all godless, see any God in other centuries?

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them; but of all Bibles the frightfulest to disbelieve in is this "Bible of Universal History." This is the Eternal Bible and God's-Book, "which every born man," till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, "can and must, with his own eyes, see the God's-Finger writing!" To discredit this, is an *infidelity* like no other. Such infidelity you would punish, if not by fire and fagot, which are difficult to manage in our times, yet by the most peremptory order, To hold its peace till it got something wiser to say. Why should the blessed Silence be broken into noises, to communicate only the like of this? If the Past have no God's-Reason in it, nothing but Devil's-Unreason, let the Past be eternally forgotten: mention *it* no more;—we whose ancestors were all hanged, why should we talk of ropes!

It is, in brief, not true that men ever lived by Delirium, Hypocrisy, Injustice, or any form of Unreason, since they came to inhabit this Planet. It is not true that they ever did, or ever will, live except by the reverse of these. Men will again be taught this. Their acted History will then again be a Heroism; their written History, what it once was, an Epic. Nay, forever it is either such, or else it virtually is—Nothing. Were it written in a thousand volumes, the Unheroic of such volumes hastens incessantly to be forgotten; the net content of an Alexandrian Library of Unheroics is, and will ultimately show itself to be, *zero*. What man is interested to remember *it*; have not all men, at all times, the liveliest interest to forget it?—"Revelations," if not celestial, then infernal, will

teach us that God is; we shall then, if needful, discern without difficulty that He has always been! The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened Scepticisms of the Eighteenth Century, historical and other, will have to survive for a while with the Physiologists, as a memorable *Nightmare-Dream*. All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly Doctrines, and death's-head Philosophies "teaching by example" or otherwise, will one day have become, what to our Moslem friends their godless ages are, "the Period of Ignorance."

If the convulsive struggles of the last Half-Century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth, it may perhaps be this as the essence of innumerable others: That Europe requires a real Aristocracy, a real Priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French Revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms: all this ought to be didactic! All this may have taught us, That False Aristocracies are insupportable; that No-Aristocracies, Liberty-and-Equalities are impossible; that true Aristocracies are at once indispensable and not easily attained.

Aristocracy and Priesthood, a Governing Class and a Teaching Class: these two, sometimes separate, and endeavoring to harmonize themselves, sometimes conjoined as one, and the King a Pontiff-King:—there did no Society exist without these two vital elements, there will none exist. It lies in the very nature of man: you will visit no remotest village in the most republican country of the world, where virtually or actually you do not find these two powers at work. Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors. He is a social being in virtue of this necessity; nay he could not be gregarious otherwise. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver; and will forever obey such; and even be ready and delighted to do it.

The Wiser, Braver: these, a Virtual Aristocracy everywhere and everywhen, do in all Societies that reach any articulate shape, develop themselves into a ruling class, an Actual Aristocracy, with settled modes of operating, what are called laws

and even *private-laws* or privileges, and so forth; very notable to look upon in this world. — Aristocracy and Priesthood, we say, are sometimes united. For indeed the Wiser and the Braver are properly but one class; no wise man but needed first of all to be a brave man, or he never had been wise. The noble Priest was always a noble *Aristos* to begin with, and something more to end with. Your Luther, your Knox, your Anselm, Becket, Abbot Samson, Samuel Johnson, if they had not been brave enough, by what possibility could they ever have been wise? — If, from accident or forethought, this your Actual Aristocracy have got discriminated into Two Classes, there can be no doubt but the Priest Class is the more dignified; supreme over the other, as governing head is over active hand. And yet in practice again, it is likeliest the reverse will be found arranged; — a sign that the arrangement is already vitiated; that a split is introduced into it, which will widen and widen till the whole be rent asunder.

In England, in Europe generally, we may say that these two Virtualities have unfolded themselves into Actualities, in by far the noblest and richest manner any region of the world ever saw. A spiritual Guideship, a practical Governorship, fruit of the grand conscious endeavors, say rather of the immeasurable unconscious instincts and necessities of men, have established themselves; very strange to behold. Everywhere, while so much has been forgotten, you find the King's Palace, and the Vice-king's Castle, Mansion, Manor-house; till there is not an inch of ground from sea to sea but has both its King and Vice-king, long due series of Vice-kings, its Squire, Earl, Duke or whatever the title of him, — to whom you have given the land, that he may govern you in it.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but, by one means and another, a Church-Apparatus has been got together, — roofed edifice, with revenues and bell-fries; pulpit, reading-desk, with Books and Methods: possibility, in short, and strict prescription, That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful; — even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the Earth. This

Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavor, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The Speaking Function, this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again, — take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is! Original Sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours? That is a question, for the world! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

Sorrowful, phantasmal as this same Double Aristocracy of Teachers and Governors now looks, it is worth all men's while to know that the purport of it is and remains noble and most real. Dryasdust, looking merely at the surface, is greatly in error as to those ancient Kings. William Conqueror, William Rufus or Redbeard, Stephen Curthose himself, much more Henry Beauclerc and our brave Plantagenet Henry: the life of these men was not a vulturous Fighting; it was a valorous Governing, — to which occasionally Fighting did, and alas must yet, though far seldomer now, superadd itself as an accident, a distressing impedimental adjunct. The fighting toe was indispensable, for ascertaining who had the might over whom, the right over whom. By much hard fighting, as we

once said, "the unrealities, beaten into dust, flew gradually off;" and left the plain reality and fact, "Thou stronger than I; thou wiser than I; thou king, and subject I," in a somewhat clearer condition.

Truly we cannot enough admire, in those Abbot-Samson and William-Conqueror times, the arrangement they had made of their Governing Classes. Highly interesting to observe how the sincere insight, on their part, into what did, of primary necessity, behoove to be accomplished, had led them to the way of accomplishing it, and in the course of time to get it accomplished! No imaginary Aristocracy would serve their turn; and accordingly they attained a real one. The Bravest men, who, it is ever to be repeated and remembered, are also on the whole the Wisest, Strongest, every-way Best, had here, with a respectable degree of accuracy, been got selected; seated each on his piece of territory, which was lent him, then gradually given him, that he might govern it. These Vice-kings, each on his portion of the common soil of England, with a Head King over all, were a "Virtuality perfected into an Actuality" really to an astonishing extent.

For those were rugged stalwart ages; full of earnestness, of a rude God's-truth: — nay, at any rate, their *quilting* was so unspeakably *thinner* than ours; Fact came swiftly on them, if at any time they had yielded to Phantasm! "The Knaves and Dastards" had to be "arrested" in some measure; or the world, almost within year and day, found that it could not live. The Knaves and Dastards accordingly were got arrested. Dastards upon the very throne had to be got arrested, and taken off the throne, — by such methods as there were; by the roughest method, if there chanced to be no smoother one! Doubtless there was much harshness of operation, much severity; as indeed government and surgery are often somewhat severe. Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, it is like, got cuffs as often as pork-parings, if he misdeigned himself; but Gurth did belong to Cedric: no human creature then went about connected with nobody; left to go his way into Bastilles or worse, under *Laissez-faire*; reduced to prove his relationship by dying of typhus-fever! — Days come when there is no King in

Israel, but every man is his own king, doing that which is right in his own eyes ; — and tar-barrels are burnt to “Liberty,” “Tenpound Franchise” and the like, with considerable effect in various ways ! —

That Feudal Aristocracy, I say, was no imaginary one. To a respectable degree, its *Jarls*, what we now call Earls, were *Strong-Ones* in fact as well as etymology ; its Dukes *Leaders* ; its Lords *Law-wards*. They did all the Soldiering and Police of the country, all the Judging, Law-making, even the Church-Extension ; whatsoever in the way of Governing, of Guiding and Protecting could be done. It was a Land Aristocracy ; it managed the Governing of this English People, and had the reaping of the Soil of England in return. It is, in many senses, the Law of Nature, this same Law of Feudalism ; — no right Aristocracy but a Land one ! The curious are invited to meditate upon it in these days. Soldiering, Police and Judging, Church-Extension, nay real Government and Guidance, all this was actually *done* by the Holders of the Land in return for their Land. How much of it is now done by them ; done by anybody ? Good Heavens, “Laissez-faire, Do ye nothing, eat your wages and sleep,” is everywhere the passionate half-wise cry of this time ; and they will not so much as do nothing, but must do mere Corn-Laws ! We raise Fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our Governing done — or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done : and the “peculiar burden of the Land” is to pay, not all this, but to pay, as I learn, one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament, or Oliver *Redivivus*, you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes of England ! — Or, alas, taxes ? If we made the Holders of the Land pay every shilling still of the expense of Governing the Land, what were all that ? The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land : it is by a mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land. The mission of a Land Aristocracy is a *sacred* one, in both the senses of that old word. The footing it stands on, at present, might give rise to thoughts other than of Corn-Laws ! —

But truly a "Splendor of God," as in William Conqueror's rough oath, did dwell in those old rude veracious ages; did inform, more and more, with a heavenly nobleness, all departments of their work and life. Phantasms could not yet walk abroad in mere Cloth Tailorage; they were at least Phantasms "on the rim of the horizon," pencilled there by an eternal Light-beam from within. A most "practical" Hero-worship went on, unconsciously or half-consciously, everywhere. A Monk Samson, with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, could, without ballot-box, be made a Vice-king of, being seen to be worthy. The difference between a good man and a bad man was as yet felt to be, what it forever is, an immeasurable one. Who *durst* have elected a Pandarus Dogdraught, in those days, to any office, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighborhood! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact; though for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way! "Violence," "war," "disorder:" well, what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life-in-death, and "peace, peace, where there is no peace"! Unless some Hero-worship, in its new appropriate form, can return, this world does not promise to be very habitable long.

Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded "men of genius," was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus, — a man of rough ways, in whom the "inner Light-beam" shone very fitfully. It is beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer, how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques or giant-killing Voltaire; as not even an American population now venerates a Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist! They had, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God's-Blessing dwelt in this Anselm, — as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his

face. My blessings on them and on him ! — But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we shall hope, — who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of cash with him to bribe the Cardinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. “In an open space of a wood,” some “wood” then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land, — this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as the Russian bear, dashes out on the weak old Anselm ; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony ; escorted only by Hadmer and another poor Monk on ponies ; and, except small modicum of road-money, not a gold coin in his possession. The steel-clad Russian bear emerges, glaring : the old white-bearded man starts not, — paces on unmoved, looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face ; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart : he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God ; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it, — that, on the whole, he had better not. He plunges, the rough savage, from his war-horse, down to his knees ; embraces the feet of old Anselm : he too begs his blessing ; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way. *Per os Dei*, as his Majesty was wont to ejaculate !

Neither is this quarrel of Rufus and Anselm, of Henry and Becket, uninstruetive to us. It was, at bottom, a great quarrel. For, admitting that Anselm was full of divine blessing, he by no means included in him all forms of divine blessing : — there were far other forms withal, which he little dreamed of ; and William Redbeard was unconsciously the representative and spokesman of these. In truth, could your divine Anselm, your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, the results had been very notable. Our Western World had all become a European

Thibet, with one Grand Lama sitting at Rome; our one honorable business that of singing mass, all day and all night. Which would not in the least have suited us! The Supreme Powers willed it not so.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said: "Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable by man or devil. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet — and yet — Behold, though it is an unspoken secret, the world is *wider* than any of us think, Right Reverend! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in this that you call Heathenism, Secularity! On the whole, I, in an obscure but most rooted manner, feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual mass-chanting, — No. I am, so to speak, in the family-way; with child, of I know not what, — certainly of something far different from this! I have — *Per os Dei*, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms and Shakspeare Dramas, in my belly; and cannot do it, Right Reverend!" — So accordingly it was decided: and Saxon Becket spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace did on Tower-Hill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do, — not for nothing; no, but for a divine something other than *he* had altogether calculated. We will now quit this of the hard, organic, but limited Feudal Ages; and glance timidly into the immense Industrial Ages, as yet all inorganic, and in a quite pulpy condition, requiring desperately to harden themselves into some organism!

Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*, it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lie there, predestined, nay already extant though unseen; hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, "gladness and sorrow:" but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it: — the united intelligence and effort of All Men in all coming generations, this alone will gradually

prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact ! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, a little way into its dark enormous Deeps : only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight ; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof ! To shape the whole Future is not our problem ; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do : this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

One grand "outline," or even two, many earnest readers may perhaps, at this stage of the business, be able to prefigure for themselves, — and draw some guidance from. One prediction, or even two, are already possible. For the Life-tree Igdrasil, in all its new developments, is the self-same world-old Life-tree : having found an element or elements there, running from the very roots of it in Hela's Realms, in the Well of Mimer and of the Three Nornas or Times, up to this present hour of it in our own hearts, we conclude that such will have to continue. A man has, in his own soul, an Eternal ; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look ! He already knows what will continue ; what cannot, by any means or appliance whatsoever, be made to continue !

One wide and widest "outline" ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us ; this namely : That a "Splendor of God," in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages too ; or they will never get themselves "organized ;" but continue chaotic, distressed, distracted evermore, and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A second "outline" or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain : That there will again *be* a King in Israel ; a system of Order and Government ; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may

call a sure element of the Future; for this too is of the Eternal; — this too is of the Present, though hidden from most; and without it no fibre of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, is indispensable and indubitable for us.

But what an Aristocracy; on what new, far more complex and cunningly devised conditions than that old Feudal fighting one! For we are to bethink us that the Epic verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*, — an infinitely wider kind of Epic. And again we are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by *brass-collars*, — not at all: that this brass-collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe forevermore! Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat, has asserted so much; irrevocably, brooking no reply! True enough, man *is* forever the “born thrall” of certain men, born master of certain other men, born equal of certain others, let him acknowledge the fact or not. It is unblessed for him when he cannot acknowledge this fact; he is in the chaotic state, ready to perish, till he do get the fact acknowledged. But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man; you will have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is to be loose of the brass-collar, to have a scope *as* wide as his faculties now are: — will he not be all the usefulest to you in that new state? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one; and return home to you with rich earnings at night! Gurth could only tend pigs; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds. — How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist: certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to Mankind! The solution of which is work for long years and centuries. Years and centuries, of one knows not what complexion; — blessed or unblessed, according as they shall, with earnest valiant effort, make progress therein, or, in slothful untruthfulness and dilettantism, only talk of making progress. For either progress therein, or swift and ever swifter progress towards dissolution, is henceforth a necessity.

It is of importance that this grand reformation were begun, that Corn-Law Debatings and other jargon, little less than delirious in such a time, had fled far away, and left us room to begin! For the evil has grown practical, extremely conspicuous; if it be not seen and provided for, the blindest fool will have to feel it ere long. There is much that can wait; but there is something also that cannot wait. With millions of eager Working Men imprisoned in "Impossibility" and Poor-Law Bastilles, it is time that some means of dealing with them were trying to become "possible"! Of the Government of England, of all articulate-speaking functionaries, real and imaginary Aristocracies, of me and of thee, it is imperatively demanded, "How do you mean to manage these men? Where are they to find a supportable existence? What is to become of them, — and of you!"

CHAPTER. II.

BRIBERY COMMITTEE.

IN the case of the late Bribery Committee, it seemed to be the conclusion of the soundest practical minds that Bribery could not be put down; that Pure Election was a thing we had seen the last of, and must now go on without, as we best could. A conclusion not a little startling; to which it requires a practical mind of some seasoning to reconcile yourself at once! It seems, then, we are henceforth to get ourselves constituted Legislators not according to what merit we may have, or even what merit we may seem to have, but according to the length of our purse, and our frankness, impudence and dexterity in laying out the contents of the same. Our theory, written down in all books and law-books, spouted forth from all barrel-heads, is perfect purity of Tenpound Franchise, absolute sincerity of question put and answer given; — and our practice is irremediable bribery; irremediable, unpunishable, which you will do more harm than good by attempting to pun-

ish! Once more, a very startling conclusion indeed; which, whatever the soundest practical minds in Parliament may think of it invites all British men to meditations of various kinds.

A Parliament, one would say, which proclaims itself elected and eligible by bribery, tells the Nation that is governed by it a piece of singular news. Bribery: have we reflected what bribery is? Bribery means not only length of purse, which is neither qualification nor the contrary for legislating well; but it means dishonesty, and even impudent dishonesty;—brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie; total oblivion, and flinging overboard, for the nonce, of any real thing you can call veracity, morality; with dexterous putting-on the cast-clothes of that real thing, and strutting about in them! What Legislating can you get out of a man in that fatal situation? None that will profit much, one would think! A Legislator who has left his veracity lying on the door-threshold, he, why verily *he*—ought to be sent out to seek it again!

Heavens, what an improvement, were there once fairly in Downing Street an Election-Office opened, with a tariff of Boroughs! Such and such a population, amount of property-tax, ground-rental, extent of trade; returns two Members, returns one Member, for so much money down: Ipswich so many thousands, Nottingham so many,—as they happened, one by one, to fall into this new Downing-Street Schedule A! An incalculable improvement, in comparison: for now at least you have it fairly by length of purse, and leave the dishonesty, the impudence, the unveracity all handsomely aside. Length of purse and desire to be a Legislator ought to get a man into Parliament, not *with*, but if possible *without* the unveracity, the impudence and the dishonesty! Length of purse and desire, these are, as intrinsic qualifications, correctly equal to zero; but they are not yet *less* than zero,—as the smallest addition of that latter sort will make them!

And is it come to this? And does our venerable Parliament announce itself elected and eligible in this manner? Surely such a Parliament promulgates strange horoscopes of itself. What is to become of a Parliament elected or eligible in this

manner? Unless Belial and Beelzebub have got possession of the throne of this Universe, such Parliament is preparing itself for new Reform-bills. We shall have to try it by Chartism, or any conceivable *ism*, rather than put up with this! There is already in England "religion" enough to get six hundred and fifty-eight Consulting Men brought together who do *not* begin work with a lie in their mouth. Our poor old Parliament, thousands of years old, is still good for something, for several things;—though many are beginning to ask, with ominous anxiety, in these days: For what thing? But for whatever thing and things Parliament be good, indisputably it must start with other than a lie in its mouth! On the whole, a Parliament working with a lie in its mouth, will have to take itself away. To no Parliament or thing, that one has heard of, did this Universe ever long yield harbor on that footing. At all hours of the day and night, some Chartism is advancing, some armed Cromwell is advancing, to apprise such Parliament: "Ye are no Parliament. In the name of God, — go!"

In sad truth, once more, how is our whole existence, in these present days, built on Cant, Speciosity, Falsehood, Dilettantism; with this one serious Veracity in it: Mammonism! Dig down where you will, through the Parliament-floor or elsewhere, how infallibly do you, at spade's depth below the surface, come upon this universal *Liars*-rock substratum! Much else is ornamental; true on barrel-heads, in pulpits, hustings, Parliamentary benches; but this is forever true and truest: "Money does bring money's worth; Put money in your purse." Here, if nowhere else, is the human soul still in thorough earnest; sincere with a prophet's sincerity: and "the Hell of the English," as Sauerteig said, "is the infinite terror of Not getting on, especially of Not making money." With results!

To many persons the horoscope of Parliament is more interesting than to me: but surely all men with souls must admit that sending members to Parliament by bribery is an infamous solecism; an act entirely immoral, which no man can have to do with more or less, but he will soil his fingers more or less. No Carlton Clubs, Reform Clubs, nor any sort

of clubs or creatures, or of accredited opinions or practices, can make a Lie Truth, can make Bribery a Propriety. The Parliament should really either punish and put away Bribery, or legalize it by some Office in Downing Street. As I read the Apocalypses, a Parliament that can do neither of these things is not in a good way. — And yet, alas, what of Parliaments and their Elections? Parliamentary Elections are but the topmost ultimate outcome of an electioneering which goes on at all hours, in all places, in every meeting of two or more men. It is *we* that vote wrong, and teach the poor ragged Freemen of Boroughs to vote wrong. We pay respect to those worthy of no respect.

Is not Pandarus Dogdraught a member of select clubs, and admitted into the drawing-rooms of men? Visibly to all persons he is of the offal of Creation; but he carries money in his purse, due lacquer on his dog-visage, and it is believed will not steal spoons. The human species does not with one voice, like the Hebrew Psalmist, “shun to sit” with Dogdraught, refuse totally to dine with Dogdraught; men called of honor are willing enough to dine with him, his talk being lively, and his champagne excellent. We say to ourselves, “The man is in good society,” — others have already voted for him; why should not I? We *forget* the indefeasible right of property that Satan has in Dogdraught, — we are not afraid to be near Dogdraught! It is we that vote wrong; blindly, nay with falsity prepense! It is we that no longer know the difference between Human Worth and Human Unworth; or feel that the one is admirable and alone admirable, the other detestable, damnable! How shall *we* find out a Hero and Vice-king Samson with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket? We have no chance to do such a thing. We have got out of the Ages of Heroism, deep into the Ages of Flunkysism, — and must return or die. What a noble set of mortals are we, who, because there is no Saint Edmund threatening us at the rim of the horizon, are not afraid to be whatever, for the day and hour, is smoothest for us!

And now, in good sooth, why should an indigent discerning Freeman give his vote without bribes? Let us rather honor

the poor man that he does discern clearly wherein lies, for him, the true kernel of the matter. What is it to the ragged grimy Freeman of a Tenpound-Franchise Borough, whether Aristides Rigmarole Esq. of the Destructive, or the Hon. Alcides Dolittle of the Conservative Party be sent to Parliament;—much more, whether the two-thousandth part of them be sent, for that is the amount of his faculty in it? Destructive or Conservative, what will either of them destroy or conserve of vital moment to this Freeman? Has he found either of them care, at bottom, a sixpence for him or his interests, or those of his class or of his cause, or of any class or cause that is of much value to God or to man? Rigmarole and Dolittle have alike cared for themselves hitherto; and for their own clique, and self-conceited crotchets,—their greasy dishonest interests of pudding, or windy dishonest interests of praise; and not very perceptibly for any other interest whatever. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle will accomplish any good or any evil for this grimy Freeman, like giving him a fivepound note, or refusing to give it him. It will be smoothest to vote according to value received. That is the veritable fact; and he indigent, like others that are not indigent, acts conformably thereto.

Why, reader, truly, if they asked thee or me, Which way we meant to vote?—were it not our likeliest answer: Neither way! I, as a Tenpound Franchiser, will receive no bribe; but also I will not vote for either of these men. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle shall, by furtherance of mine, go and make laws for this country. I will have no hand in such a mission. How dare I! If other men cannot be got in England, a totally other sort of men, different as light is from dark, as star-fire is from street-mud, what is the use of votings, or of Parliaments in England? England ought to resign herself; there is no hope or possibility for England. If England cannot get her Knaves and Dastards “arrested,” in some degree, but only get them “elected,” what is to become of England?

I conclude, with all confidence, that England will verily have to put an end to briberies on her Election Hustings

and elsewhere, at what cost soever ;— and likewise that we, Electors and Eligibles, one and all of us, for our own behoof and hers, cannot too soon begin, at what cost soever, to put an end to *bribeabilities* in ourselves. The death-leprosy, attacked in this manner, by purifying lotions from without and by rallying of the vital energies and purities from within, will probably abate somewhat ! It has otherwise no chance to abate.

CHAPTER III.

THE ONE INSTITUTION.

WHAT our Government can do in this grand Problem of the Working Classes of England ? Yes, supposing the insane Corn-Laws totally abolished, all speech of them ended, and “from ten to twenty years of new possibility to live and find wages” conceded us in consequence : What the English Government might be expected to accomplish or attempt towards rendering the existence of our Laboring Millions somewhat less anomalous, somewhat less impossible, in the years that are to follow those “ten or twenty,” if either “ten” or “twenty” there be ?

It is the most momentous question. For all this of the Corn-Law Abrogation, and what can follow therefrom, is but as the shadow on King Hezekiah’s Dial : the shadow has gone back twenty years ; but will again, in spite of Free-Trades and Abrogations, travel forward its old fated way. With our present system of individual Mammonism, and Government by Laissez-faire, this Nation cannot live. And if, in the priceless interim, some new life and healing be not found, there is no second respite to be counted on. The shadow on the Dial advances thenceforth without pausing. What Government can do ? This that they call “Organizing of Labor” is, if well understood, the Problem of the whole Future, for all who will in future pretend to govern men. But our first pre-

liminary stage of it, How to deal with the Actual Laboring Millions of England? this is the imperatively pressing Problem of the Present, pressing with a truly fearful intensity and imminence in these very years and days. No Government can longer neglect it: once more, what can our Government do in it?

Governments are of very various degrees of activity: some, altogether Lazy Governments, in "free countries" as they are called, seem in these times almost to profess to do, if not nothing, one knows not at first what. To debate in Parliament, and gain majorities; and ascertain who shall be, with a toil hardly second to Ixion's, the Prime Speaker and Spoke-holder, and keep the Ixion's-Wheel going, if not forward, yet round? Not altogether so:—much, to the experienced eye, is not what it seems! Chancery and certain other Law-Courts seem nothing; yet in fact they are, the worst of them, something: chimneys for the devilry and contention of men to escape by;—a very considerable something! Parliament too has its tasks, if thou wilt look; fit to wear out the lives of toughest men. The celebrated Kilkenny Cats, through their tumultuous congress, cleaving the ear of Night, could they be said to do nothing? Hadst thou been of them, thou hadst seen! The feline heart labored, as with steam up—to the bursting point; and death-doing energy nerved every muscle: they had a work there; and did it! On the morrow, two tails were found left, and peaceable annihilation; a neighborhood *delivered* from despair.

Again, are not Spinning-Dervishes an eloquent emblem, significant of much? Hast thou noticed him, that solemn-visaged Turk, the eyes shut; dingy wool mantle circularly hiding his figure;—bell-shaped; like a dingy bell set spinning on the *tongue* of it? By centrifugal force the dingy wool mantle heaves itself; spreads more and more, like upturned cup widening into upturned saucer: thus spins he, to the praise of Allah and advantage of mankind, fast and faster, till collapse ensue, and sometimes death!—

A Government such as ours, consisting of from seven to

eight hundred Parliamentary Talkers, with their escort of Able Editors and Public Opinion; and for head, certain Lords and Servants of the Treasury, and Chief Secretaries and others, who find themselves at once Chiefs and No-Chiefs, and often commanded rather than commanding, — is doubtless a most complicate entity, and none of the alertest for getting on with business! Clearly enough, if the Chiefs be not self-motive and what we call men, but mere patient lay-figures without self-motive principle, the Government will not move any whither; it will tumble disastrously, and jumble, round its own axis, as for many years past we have seen it do. — And yet a self-motive man who is not a lay-figure, place him in the heart of what entity you may, will make it move more or less! The absurdest in Nature he will make a little *less* absurd, he. The unwieldiest he will make to move; — that is the use of his existing there. He will at least have the manfulness to depart out of it, if not; to say: “I cannot move in thee, and be a man; like a wretched drift-log dressed in man’s clothes and minister’s clothes, doomed to a lot baser than belongs to man, I will not continue with thee, tumbling aimless on the Mother of Dead Dogs here: — Adieu!”

For, on the whole, it is the lot of Chiefs everywhere, this same. No Chief in the most despotic country but was a Servant withal; at once an absolute commanding General, and a poor Orderly-Sergeant, ordered by the very men in the ranks, — obliged to collect the vote of the ranks too, in some articulate or inarticulate shape, and weigh well the same. The proper name of all Kings is Minister, Servant. In no conceivable Government can a lay-figure get forward! *This* Worker, surely he above all others has to “spread out his Gideon’s Fleece,” and collect the monitions of Immensity; the poor Localities, as we said, and Parishes of Palace-yard or elsewhere, having no due monition in them. A Prime Minister, even here in England, who shall dare believe the heavenly omens, and address himself like a man and hero to the great dumb-struggling heart of England; and speak out for it, and act out for it, the God’s-Justice it is writhing to get uttered and perishing for want of, — yes, he too will see awaken round

him, in passionate burning all-defiant loyalty, the heart of England, and such a "support" as no Division-List or Parliamentary Majority was ever yet known to yield a man! Here as there, now as then, he who can and dare trust the heavenly Immensities, all earthly Localities are subject to him. We will pray for such a Man and First-Lord;—yes, and far better, we will strive and incessantly make ready, each of us, to be worthy to serve and second such a First-Lord! We shall then be as good as sure of his arriving; sure of many things, let him arrive or not.

Who can despair of Governments that passes a Soldier's Guard-house, or meets a red-coated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them: this, *a priori*, does it not seem one of the impossiblest things? Yet look, behold it: in the stolidest of Donothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there, with buff belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guard-houses, brushing white breeches in barraeks; an indisputable palpable fact. Out of gray Antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-moneys, coat-and-conduct moneys, and vicissitudes of Chance and Time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

Often, in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent Times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings and "impossibilities;" meeting a tall Lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque Lifeguardsmen in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black sleek-fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards,—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest Fighting Institution is still so young! Fresh-complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting-man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being; while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty Semblance or Clothes-suit; and highest king's-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly

to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's-blanket, — here still is a reality!

The man in horse-hair wig advances, promising that he will get me “justice:” he takes me into Chancery Law-Courts, into decades, half-centuries of hubbub, of distracted jargon; and does *get* me — disappointment, almost desperation; and one refuge: that of dismissing him and his “justice” altogether out of my head. For I have work to do; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work: I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten years' gangrene or Chancery Lawsuit in my heart! He of the horse-hair wig is a sort of failure; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul — O ye Eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence! — But he of the red coat, I say, is a success and no failure! He will veritably, if he get orders, draw out a long sword and kill me. No mistake there. He is a fact and not a shadow. Alive in this Year Forty-three, able and willing to do *his* work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he began; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail-shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropematch to percussion-cap; equipments, circumstances have all changed, and again changed: but the human battle-engine in the inside of any or of each of these, ready still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size. There are Pay-Offices, Woolwich Arsenal, there is a Horse-Guards, War-Office, Captain-General; persuasive Sergeants, with tap of drum, recruit in market-towns and villages; — and, on the whole, I say, here is your actual drilled fighting-man; here are your actual Ninety thousand of such, ready to go into any quarter of the world and fight!

Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection; this of successfully killing one another? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection.

It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand straight-standing firm-set individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat; and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition of potential activity: few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets; an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them; — and he and you have made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men. Let no man despair of Governments who looks on these two sentries at the Horse-Guards and our United-Service Clubs! I could conceive an Emigration Service, a Teaching Service, considerable varieties of United and Separate Services, of the due thousands strong, all effective as this Fighting Service is; all doing *their* work, like it; — which work, much more than fighting, is henceforth the necessity of these New Ages we are got into! Much lies among us, convulsively, nigh desperately *struggling to be born*.

But mean Governments, as mean-limited individuals do, have stood by the physically indispensable; have realized that and nothing more. The Soldier is perhaps one of the most difficult things to realize; but Governments, had they not realized him, could not have existed: accordingly he is here. O Heavens, if we saw an army ninety thousand strong, maintained and fully equipt, in continual real action and battle against Human Starvation, against Chaos, Necessity, Stupidity, and our real “natural enemies,” what a business were it! Fighting and molesting not “the French,” who, poor men, have a hard enough battle of their own in the like kind, and need no additional molesting from us; but fighting and incessantly spearing down and destroying Falsehood, Nescience, Delusion, Disorder, and the Devil and his Angels! Thou thyself, cultivated reader, hast done something in that alone true warfare; but, alas, under what circumstances was it? Thee no beneficent drill-

sergeant, with any effectiveness, would rank in line beside thy fellows; train, like a true didactic artist, by the wit of all past experience, to do thy soldiering; encourage thee when right, punish thee when wrong, and everywhere with wise word-of-command say, Forward on this hand, Forward on that! Ah, no: thou hadst to learn thy small-sword and platoon exercise where and how thou couldst; to all mortals but thyself it was indifferent whether thou shouldst ever learn it. And the rations, and shilling a day, were they provided thee, — reduced as I have known brave Jean-Pauls, learning their exercise, to live on “water *without* the bread”? The rations; or any furtherance of promotion to corporalship, lance-corporalship, or due cat-o’-nine tails, with the slightest reference to thy deserts, were not provided. Forethought, even as of a pipe-clayed drill-sergeant, did not preside over thee. To corporalship, lance-corporalship, thou didst attain; alas, also to the halberds and cat: but thy rewarder and punisher seemed blind as the Deluge: neither lance-corporalship, nor even drummer’s cat, because both appeared delirious, brought thee due profit.

It was well, all this, we know; — and yet it was not well! Forty soldiers, I am told, will disperse the largest Spitalfields mob: forty to ten thousand, that is the proportion between drilled and undrilled. Much there is which cannot yet be organized in this world; but somewhat also which can, somewhat also which must. When one thinks, for example, what Books are become and becoming for us, what Operative Lancashires are become; what a Fourth Estate, and innumerable Virtualities not yet got to be Actualities are become and becoming, — one sees Organisms enough in the dim huge Future; and “United Services” quite other than the red-coat one; and much, even in these years, struggling to be born!

Of Time-Bill, Factory-Bill and other such Bills the present Editor has no authority to speak. He knows not, it is for others than he to know, in what specific ways it may be feasible to interfere, with Legislation, between the Workers and the Master-Workers; — knows only and sees, what all men are beginning to see, that Legislative interference, and interferences not a few are indispensable: that as a lawless anarchy

of supply-and-demand, on market-wages alone, this province of things cannot longer be left. Nay interference has begun: there are already Factory Inspectors, — who seem to have no *lack* of work. Perhaps there might be Mine-Inspectors too: — might there not be Furrowfield Inspectors withal, and ascertain for us how on seven and sixpence a week a human family does live! Interference has begun; it must continue, must extensively enlarge itself, deepen and sharpen itself. Such things cannot longer be idly lapped in darkness, and suffered to go on unseen: the Heavens do see them; the curse, not the blessing of the Heavens is on an Earth that refuses to see them.

Again, are not Sanitary Regulations possible for a Legislature? The old Romans had their *Ædiles*; who would, I think, in direct contravention to supply-and-demand, have rigorously seen rammed up into total abolition many a foul cellar in our Southwarks, St.-Gileses, and dark poison-lanes; saying sternly, "Shall a Roman man dwell there?" The Legislature, at whatever cost of consequences, would have had to answer, "God forbid!" — The Legislature, even as it now is, could order all dingy Manufacturing Towns to cease from their soot and darkness; to let in the blessed sunlight, the blue of Heaven, and become clear and clean; to burn their coal-smoke, namely, and make flame of it. Baths, free air, a wholesome temperature, ceilings twenty feet high, might be ordained, by Act of Parliament, in all establishments licensed as Mills. There are such Mills already extant; — honor to the builders of them! The Legislature can say to others: Go ye and do likewise; better if you can.

Every toiling Manchester, its smoke and soot all burnt, ought it not, among so many world-wide conquests, to have a hundred acres or so of free green-field, with trees on it, conquered, for its little children to disport in; for its all-conquering workers to take a breath of twilight air in? You would say so! A willing Legislature could say so with effect. A willing Legislature could say very many things! And to whatsoever "vested interest," or such like, stood up, gainsaying merely, "I shall lose profits," — the willing Legislature would answer, "Yes, but my sons and daughters will gain

health, and life, and a soul." — "What is to become of our Cotton-trade?" cried certain Spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed; "What is to become of our invaluable Cotton-trade?" The Humanity of England answered steadfastly: "Deliver me these rickety perishing souls of infants, and let your Cotton-trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing; not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous Cotton-trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them!" —

Bills enough, were the Corn-Law Abrogation Bill once passed, and a Legislature willing. Nay this one Bill, which lies yet unenacted, a right Education Bill, is not this of itself the sure parent of innumerable wise Bills, — wise regulations, practical methods and proposals, gradually ripening towards the state of Bills? To irradiate with intelligence, that is to say, with order, arrangement and all blessedness, the Chaotic, Unintelligent: how, except by educating, *can* you accomplish this? That thought, reflection, articulate utterance and understanding be awakened in these individual million heads, which are the atoms of your Chaos: there is no other way of illuminating any Chaos! The sum-total of intelligence that is found in it, determines the extent of order that is possible for your Chaos, — the feasibility and rationality of what your Chaos will dimly demand from you, and will gladly obey when proposed by you! It is an exact equation; the one accurately measures the other. — If the whole English People, during these "twenty years of respite," be not educated, with at least schoolmaster's educating, a tremendous responsibility, before God and men, will rest somewhere! How dare any man, especially a man calling himself minister of God, stand up in any Parliament or place, under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God's Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil's Darkness continue in it one hour more! For all light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God; all darkness, nescience, is of the Enemy of God. "The schoolmaster's creed is somewhat awry?" Yes, I have found few creeds entirely correct; few light-beams shining *white*, pure of admixture: but of all

creeds and religions now or ever before known, was not that of thoughtless thriftless Animalism, of Distilled Gin, and Stupor and Despair, unspeakably the least orthodox? We will exchange *it* even with Paganism, with Fetishism; and, on the whole, must exchange it with something.

An effective "Teaching Service" I do consider that there must be; some Education Secretary, Captain-General of Teachers, who will actually contrive to get us *taught*. Then again, why should there not be an "Emigration Service," and Secretary, with adjuncts, with funds, forces, idle Navy-ships, and ever-increasing apparatus; in fine an *effective system* of Emigration; so that, at length, before our twenty years of respite ended, every honest willing Workman who found England too strait, and the "Organization of Labor" not yet sufficiently advanced, might find likewise a bridge built to carry him into new Western Lands, there to "organize" with more elbow-room, some labor for himself? There to be a real blessing, raising new corn for us, purchasing new webs and hatchets from us; leaving us at least in peace; — instead of staying here to be a Physical-Force Chartist, unblessed and no blessing! Is it not scandalous to consider that a Prime Minister could raise within the year, as I have seen it done, a Hundred and Twenty Millions Sterling to shoot the French; and we are stopt short for want of the hundredth part of that to keep the English living? The bodies of the English living, and the souls of the English living: — these two "Services," an Education Service and an Emigration Service, these with others will actually have to be organized!

A free bridge for Emigrants: why, we should then be on a par with America itself, the most favored of all lands that have no government; and we should have, besides, so many traditions and mementos of priceless things which America has cast away. We could proceed deliberately to "organize Labor," not doomed to perish unless we effected it within year and day; — every willing Worker that proved superfluous, finding a bridge ready for him. This verily will have to be done; the Time is big with this. Our little Isle is grown too narrow for us; but the world is wide enough yet for

another Six Thousand Years. England's sure markets will be among new Colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the Globe. All men trade with all men, when mutually convenient; and are even bound to do it by the Maker of men. Our friends of China, who guiltily refused to trade, in these circumstances,—had we not to argue with them, in cannon-shot at last, and convince them that they ought to trade! "Hostile Tariffs" will arise, to shut us out; and then again will fall, to let us in: but the Sons of England, speakers of the English language were it nothing more, will in all times have the ineradicable predisposition to trade with England. Mycale was the *Pan-Ionian*, rendezvous of all the Tribes of Ion, for old Greece: why should not London long continue the *All-Saxon-home*, rendezvous of all the "Children of the Harz-Rock," arriving, in select samples, from the Antipodes and elsewhere, by steam and otherwise, to the "season" here!—What a future; wide as the world, if we have the heart and heroism for it,—which, by Heaven's blessing, we shall:—

"Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

"In what land the sun does visit,
Brisk are we, whate'er betide:
To give space for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide."¹

Fourteen hundred years ago, it was by a considerable "Emigration Service," never doubt it, by much enlistment, discussion and apparatus, that we ourselves arrived in this remarkable Island,—and got into our present difficulties among others!

It is true the English Legislature, like the English People, is of slow temper; essentially conservative. In our wildest periods of reform, in the Long Parliament itself, you notice always the invincible instinct to hold fast by the Old; to admit the *minimum* of New; to expand, if it be possible, some

¹ Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

old habit or method, already found fruitful, into new growth for the new need. It is an instinct worthy of all honor; akin to all strength and all wisdom. The Future hereby is not discovered from the Past, but based continuously on it; grows with all the vitalities of the Past, and is rooted down deep into the beginnings of us. The English Legislature is entirely repugnant to believe in "new epochs." The English Legislature does not occupy itself with epochs; has, indeed, other business to do than looking at the Time-Horologe and hearing it tick! Nevertheless new epochs do actually come; and with them new imperious peremptory necessities; so that even an English Legislature has to look up, and admit, though with reluctance, that the hour has struck. The hour having struck, let us not say "impossible:"—it will have to be possible! "Contrary to the habits of Parliament, the habits of Government?" Yes: but did any Parliament or Government ever sit in a Year Forty-three before? One of the most original, unexampled years and epochs; in several important respects totally unlike any other! For Time, all-edacious and all-feracious, does run on: and the Seven Sleepers, awakening hungry after a hundred years, find that it is not their old nurses who can now give them suck!

For the rest, let not any Parliament, Aristocraey, Millocraey, or Member of the Governing Class, condemn with much triumph this small specimen of "remedial measures;" or ask again, with the least anger, of this Editor, What is to be done, How that alarming problem of the Working Classes is to be managed? Editors are not here, foremost of all, to say How. A certain Editor thanks the gods that nobody pays him three hundred thousand pounds a year, two hundred thousand, twenty thousand, or any similar sum of eash for saying How;—that his wages are very different, his work somewhat fitter for him. An Editor's stipulated work is to apprise *thee* that it must be done. The "way to do it,"—is to try it, knowing that thou shalt die if it be not done. There is the bare back, there is the web of cloth; thou shalt cut me a coat to cover the bare back, thou whose trade it is. "Impossible?" Hapless Fraction, dost thou discern Fate there,

half unveiling herself in the gloom of the future, with her gibbet-cords, her steel-whips, and very authentic Tailor's Hell; waiting to see whether it is "possible"? Out with thy scissors, and cut that cloth or thy own windpipe!

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

IF I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy. Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society, is called upon to give signal of what shall be done; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signaling and commanding, what the Society is radically indisposed to do. In the long-run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom; we have to say, Like People like Government. — The main substance of this immense Problem of Organizing Labor, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two Classes, who are to obey such enactment. A Human Chaos *in* which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed *on* it; order never can arise there.

But it is my firm conviction that the "Hell of England" will *cease* to be that of "not making money;" that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven! I anticipate light *in* the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more; under manifold true signals from without That light shall

shine. Our deity no longer being Mammon,—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself: “Why such deadly haste to make money? I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not make money! There is another Hell, I am told!” Competition, at railway-speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate:—good felt-hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven-feet lath-and-plaster hats on wheels, will then be discoverable! Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; steady modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich Master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven’s Blessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, “instead of Mammon-Feudalism with unsold cotton-shirts and Preservation of the Game, noble just Industrialism and Government by the Wisest!”

It is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed. And first to those same Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry; who stand nearest and in fact powerfulest, though not most prominent, being as yet in too many senses a Virtuality rather than an Actuality.

The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider: once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed forever to be no Chivalry, but a mere gold-plated *Doggery*,—what the French well name *Canaille*, “*Doggery*” with more

or less gold carrion at its disposal? Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognizable as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and Jötuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly, Well done! Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly, If there is nothing but vulturous hunger, for fine wines, valet reputation and gilt carriages, discoverable there? Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest god-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apisms; forgotten as under foulest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the Godlike slumbering. Awake, O nightmare sleepers; awake, arise, or be forever fallen! This is not play-house poetry; it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a Godlike stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it as through heavy-laden dreams, follow *it*, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country.

Bucaniers, Choctaw Indians, whose supreme aim in fighting is that they may get the scalps, the money, that they may amass scalps and money: out of such came no Chivalry, and never will! Out of such came only gore and wreck, infernal rage and misery; desperation quenched in annihilation. Behold it, I bid thee, behold there, and consider! What is it that thou have a hundred thousand-pound bills laid up in thy strong-room, a hundred scalps hung up in thy wigwam? I value not them or thee. Thy scalps and thy thousand-pound bills are as yet nothing, if no nobleness from within irradiate them; if no Chivalry, in action, or in embryo ever struggling towards birth and action. be there.

Love of men cannot be bought by cash-payment; and without love men cannot endure to be together. You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried: the thing, in a day, becomes impossible; all men in it, the

highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble instinct, this necessity. And can you any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchie? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering, No! The thing becomes not "in a day" impossible; but in some two generations it does. Yes, when fathers and mothers, in Stockport hunger-cellars, begin to eat their children, and Irish widows have to prove their relationship by dying of typhus-fever; and amid Governing "Corporations of the Best and Bravest," busy to preserve their game by "bushing," dark millions of God's human creatures start up in mad Chartisms, impracticable Sacred-Months, and Manchester Insurrections;—and there is a virtual Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spell-bound amid money-bags and ledgers; and an actual Idle Aristocracy seemingly near dead in somnolent delusions, in trespasses and double-barrels; "sliding," as on inclined-planes, which every new year they *soap* with new Hansard's-jargon under God's sky, and so are "sliding," ever faster, towards a "seale" and balance-seale whereon is written *Thou art found Wanting*:—in such days, after a generation or two, I say, it does become, even to the low and simple, very palpably impossible! No Working World, any more than a Fighting World, can be led on without a noble Chivalry of Work, and laws and fixed rules which follow out of that,—far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. As an anarchic multitude on mere Supply-and-demand, it is becoming inevitable that we dwindle in horrid suicidal convulsion and self-abrasion, frightful to the imagination, into *Choctaw* Workers. With wigwams and scalps,—with palaces and thousand-pound bills; with savagery, depopulation, chaotic desolation! Good Heavens, will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me.

Your gallant battle-hosts and work-hosts, as the others did, will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest

under you;—joined with you in veritable brotherhood, sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages! How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings,—and they discharge you on the morning of it! Chelsea Hospitals, pensions, promotions, rigorous lasting covenant on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, much more,—how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him, at sixpence a day; ready to go over to the other side, if sevenpence were offered? He could not have subsisted;—and his noble instinct saved him from the necessity of even trying! The Feudal Baron had a Man's Soul in him; to which anarchy, mutiny, and the other fruits of temporary mercenaries, were intolerable: he had never been a Baron otherwise, but had continued a Choctaw and Bucanier. He felt it precious, and at last it became habitual, and his fruitful enlarged existence included it as a necessity, to have men round him who in heart loved him; whose life he watched over with rigor yet with love; who were prepared to give their life for him, if need came. It was beautiful; it was human! Man lives not otherwise, nor can live contented, anywhere or anywhen. Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary: to have a world alien, not your world; all a hostile camp for you; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfullest enchantment; too truly a work of the Evil One. To have neither superior, nor inferior, nor equal, united manlike to you. Without father, without child, without brother. Man knows no sadder destiny. "How is each of us," exclaims Jean Paul, "so lonely in the wide bosom of the All!" Encased each as in his transparent "ice-palace;" our brother visible in his, making signals and gesticulations to us;—visible, but forever unattainable: on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours. It was not a God that did this; no!

Awake, ye noble Workers, warriors in the one true war: all this must be remedied. It is you who are already half-

alive, whom I will welcome into life; whom I will conjure, in God's name, to shake off your enchanted sleep, and live wholly! Cease to count scalps, gold-purses; not in these lies your or our salvation. Even these, if you count only these, will not long be left. Let bucaniering be put far from you; alter, speedily abrogate all laws of the bucaniers, if you would gain any victory that shall endure. Let God's justice, let pity, nobleness and manly valor, with more gold-purses or with fewer, testify themselves in this your brief Life-transit to all the Eternities, the Gods and Silences. It is to you I call; for ye are not dead, ye are already half-alive: there is in you a sleepless dauntless energy, the prime-matter of all nobleness in man. Honor to you in your kind. It is to you I call: ye know at least this, That the mandate of God to His creature man is: Work! The future Epie of the World rests not with those that are near dead, but with those that are alive, and those that are coming into life.

Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle: they will not; nor ought they, nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order, begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad; let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human interests, combined human endeavors, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organizing: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

God knows, the task will be hard; but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your sons and grandsons: but for what purpose, if not for tasks like this, were lives given to men? Ye shall cease to count your thousand-pound scalps, the noble of you shall cease! Nay the very scalps, as I say, will not long be left if you count only these. Ye shall cease wholly to be barbarous vulturous

Choctaws, and become noble European Nineteenth-Century Men. Ye shall know that Mammon, in never such gigs and flunky "respectabilities," is not the alone God; that of himself he is but a Devil, and even a Brute-god.

Difficult? Yes, it will be difficult. The short-fibre cotton; that too was difficult. The waste cotton-shrub, long useless, disobedient, as the thistle by the wayside, — have ye not conquered it; made it into beautiful bandana webs; white woven shirts for men; bright-tinted air-garments wherein flit goddesses? Ye have shivered mountains asunder, made the hard iron pliant to you as soft putty: the Forest-giants, Marsh-jötuns bear sheaves of golden grain; Ægir the Sea-demon himself stretches his back for a sleek highway to you, and on Fire-horses and Wind-horses ye career. Ye are most strong. Thor red-bearded, with his blue sun-eyes, with his cheery heart and strong thunder-hammer, he and you have prevailed. Ye are most strong, ye Sons of the icy North, of the far East, — far marching from your rugged Eastern Wildernesses, hitherward from the gray Dawn of Time! Ye are Sons of the *Jötunland*; the land of Difficulties Conquered. Difficult? You must try this thing. Once try it with the understanding that it will and shall have to be done. Try it as ye try the paltrier thing, making of money! I will bet on you once more, against all Jötuns, Tailor-gods, Double-barrelled Law-wards, and Denizens of Chaos whatsoever!

CHAPTER V.

PERMANENCE.

STANDING on the threshold, nay as yet outside the threshold, of a "Chivalry of Labor," and an immeasurable Future which it is to fill with fruitfulness and verdant shade; where so much has not yet come even to the rudimental state, and all speech of positive enactments were hazardous in those who know this business only by the eye, — let us here hint at simply one

widest universal principle, as the basis from which all organization hitherto has grown up among men, and all henceforth will have to grow: The principle of Permanent Contract instead of Temporary.

Permanent not Temporary:—you do not hire the mere red-coated fighter by the day, but by the score of years! Permanence, persistence is the first condition of all fruitfulness in the ways of men. The “tendency to persevere,” to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and “impossibilities:” it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak; the civilized burgher from the nomadic savage,—the Species Man from the Genus Ape! The Nomad has his very house set on wheels; the Nomad, and in a still higher degree the Ape, are all for “liberty;” the privilege to flit continually is indispensable for them. Alas, in how many ways, does our humor, in this swift-rolling, self-abrading Time, show itself nomadic, apelike; mournful enough to him that looks on it with eyes! This humor will have to abate; it is the first element of all fertility in human things, that such “liberty” of apes and nomads do by free-will or constraint abridge itself, give place to a better. The civilized man lives not in wheeled houses. He builds stone castles, plants lands, makes lifelong marriage-contracts;—has long-dated hundred-fold possessions, not to be valued in the money-market; has pedigrees, libraries, law-codes; has memories and hopes, even for this Earth, that reach over thousands of years. Lifelong marriage-contracts: how much preferable were year-long or month-long—to the nomad or ape!

Month-long contracts please me little, in any province where there can by possibility be found virtue enough for more. Month-long contracts do not answer well even with your house-servants; the liberty on both sides to change every month is growing very apelike, nomadic;—and I hear philosophers predict that it will alter, or that strange results will follow: that wise men, pestered with nomads, with unattached ever-shifting spies and enemies rather than friends and servants, will gradually, weighing substance against semblance,

with indignation, dismiss such, down almost to the very shoe-black, and say, "Begone; I will serve myself rather, and have peace!" Gurth was hired for life to Cedric, and Cedric to Gurth. O Anti-Slavery Convention, loud-sounding long-eared Exeter-Hall — But in thee too is a kind of instinct towards justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only black Quashee over the seas being once sufficiently attended to, wilt thou not perhaps open thy dull sodden eyes to the "sixty thousand valets in London itself who are yearly dismissed to the streets, to be what they can, when the season ends;"—or to the hunger-stricken, pallid, *yellow-colored* "Free Laborers" in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires! These Yellow-colored, for the present, absorb all my sympathies: if I had a Twenty Millions, with Model-Farms and Niger Expeditions, it is to these that I would give it! Quashee has already victuals, clothing; Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow-colored pale man's. Quashee, it must be owned, is hitherto a kind of blockhead. The Haiti Duke of Marmalade, educated now for almost half a century, seems to have next to no sense in him. Why, in one of those Lancashire Weavers, dying of hunger, there is more thought and heart, a greater arithmetical amount of misery and desperation, than in whole gangs of Quashees. It must be owned, thy eyes are of the sodden sort; and with thy emancipations, and thy twenty-millionings and long-eared clamorings, thou, like Robespierre with his pasteboard *Être Suprême*, threatenest to become a bore to us: *Avec ton Être Suprême tu commences m'embêter!* —

In a Printed Sheet of the assiduous, much-abused, and truly useful Mr. Chadwick's, containing queries and responses from far and near as to this great question, "What is the effect of education on working-men, in respect of their value as mere workers?" the present Editor, reading with satisfaction a decisive unanimous verdict as to Education, reads with inexpressible interest this special remark, put in by way of marginal incidental note, from a practical manufacturing Quaker, whom, as he is anonymous, we will call Friend Prudence. Prudence keeps a thousand workmen; has striven in all ways to attach

them to him; has provided conversational soirées; play-grounds, bands of music for the young ones; went even "the length of buying them a drum:" all which has turned out to be an excellent investment. For a certain person, marked here by a black stroke, whom we shall name Blank, living over the way, — he also keeps somewhere about a thousand men; but has done none of these things for them, nor any other thing, except due payment of the wages by supply-and-demand. Blank's workers are perpetually getting into mutiny, into broils and coils: every six months, we suppose, Blank has a strike; every one month, every day and every hour, they are fretting and obstructing the short-sighted Blank; pilfering from him, wasting and idling for him, omitting and committing for him. "I would not," says Friend Prudence, "exchange my workers for his *with seven thousand pounds to boot.*"¹

Right, O honorable Prudence; thou art wholly in the right: Seven thousand pounds even as a matter of profit for this world, nay for the mere cash-market of this world! And as a matter of profit not for this world only, but for the other world and all worlds, it outweighs the Bank of England! — Can the sagacious reader descry here, as it were the outmost inconsiderable rock-ledge of a universal rock-foundation, deep once more as the Centre of the World, emerging so, in the experience of this good Quaker, through the Stygian mud-vortexes and general Mother of Dead Dogs, whereon, for the present, all swags and insecurely hovers, as if ready to be swallowed?

Some Permanence of Contract is already almost possible; the principle of Permanence, year by year, better seen into and elaborated, may enlarge itself, expand gradually on every side into a system. This once secured, the basis of all good results were laid. Once permanent, you do not quarrel with the first difficulty on your path, and quit it in weak disgust; you reflect that it cannot be quitted, that it must be conquered, a wise arrangement fallen on with regard to it. Ye foolish Wedded Two, who have quarrelled, between whom the Evil

¹ *Report on the Training of Pauper Children* (1841), p. 18.

Spirit has stirred up transient strife and bitterness, so that "incompatibility" seems almost nigh, ye are nevertheless the Two who, by long habit, were it by nothing more, do best of all others suit each other: it is expedient for your own two foolish selves, to say nothing of the infants, pedigrees and public in general, that ye agree again; that ye put away the Evil Spirit, and wisely on both hands struggle for the guidance of a Good Spirit!

The very horse that is permanent, how much kindlier do his rider and he work, than the temporary one, hired on any hack principle yet known! I am for permanence in all things, at the earliest possible moment, and to the latest possible. Blessed is he that continueth where he is. Here let us rest, and lay our seedfields; here let us learn to dwell. Here, even here, the orchards that we plant will yield us fruit; the acorns will be wood and pleasant umbrage, if we wait. How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait! Through the swamps we will shape causeways, force purifying drains; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities; and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere travelling of human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity but, if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott: on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.¹

O unwise mortals that forever change and shift, and say, Yonder, not Here! Wealth richer than both the Indies lies everywhere for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only and his fruit-trees, his very heart roots itself wherever he will abide; — roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of Universal Being! Vagrant Sam-Slicks, who rove over the Earth doing "strokes of trade," what wealth have they? Horse-loads, ship-loads of white or yellow metal: in very sooth, what *are* these? Slick rests nowhere, he is home-

¹ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

less. He can build stone or marble houses; but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by! The herdsman in his poor clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition: his life, all encircled as in blessed mother's arms, is it poorer than Slick's with the ass-loads of yellow metal on his back? Unhappy Slick! Alas, there has so much grown nomadic, apelike, with us: so much will have, with whatever pain, repugnance and "impossibility," to alter itself, to fix itself again, — in some wise way, in any not delirious way!

A question arises here: Whether, in some ulterior, perhaps some not far-distant stage of this "Chivalry of Labor," your Master-Worker may not find it possible, and needful, to grant his Workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs? So that it become, in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever is, a joint enterprise; all men, from the Chief Master down to the lowest Overseer and Operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it? — Which question I do not answer. The answer, near or else far, is perhaps, Yes; — and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises; I am told, they do not tolerate "freedom of debate" on board a Seventy-four! Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in Cotton-Mills. And yet observe there too: Freedom, not nomad's or ape's Freedom, but man's Freedom; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it! To reconcile Despotism with Freedom: — well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way? It is to make your Despotism *just*, Rigorous as Destiny; but just too, as Destiny and its Laws. The Laws of God: all men obey these, and have no "Freedom" at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way; — and courage and some qualities are needed for walking on it!

CHAPTER VI.

THE LANDED.

A MAN with fifty, with five hundred, with a thousand pounds a day, given him freely, without condition at all,—on condition, as it now runs, that he will sit with his hands in his pockets and do no mischief, pass no Corn-Laws or the like,—he too, you would say, is or might be a rather strong Worker! He is a Worker with such tools as no man in this world ever before had. But in practice, very astonishing, very ominous to look at, he proves not a strong Worker;—you are too happy if he will prove but a No-worker, do nothing, and not be a Wrong-worker.

You ask him, at the year's end: "Where is your three hundred thousand pound; what have you realized to us with that?" He answers, in indignant surprise: "Done with it? Who are you that ask? I have eaten it; I and my flunkies, and parasites, and slaves two-footed and four-footed, in an ornamental manner; and I am here alive by it; *I* am realized by it to you!"—It is, as we have often said, such an answer as was never before given under this Sun. An answer that fills me with boding apprehension, with foreshadows of despair. O stolid Use-and-wont of an atheistic Half-century, O Ignavia, Tailor-godhood, soul-killing Cant, to what passes art thou bringing us!—Out of the loud-piping whirlwind, audibly to him that has ears, the Highest God is again announcing in these days: "Idleness shall not be." God has said it, man cannot gainsay.

Ah, how happy were it, if he this Aristocrat Worker would, in like manner, see *his* work and do it! It is frightful seeking another to do it for him. Guillotines, Meudon Tanneries, and half a million men shot dead, have already been expended in that business; and it is yet far from done. This man too

is something; nay he is a great thing. Look on him there: a man of manful aspect; something of the "cheerfulness of pride" still lingering in him. A free air of graceful stoicism, of easy silent dignity sits well on him; in his heart, could we reach it, lie elements of generosity, self-sacrificing justice, true human valor. Why should he, with such appliances, stand an incumbrance in the Present; perish disastrously out of the Future! From no section of the Future would we lose these noble courtesies, impalpable yet all-controlling; these dignified reticences, these kingly simplicities;—lose aught of what the fruitful Past still gives us token of, memento of, in this man. Can we not save him:—can he not help us to save him! A brave man, he too; had not undivine Ignavia, Hearsay, Speech without meaning,—had not Cant, thousand-fold Cant within him and around him, enveloping him like choke-damp, like thick Egyptian darkness, thrown his soul into asphyxia, as it were extinguished his soul; so that he sees not, hears not, and Moses and all the Prophets address him in vain.

Will he awaken, be alive again, and have a soul; or is this death-fit very death? It is a question of questions, for himself and for us all! Alas, is there no noble work for this man too? Has not he thick-headed ignorant boors; lazy, enslaved farmers, weedy lands? Lands! Has not he weary heavy-laden ploughers of land; immortal souls of men, ploughing, ditching, day-drudging; bare of back, empty of stomach, nigh desperate of heart; and none peaceably to help them but he, under Heaven? Does he find, with his three hundred thousand pounds, no noble thing trodden down in the thoroughfares, which it were godlike to help up? Can he do nothing for his Burns but make a Gauger of him; lionize him, bedinner him, for a foolish while: then whistle him down the wind, to desperation and bitter death?—His work too is difficult, in these modern, far-dislocated ages. But it may be done; it may be tried;—it must be done.

A modern Duke of Weimar, not a god he either, but a human duke, levied, as I reckon, in rents and taxes and all incomings whatsoever, less than several of our English Dukes do in rent alone. The Duke of Weimar, with these incomings, had to

govern, judge, defend, every way administer *his* Dukedom. He does all this as few others did: and he improves lands besides all this, makes river-embankments, maintains not soldiers only but Universities and Institutions;—and in his Court were these four men: Wieland, Herder, Schiller, Goethe. Not as parasites, which was impossible; not as table-wits and poetic Katerfeltoes; but as noble Spiritual Men working under a noble Practical Man. Shielded by him from many miseries; perhaps from many shortcomings, destructive aberrations. Heaven had sent, once more, heavenly Light into the world; and this man's honor was that he gave it welcome. A new noble kind of Clergy, under an old but still noble kind of King! I reckon that this one Duke of Weimar did more for the Culture of his Nation than all the English Dukes and *Duces* now extant, or that were extant since Henry the Eighth gave them the Church Lands to eat, have done for theirs!—I am ashamed, I am alarmed for my English Dukes: what word have I to say?

If our Actual Aristocracy, appointed “Best-and-Bravest,” will be wise, how inexpressibly happy for us! If not,—the voice of God from the whirlwind is very audible to me. Nay, I will thank the Great God, that He has said, in whatever fearful ways, and just wrath against us, “Idleness shall be no more!” Idleness? The awakened soul of man, all but the asphyxied soul of man, turns from it as from worse than death. It is the life-in-death of Poet Coleridge. That fable of the Dead-Sea Apes ceases to be a fable. The poor Worker starved to death is not the saddest of sights. He lies there, dead on his shield; fallen down into the bosom of his old Mother; with haggard pale face, sorrow-worn, but stilled now into divine peace, silently appeals to the Eternal God and all the Universe,—the most silent, the most eloquent of men.

Exceptions,—ah yes, thank Heaven, we know there are exceptions. Our case were too hard, were there not exceptions, and partial exceptions not a few, whom we know, and whom we do not know. Honor to the name of Ashley,—honor to this and the other valiant Abdiel, found faithful still; who would fain, by work and by word, admonish their Order

not to rush upon destruction ! These are they who will, if not save their Order, postpone the wreck of it ; — by whom, under blessing of the Upper Powers, “a quiet euthanasia spread over generations, instead of a swift torture-death concentrated into years,” may be brought about for many things. All honor and success to these. The noble man can still strive nobly to save and serve his Order ; — at lowest, he can remember the precept of the Prophet : “Come out of her, my people ; come out of her !”

To sit idle aloft, like living statues, like absurd Epicurus'-gods, in pampered isolation, in exclusion from the glorious fateful battle-field of this God's-World : it is a poor life for a man, when all Upholsterers and French-Cooks have done their utmost for it ! — Nay what a shallow delusion is this we have all got into, That any man should or can keep himself apart from men, have “no business” with them, except a cash-account “business” ! It is the silliest tale a distressed generation of men ever took to telling one another. Men cannot live isolated : we *are* all bound together, for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No highest man can disunite himself from any lowest. Consider it. Your poor “Werter blowing out his distracted existence because Charlotte will not have the keeping thereof :” this is no peculiar phasis ; it is simply the highest expression of a phasis traceable wherever one human creature meets another ! Let the meanest crook-backed Thersites teach the supremest Agamemnon that he actually does not reverence him, the supremest Agamemnon's eyes flash fire responsive ; a real pain and partial insanity has seized Agamemnon. Strange enough : a many-counselled Ulysses is set in motion by a scoundrel-blockhead ; plays tunes, like barrel-organ at the scoundrel-blockhead's touch, — has to snatch, namely, his sceptre-cudgel, and weal the crooked back with bumps and thumps ! Let a chief of men reflect well on it. Not in having “no business” with men, but in having no unjust business with them, and in *having* all manner of true and just business, can either his or their blessedness be found possible, and this

waste world become, for both parties, a home and peopled garden.

Men do reverence men. Men do worship in that "one temple of the world," as Novalis calls it, the Presence of a Man! Hero-worship, true and blessed, or else mistaken, false and accursed, goes on everywhere and everywhen. In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world: the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men. Hero-worship, in the souls of the heroic, of the clear and wise,—it is the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth: when it is not there, Heaven is veiled from us; and all is under Heaven's ban and interdict, and there is no worship, or worth-ship, or worth or blessedness in the Earth any more!—

Independence, "lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,"—alas, yes, he is one we have got acquainted with in these late times: a very indispensable one, for spurning off with due energy innumerable sham-superiors, Tailor-made: honor to him, entire success to him! Entire success is sure to him. But he must not stop there, at that small success, with his eagle-eye. He has now a second far greater success to gain: to seek out his real superiors, whom not the Tailor but the Almighty God has made superior to him, and see a little what he will do with these! Rebel against these also? Pass by with minatory eagle-glance, with calm-sniffing mockery, or even without any mockery or sniff, when these present themselves? The lion-hearted will never dream of such a thing. Forever far be it from him! His minatory eagle-glance will veil itself in softness of the dove: his lion-heart will become a lamb's; all its just indignation changed into just reverence, dissolved in blessed floods of noble humble love, how much heavenlier than any pride, nay, if you will, how much prouder! I know him, this lion-hearted, eagle-eyed one; have met him, rushing on, "with bosom bare," in a very distracted dishevelled manner, the times being hard;—and can say, and guarantee on my life, That in him is no rebellion; that in him is the reverse of rebellion. the needful preparation for obedience. For if you

do mean to obey God-made superiors, your first step is to sweep out the Tailor-made ones; order them, under penalties, to vanish, to make ready for vanishing!

Nay, what is best of all, he cannot rebel, if he would. Superiors whom God has made for us we cannot order to withdraw! Not in the least. No Grand-Turk himself, thickest-quilted tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon can do it: but an Arab Man, in cloak of his own clouting; with black beaming eyes, with flaming sovereign-heart direct from the centre of the Universe; and also, I am told, with terrible "horse-shoe vein" of swelling wrath in his brow, and lightning (if you will not have it as light) tingling through every vein of him,—he rises; says authoritatively: "Thickest-quilted Grand-Turk, tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon, No:—*I* withdraw not; thou shalt obey me or withdraw!" And so accordingly it is: thickest-quilted Grand-Turks and all their progeny, to this hour, obey that man in the remarkablest manner; preferring *not* to withdraw.

O brother, it is an endless consolation to me, in this disorganic, as yet so quack-ridden, what you may well call hag-ridden and hell-ridden world, to find that disobedience to the Heavens, when they send any messenger whatever, is and remains impossible. It cannot be done; no Turk grand or small can do it. "Show the dullest clodpoll," says my invaluable German friend, "show the haughtiest feather-head, that a soul higher than himself is here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GIFTED.

YES, in what tumultuous huge anarchy soever a Noble human Principle may dwell and strive, such tumult is in the way of being calmed into a fruitful sovereignty. It is inevitable. No Chaos can continue chaotic with a soul in it. Besouled

with earnest human Nobleness, did not slaughter, violence and fire-eyed fury, grow into a Chivalry; into a blessed Loyalty of Governor and Governed? And in Work, which is of itself noble, and the only true fighting, there shall be no such possibility? Believe it not; it is incredible; the whole Universe contradicts it. Here too the Choctaw Principle will be subordinated; the Man Principle will, by degrees, become superior, become supreme.

I know Mammon too; Banks-of-England, Credit-Systems, world-wide possibilities of work and traffic; and applaud and admire them. Mammon is like Fire; the usefulest of all servants, if the frightfullest of all masters! The Cliffords, Fitzadelms and Chivalry Fighters "wished to gain victory," never doubt it: but victory, unless gained in a certain spirit, was no victory; defeat, sustained in a certain spirit, was itself victory. I say again and again, had they counted the scalps alone, they had continued Choctaws, and no Chivalry or lasting victory had been. And in Industrial Fighters and Captains is there no nobleness discoverable? To them, alone of men, there shall forever be no blessedness but in swollen coffers? To see beauty, order, gratitude, loyal human hearts around them, shall be of no moment; to see fuliginous deformity, mutiny, hatred and despair, with the addition of half a million guineas, shall be better? Heaven's blessedness not there; Hell's cursedness, and your half-million bits of metal, a substitute for that! Is there no profit in diffusing Heaven's blessedness, but only in gaining gold?—If so, I apprise the Mill-owner and Millionnaire, that he too must prepare for vanishing; that neither is *he* born to be of the sovereigns of this world; that he will have to be trampled and chained down in whatever terrible ways, and brass-collared safe, among the born thralls of this world! We cannot have *Canailles* and Doggeries that will not make some Chivalry of themselves: our noble Planet is impatient of such; in the end, totally intolerant of such!

For the Heavens, unwearying in their bounty, do send other souls into this world, to whom yet, as to their forerunners, in Old Roman, in Old Hebrew and all noble times, the omnipotent guinea is, on the whole, an impotent guinea. Has your

half-dead avaricious Corn-Law Lord, your *half-alive* avaricious Cotton-Law Lord, never seen one such? Such are, not one, but several; are, and will be, unless the Gods have doomed this world to swift dire ruin. These are they, the elect of the world; the born champions, strong men, and liberatory Samsons of this poor world: whom the poor Delilah-world will not always shear of their strength and eyesight, and set to grind in darkness at *its* poor gin-wheel! Such souls are, in these days, getting somewhat out of humor with the world. Your very Byron, in these days, is at least driven mad; flatly refuses fealty to the world. The world with its injustices, its golden brutalities, and dull yellow guineas, is a disgust to such souls: the ray of Heaven that is in them does at least pre-empt them to be very miserable here. Yes:—and yet all misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way. The black whirlwind is mother of the lightning. No *smoke*, in any sense, but can become flame and radiance! Such soul, once graduated in Heaven's stern University, steps out superior to your guinea.

Dost thou know, O sumptuous Corn-Lord, Cotton-Lord, O mutinous Trades-Unionist, gin-vanquished, undeliverable; O much-enslaved World,—this man is not a slave with thee! None of thy promotions is necessary for him. His place is with the stars of Heaven: to thee it may be momentous, to thee it may be life or death, to him it is indifferent, whether thou place him in the lowest hut, or forty feet higher at the top of thy stupendous high tower, while here on Earth. The joys of Earth that are precious, they depend not on thee and thy promotions. Food and raiment, and, round a social hearth, souls who love him, whom he loves: these are already his. He wants none of thy rewards; behold also, he fears none of thy penalties. Thou canst not answer even by killing him: the ease of Anaxarchus thou canst kill; but the self of Anaxarchus, the word or act of Anaxarchus, in no wise whatever. To this man death is not a bugbear; to this man life is already as earnest and awful, and beautiful and terrible, as death.

Not a May-game is this man's life; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promise-

nade through fragrant orange-groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours : it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men ; loves men, with inexpressible soft pity, — as they *cannot* love him : but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space ; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendors, the Archdemons and Archangels. All Heaven, all Pandemonium are his escort. The stars keen-glancing, from the Immensities, send tidings to him ; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto Deep.

Thou, O World, how wilt thou secure thyself against this man ? Thou canst not hire him by thy guineas ; nor by thy gibbets and law-penalties restrain him. He eludes thee like a Spirit. Thou canst not forward him, thou canst not hinder him. Thy penalties, thy poverties, neglects, contumelies : behold, all these are good for him. Come to him as an enemy ; turn from him as an unfriend ; only do not this one thing, — infect him not with thy own delusion : the benign Genius, were it by very death, shall guard him against this ! — What wilt thou do with him ? He is above thee, like a god. Thou, in thy stupendous three-inch pattens, art under him. He is thy born king, thy conqueror and supreme lawgiver : not all the guineas and cannons, and leather and prunella, under the sky can save thee from him. Hardest thick-skinned Mammon-world, ruggedest Caliban shall obey him, or become not Caliban but a cramp. Oh, if in this man, whose eyes can flash Heaven's lightning, and make all Calibans into a cramp, there dwelt not, as the essence of his very being, a God's justice, human Nobleness, Veracity and Mercy, — I should tremble for the world. But his strength, let us rejoice to understand, is even this : The quantity of Justice, of Valor and Pity that is in him. To hypocrites and tailored quacks in high places his eyes are lightning ; but they melt in dewy pity softer than a mother's to the down-pressed, maltreated ; in his heart, in his great thought, is a sanctuary for all the wretched. This world's improvement is forever sure.

"Man of Genius?" Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Mæcenas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere, — if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity; with miserable froth-vortices of Cant now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty Godhoods, Apotheoses *edge-gilt*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of blockheads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanying, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and grovelling base-heartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility! —

"Man of Genius:" O Mæcenas Twiddledee, hast thou any notion what a Man of Genius is? Genius is "the inspired gift of God." It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man. Dim, potential in all men; in this man it has become clear, actual. So says John Milton, who ought to be a judge; so answer him the Voices of all Ages and all Worlds. Wouldst thou commune with such a one? *Be* his real peer, then: does that lie in thee? Know thyself and thy real and thy apparent place, and know him and his real and his apparent place, and act in some noble conformity with all that. What! The star-fire of the Empyrean shall eclipse itself, and illuminate magic-lanterns to amuse grown children? He, the god-inspired, is to twang harps for thee, and blow through serannel-pipes, to soothe thy sated soul with visions of new, still wider Eldorados, Houri Paradises, richer Lands of Cockaigne? Brother, this is not he; this is a counterfeit, this twangling, jangling, vain, acrid, serannel-piping man. Thou dost well to say with sick Saul, "It is nought, such harping!" — and in sudden rage, to grasp thy spear, and try if thou canst pin such a one to the wall. King Saul was mistaken in his man, but thou art right in thine. It is the due of such a one: **nail him**

to the wall, and leave him there. So ought copper shillings to be nailed on counters; copper geniuses on walls, and left there for a sign! —

I conclude that the Men of Letters too may become a “Chivalry,” an actual instead of a virtual Priesthood, with result immeasurable, — so soon as there is nobleness in themselves for that. And, to a certainty, not sooner! Of intrinsic Valetisms you cannot, with whole Parliaments to help you, make a Heroism. Doggeries never so gold-plated, Doggeries never so escutcheoned, Doggeries never so diplomaed, bepuffed, gas-lighted, continue Doggeries, and must take the fate of such.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DIDACTIC.

CERTAINLY it were a fond imagination to expect that any preaching of mine could abate Mammonism; that Bobus of Houndsditch will love his guineas less, or his poor soul more, for any preaching of mine! But there is one Preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible Course of Things. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages; but he teaches like no other!

I revert to Friend Prudence the good Quaker's refusal of “seven thousand pounds to boot.” Friend Prudence's practical conclusion will, by degrees, become that of all rational practical men whatsoever. On the present scheme and principle, Work cannot continue. Trades' Strikes, Trades' Unions, Chartisms; mutiny, squalor, rage and desperate revolt, growing ever more desperate, will go on their way. As dark misery settles down on us, and our refuges of lies fall in pieces one after one, the hearts of men, now at last serious, will turn to refuges of truth. The eternal stars shine out again, so soon as it is dark *enough*.

Begirt with desperate Trades' Unionism and Anarchic

Mutiny, many an Industrial *Law-ward*, by and by, who has neglected to make laws and keep them, will be heard saying to himself: "Why have I realized five hundred thousand pounds? I rose early and sat late, I toiled and moiled, and in the sweat of my brow and of my soul I strove to gain this money, that I might become conspicuous, and have some honor among my fellow-creatures. I wanted them to honor me, to love me. The money is here, earned with my best life-blood: but the honor? I am encircled with squalor, with hunger, rage, and sooty desperation. Not honored, hardly even envied; only fools and the flunky-species so much as envy me. I am conspicuous, — as a mark for curses and brickbats. What good is it? My five hundred scalps hang here in my wigwam: would to Heaven I had sought something else than the scalps; would to Heaven I had been a Christian Fighter, not a Choc-taw one! To have ruled and fought not in a Mammonish but in a Godlike spirit; to have had the hearts of the people bless me, as a true ruler and captain of my people; to have felt my own heart bless me, and that God above instead of Mammon below was blessing me, — this had been something. Out of my sight, ye beggarly five hundred scalps of banker's-thousands: I will try for something other, or account my life a tragical futility!"

Friend Prudence's "rock-ledge," as we called it, will gradually diselose itself to many a man; to all men. Gradually, assaulted from beneath and from above, the Stygian mud-deluge of Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand, Cash-payment the one Duty, will abate on all hands; and the everlasting mountain-tops, and secure rock-foundations that reach to the centre of the world, and rest on Nature's self, will again emerge, to found on, and to build on. When Mammon-worshippers here and there begin to be God-worshippers, and bipeds-of-prey become men, and there is a Soul felt once more in the huge-pulsing elephantine mechanic Animalism of this Earth, it will be again a blessed Earth.

"Men cease to regard money?" eries Bobus of Hounds-ditch: "What else do all men strive for? The very Bishop informs me that Christianity cannot get on without a minimum

of Four thousand five hundred in its pocket. Cease to regard money? That will be at Doomsday in the afternoon!" — O Bobus, my opinion is somewhat different. My opinion is, that the Upper Powers have not yet determined on destroying this Lower World. A respectable, ever-increasing minority, who do strive for something higher than money, I with confidence anticipate; ever-increasing, till there be a sprinkling of them found in all quarters, as salt of the Earth once more. The Christianity that cannot get on without a minimum of Four thousand five hundred, will give place to something better that can. Thou wilt not join our small minority, thou? Not till Doomsday in the afternoon? Well; *then*, at least, thou wilt join it, thou and the majority in mass!

But truly it is beautiful to see the brutish empire of Mammon cracking everywhere; giving sure promise of dying, or of being changed. A strange, chill, almost ghastly dayspring strikes up in Yankeeland itself: my Transcendental friends announce there, in a distinct, though somewhat lank-haired, ungainly manner, that the Demiurgus Dollar is dethroned; that new unheard-of Demiurgusships, Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Growths and Destructions, are already visible in the gray of coming Time. Chronos is dethroned by Jove; Odin by St. Olaf: the Dollar cannot rule in Heaven forever. No; I reckon, not. Socinian Preachers quit their pulpits in Yankeeland, saying, "Friends, this is all gone to colored cobweb, we regret to say!" — and retire into the fields to cultivate onion-beds, and live frugally on vegetables. It is very notable. Old godlike Calvinism declares that its old body is now fallen to tatters, and done; and its mournful ghost, disembodied, seeking new embodiment, pipes again in the winds; — a ghost and spirit as yet, but heralding new Spirit-worlds, and better Dynasties than the Dollar one.

Yes, here as there, light is coming into the world; men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere, — even through the dull eyes of Exeter Hall; an unspeakable religiousness struggles, in the most helpless manner, to speak itself, in Puseyisms and the like. Of our Cant, all condemna-

ble, how much is not condemnable without pity ; we had almost said, without respect ! The *inarticulate* worth and truth that is in England goes down yet to the Foundations.

Some "Chivalry of Labor," some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labor, will yet be realized on this Earth. Or why *will* ; why do we pray to Heaven, without setting our own shoulder to the wheel ? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesiest, who believest, begin thou to fulfil. Here or nowhere, now equally as at any time ! That outcast help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help "possible" for it, no prize offered for the saving of it, — canst not thou save it, then, without prize ? Put forth thy hand, in God's name ; know that "impossible," where Truth and Mercy and the everlasting Voice of Nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "Impossible," and tumbled noisily else-whither, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now ; do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only, and God's. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much : the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life. That noble downfallen or yet unborn "Impossibility," thou canst lift it up, thou canst, by thy soul's travail, bring it into clear being. That loud inane Actuality, with millions in its pocket, too "possible" that, which rolls along there, with quilted trumpeters blaring round it, and all the world escorting it as mute or vocal flunky, — escort it not thou ; say to it, either nothing, or else deeply in thy heart : "Loud-blaring Nonentity, no force of trumpets, cash, Long-acre art, or universal flunkyhoo of men, makes thee an Entity ; thou art a *Nonentity*, and deceptive *Simulacrum*, more accursed than thou seemest. Pass on in the Devil's name, unworshipped by at least one man, and leave the thoroughfare clear !"

Not on Ilion's or Latium's plains ; on far other plains and places henceforth can noble deeds be now done. Not on Ilion's plains ; how much less in Mayfair's drawing-rooms ! Not in victory over poor brother French or Phrygians ; but

in victory over Frost-jötuns, Marsh-giants, over demons of Discord, Idleness, Injustice, Unreason, and Chaos come again. None of the old Epics is longer possible. The Epic of French and Phrygians was comparatively a small Epic: but that of Flirts and Fribbles, what is that? A thing that vanishes at cock-crowing, — that already begins to scent the morning air! Game-preserving Aristocracies, let them “bush” never so effectually, cannot escape the Subtle Fowler. Game seasons will be excellent, and again will be indifferent, and by and by they will not be at all. The Last Partridge of England, of an England where millions of men can get no corn to eat, will be shot and ended. Aristocracies with beards on their chins will find other work to do than amuse themselves with trundling-hoops.

But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honorable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God’s Creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier, — more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man’s energy, be made a kind of Heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven’s azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeple, as a birth of Heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart’s-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labor, growing ever nobler, will come forth, — the grand sole miracle of Man; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders; Prophets, Poets, Kings; Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights; all martyrs, and

noble men, and gods are of one grand Host; immeasurable; marching ever forward since the beginnings of the World. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned Host, noble every soldier in it; sacred, and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens, will he not bethink himself; he too is so needed in the Host! It were so blessed, thrice-blessed, for himself and for us all! In hope of the Last Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet a while.

“The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.”

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

PARLIAMENTS.

[1st June, 1850.]

By this time it is sufficiently apparent the present Editor is not one of those who expect to see the Country saved by farther "reforming" the reformed Parliament we have got. On the contrary, he has the sad conviction that from such Parliament never so ingeniously reformed, there can no salvation come, but only a speedy finale far different from salvation. It is his effort and desire to teach this and the other thinking British man that said finale, the advent namely of actual open Anarchy, cannot be distant, now when virtual disguised Anarchy, long continued and waxing daily, has got to such a height; and that the one method of staving off that fatal consummation, and steering towards the Continents of the Future, lies not in the direction of reforming Parliament, but of what he calls reforming Downing Street; a thing infinitely urgent to be begun, and to be strenuously carried on. To find a Parliament more and more the express image of the People, could, unless the People chanced to be wise as well as miserable, give him no satisfaction. Not this at all; but to find some sort of *King*, made in the image of God, who could a little achieve for the People, if not their spoken wishes, yet their dumb wants, and what they would at last find to have been their instinctive *will*, — which is a far different matter usually, in this babbling world of ours.

Qualification movement, universal-suffrage movement, Reform Association, and such like, this Editor does not enjoin

upon his readers ; — his readers whom (as every crow is known to think her own eggs whitest) he considers to be a select class, the true Aristocracy of England, capable of far better things than these. Which better things, and not the worse, it is his heart's wish to urge them upon doing. And yet, alas, how can he forbid any reader of his, or of other people's, to join such suffrage movement, or still more distracted Chartism of Six Points, if it seem hopeful ? Where we are, is no continuing. Men say : "The finale must come, ought to come ; perhaps the sooner it comes, it will be the lighter to bear. If the foul universal boil is to go on ripening, under mere Leave-alone and Premiers of the Phantasm order, perhaps the sooner it bursts, and declares itself as universal gangrene and social death, the better !" Good Heavens, have men computed what the bursting out of virtual disguised Anarchy into open undeniable Anarchy, such as they have in the Continental countries just now, amounts to in human affairs ; what a game that of trying for cure in the Medea's-caldron of Revolution is ! Must we also front the Apotheosis of Attorneyism ; and know what the blackest of terrestrial curses means ?

But if the captains of the ship are of that scandalous class who refuse to be warned *except* by iceberg counsellors nudging them, what are the miserable crew to do ? Yes, the crew had better consider of that ; they have greatly too little considered it of late. They will find that in Nature there is no such alarming creature as a Chief Governor of that humor, in getting round a Cape Horn like this of ours ; that, if pity did not check our rage, there is no such traitor in the ship as this unconscious one ! Who, placidly assured, nothing doubting but he is the friend of gods and men, can stand with imperturbable attitude, quietly steering, by his old Whig and other charts of the British Channel (as if we were still *there* or thereabouts), into the yawning mouth of Chaos, on the other side of the world ; and call it passing the Forelands in rough weather, or getting into Cowes, by constitutional methods, and " remedial measures suited to the occasion." Our heart's prayer in those circumstances is : From such Chief Governors, good Lord deliver us ! And if masses of the desperate common men before

the mast do invoke Chartism rather, and *invite* the iceberg counsellors to nudge him, — cannot we too well understand it? I hope, in other quarters of the ship there are men who know wiser courses, and instead of inviting the iceberg counsellors and Six Points, will direct all their strength to fling the Phantasm Captain under hatches. It is with the view of aiding and encouraging these latter that we now institute a few considerations upon Parliaments generally.

Dryasdust in his lumber-masses, which he calls treatises and histories, has not been explicit about Parliaments: but we need not doubt, the English Parliament, as windy a palavering and imaginary entity as it has now grown to be, was at one time a quite solid serious actuality, met for earnest despatch of work which, on the King's part and the Commonwealth's, needed absolutely to be done. Reading in *Eadmerus* and the dim old Books, one finds gradually that the Parliament was at first a most simple Assemblage, quite cognate to the situation; that Red William, or whoever had taken on him the terrible task of being King in England, was wont to invite, oftenest about Christmas time, his subordinate Kinglets, Barons as he called them, to give him the pleasure of their company for a week or two: there, in earnest conference all morning, in freer talk over Christmas cheer all evening, in some big royal Hall of Westminster, Winchester, or wherever it might be, with log-fires, huge rounds of roast and boiled, not lacking malmsey and other generous liquor, they took counsel concerning the arduous matters of the kingdom. “You Taillebois, what have you to propose in this arduous matter? — Frontdebœuf has another view; thinks, in his southern counties, they will go with the Protectionist movement, and repeal the malt-tax, the African Squadron, and the window-duty itself. — Potdevin, what is your opinion of the measure; will it hold in your parts? So, Fitzurse disagrees, then! — Tête-d'étoupes, speak out. And first, the pleasure of a glass of wine, my infant?” — Thus, for a fortnight's space, they carried on, after a human manner, their grand National Consult or *Parliamentum*; intermingling Dinner with it (as is still the modern method);

debating everything, as Tacitus describes the Ancient Germans to have done, two times: once sober, and once what he calls "drunk," — not dead-drunk, but jolly round their big table; — that so both sides of the matter might be seen; and, midway between rash hope and unreasonable apprehension, the true decision of it might be hit. To this hour no public matter, with whatever serious argument, can be settled in England till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon.

To King Rufus there could no more natural method present itself, of getting his affairs of sovereignty transacted, than this same. To assemble all his working Sub-kings about him; and gather in a human manner, by the aid of sad speech and of cheerful, what their real notions, opinions and determinations were. No way of making a law, or of getting one executed when made, except by even such a General Consult in one form or another. — Naturally too, as in all places where men meet, there established themselves modes of proceeding in this Christmas *Parliamentum*: secretaries from the first were needed there, strict record of the results arrived at being indispensable: and the methods of arriving, marginally noted or otherwise, would not be forgotten: such methods, with trials of ever new methods, accumulating, and in the course of continual practice getting sifted, rejected, adopted, and committed to record, — the vast elaboration, now called Law of Parliament, Privilege, Practice of Parliament, and that huge sheep-skin quarry, in which Dryasdust bores and grovels as if the world's or England's secret lay there, grew to be what we see.

So likewise in the time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself into Two Houses; and Borough Members and Knights of the Shire were summoned up to answer, Whether they could stand such and such an impost? and took upon them to answer, "Yes, your Majesty; but we have such and such grievances greatly in need of redress first," — nothing could be more natural and human than such a Parliament still was. And so, granting subsidies, stating grievances, and notably widening its field in that latter direction, accumulating new modes, and practices of Parliament greatly

important in world-history, the old Parliament continued an eminently human, veracious and indispensable entity, achieving real work in the Centuries. Down, we may say, to the Century of Charles First, when being constrained by unforeseen necessity to do so, it took suddenly, like water at the boiling point, a quite immense development of function; and performed that new function too, to the world's and its own amazement, in an eminently human, authentic and effectual manner, — the “supply” it granted his Majesty, this time (in front of Whitehall, as it ultimately proved), being of a very unexpected yet by no means unessential nature; and the “grievance” it now stated for redress being the transcendent one of Compulsion towards Spiritual Nightmare, towards Canting Idolatry, and Death Eternal, — which I do not wonder that they could n’t endure, and would n’t! Which transcendent grievance, it is well known, they did get redressed, in a most conspicuous manner, they, for the time being; — and so have since set all the world upon similar but far less hopeful attempts, by methods which *appear* the same, and are not the same but different.

This Long Parliament which conquered its King, and even extinguished him, since he would in no way be quiet when conquered; and which thus, the first of such Assemblages, declared that it was Sovereign in the Nation, and more royal than any King who could be there, — has set a flaming pattern to all the world, which now after centuries all the world is fruitlessly bent to emulate. This ever-memorable Long Parliament is definable, both in regard to its destinies in History, and to its intrinsic collective and individual worth among Deliberative Assemblies, as the Acme of Parliaments; the highest that it lay in them to be, or to do, in human affairs. The consummation, this, and slow cactus-flowerage of the parliamentary tree among mankind, which blossoms only in thousands of years, and is seen only once by men: the Father, this, of all Congresses, National Conventions and sublunary Parliaments that have since been.

But what I had to remark of this Long Parliament, and of its English predecessors generally from the times of Rufus

downwards, is their perfect veracity of purpose, their exact adaptation to getting the business done that was in hand. Supplies did, in some way, need to be granted, grievances, such as never fail, did in some way need to be stated and redressed. The silent Peoples had their *Parliamentum*; and spake by it to their Kings who governed them. In all human Government, wherever a man will attempt to govern men, this is a function necessary as the breath of life: and it must be said the old European Populations, and the fortunate English best of all, did this function *well*. The old Parliaments were authentic entities; came upon indispensable work; and were in earnest to their very finger-ends about getting it done. No conclave of railway directors, met with closed doors upon the sacred cause of scrip and dividends, could be more intent upon the business necessary, or be more appropriate for it, than those old Parliaments were.

In modern Parliaments, again, indeed ever down from the Long Parliament, I note a sad gradual falling-off in this matter of "veracity," which, alas, means a falling-off in all real use, or possible advantage, there can be to mankind in such Institutions. The Parliament, if we examine well, has irrevocably lost certain of its old functions, which it still pretends to do; and has got certain new functions, which it never can do, and yet pretends to be doing: a doubly fatal predicament for the Parliament. Its functions growing ever more confused in this twofold way, the position of the Parliament has become a false, and has gradually been becoming an impossible one, in modern affairs. While on the other hand, the poor Parliament, little conscious of all that, and long dimly struggling to remedy all that, and exist amidst it; or in later years, still more fatally admitting all that, and quietly consenting to exist beside it *without* remedy, — has had to distort and pervert its poor activity in all manner of ways; and at length has diffused itself into oceans of windy talk reported in *Hansard*; has grown, in short, a National Palaver; and is, as I said lately, one of the strangest entities this sun ever looked down upon. For, I think, a National Palaver recog-

nized as Sovereign, a solemn Convocation of all the Stump-Orators in the Nation to come and govern us, was not seen in the earth till recently. I consider it has been reserved for these our Latter Generations; a product long ripening for us from afar; — and would fain hope that, like the Long Parliament, or acme and consummate flower in any kind, it can only be a transient phenomenon!

Some functions that are and continue real the Parliament still has; — and these it becomes infinitely necessary to dis-sever, and extricate alive, from the ocean of unreality in which they swim. Unreality is death, to Parliaments and to all things. The real functions whatsoever they are, these, most certainly, are all the good we shall ever get of Parliament; and the question now is, Shall said good be drowned, or not be drowned, in the immeasurable accompaniment of imaginary functions which are evil and falsity, and that only?

In the way of changed times I note two grand modern facts, omitting many minor, which have, one of them irrevocably, and the other hopelessly for the present, altered from top to bottom the function and position of all Parliaments; and which do now fatally vitiate their procedure everywhere, rendering much of what they do a superfluity, a mere hypocrisy, or noxious grimace; and thus infecting even what is real in their function with a windy falsity, lamentable to behold and greatly requiring to be altered: Fact *first*, the existence of an Unfettered Press, with its perennial ever-increasing torrent of morning newspapers, pamphlets, books: fact *second*, that there is now no King present in Parliament; no King now there, the *King* having vanished, — in front of Whitehall, long since! Fact first I take to be unalterable. Complete alteration of fact second I discern to be distant, but likewise to be indispensable and inevitable; and to require urgently here and now (by *New Downing Streets* or otherwise) a strenuous beginning, from all good citizens who would do any reform in their generation. Both facts together have dislocated every joint of the old arrangement, and made the modern Parliament

a new creature ; and whosoever means to work reform there, will either open his eyes, and keep them open, to both these facts, or work only mischief and ruin.

In countries that can stand a Free Press,—which many cannot, but which England, thanks to her long good training, still can,—it is evident the National Consult or *real* Parliamentary Debate goes on of itself, everywhere, continually. Is not the *Times* newspaper an open Forum, open as never Forum was before, where all mortals vent their opinion, state their grievance,—all manner of grievances, from loss of your umbrella in a railway, to loss of your honor and fortune by unjust sovereign persons? One grand branch of the Parliament's trade is evidently dead forever! And the beautiful Elective Parliament itself is nothing like so living as it used to be. If we will consider it, the essential truth of the matter is, every British man can now elect *himself* to Parliament without consulting the hustings at all. If there be any vote, idea or notion in him, on any earthly or heavenly thing, cannot he take a pen, and therewith autocratically pour forth the same into the ears and hearts of all people, so far as it will go? Precisely so far; and, what is a great advantage too, no farther. The discussion of questions goes on, not in St. Stephen's now, but from Dan to Beersheba by able-editors and articulate-speaking creatures that *can* get others to listen to them. This is the fact; and it demands to be attended to as such,—and will produce changes, I think, by and by.

What is the good of men collected, with effort, to debate on the benches of St. Stephen's, now when there is a *Times* Newspaper? Not the discussion of questions; only the ultimate voting of them (a very brief process, I should think!) requires to go on, or can veritably go on, in St. Stephen's now. The honorable gentleman is oftenest very wearisome in St. Stephen's now: his and his Constituency's *Ay* or *No*, is all we want of the honorable gentleman there; all we are ever like to get of him there,—could it but be had without admixtures! If your Lordship will reflect on it, you will find it an obsolete function, this debating one of his; useless in these new times,

as a set of riding postboys would be; along the line of the Great Western Railway. Loving my life, and time which is the stuff of life, I read no Parliamentary Debates, rarely any Parliamentary Speech; but I am told there is not, once in the seven years, the smallest gleam of new intelligence thrown on any matter, earthly or divine, by an honorable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Nothing offered you but wearisome, dreary, thrice-boiled colewort;—a bad article at first, and served and again served in Newspapers and Periodical and other Literatures, till even the inferior animals would recoil from it. Honorable gentlemen have complained to myself that under the sky there was not such a bore. What is or can be the use of this, your Lordship?

Let an honorable gentleman who has colewort, or stump-oratory of that kind, send it direct to the *Times*; perhaps they will print it for him, and then all persons can read it there who hope instruction from it. If the *Times* refuse to print it, let the honorable gentleman, if still so minded, print it at his own expense; let him advertise it at a penny the gross, distribute it gratis as handbill, or even offer a small reward per head to any citizen that will read it: but if, after all, no body of citizens will read it even for a reward, then let the honorable gentleman retire into himself, and consider what such omens mean! So much I take to be fair, or at least unavoidable in a free country: Let every creature try to get his opinion listened to; and let honorable gentlemen who can print their own stump-oratory, and offer the public a reward for using it, by all means do so. But that, when no human being will incline or even consent to have their said oratory, they can get upon their legs in Parliament and pour it out still, to the burdening of many Newspapers, to the boring of their fellow-creatures, and generally to the despair of all thinking citizens in the community: this is and remains, I must crave to say, an infatuation, and, whatever respectable old coat you put upon it, is fast growing a nuisance which must be abated.

Still more important for a Parliament is the question: King present there, or no King? Certain it always is, and if for-

gotten, it much requires to be brought to mind, that a Parliament acting in the character of a body to be consulted by the sovereign ruler, or executive King of a Nation, differs immensely from a Parliament which is itself to enact the sovereign ruler, and to be supreme over all things; not merely giving its advice, its remonstrance, dissent or assent, and leaving the ruler still to decide with that new illumination; but deciding of itself, and by its Yes or its No peremptorily ordering all things to be or not to be. These, I say, are two extremely different characters for a Parliament to enact; and they necessitate all manner of distinctions, of the most vital nature, in our idea of a Parliament; so that what applies with full force to a Parliament acting the former character, will not apply at all to one enacting the latter: nay what is of the highest benefit in the former kind of Parliament, may not only in the latter kind be of no benefit, but be even of the fatalest detriment, and bring destruction to the poor Parliament itself and to all that depends thereon.

It is first of all, therefore, to be inquired, Whether your Parliament is actually in practice the Adviser of the Sovereign; or is the Sovereign itself? For the distinction is profound; goes down to the very roots of Parliament and of the Body Politic: and if you confound the two kinds of Parliaments, and apply to the one the psalmodyings and celebratings of constitutional doctors (very rife through the eighteenth century), which were meant for the other, and were partly true of the other, but are altogether false of this,—you will set forth in a radically wrong course, and will advance incessantly, with whatever psalmodyings of your own or of the world's, to a goal you are like to be much surprised at!—Under which of these two descriptions the British Parliament of our time falls, no one can need to be informed. Apart from certain thin fictions, and constitutional cobwebs which it is not expected any one should not see through, our Parliament is the sovereign ruler and real executive King of this Empire; and constitutional men, who for a century past have been singing praises to that sublime Institution in its old character, are requested to look at it in this new one, and see what praises

it has earned for itself there. Hitherto, in these last fifteen years since it has worked without shackle in that new character, one does not find its praises mount very high! The exercise of English Sovereignty, if that mean governance of the Twenty-seven million British souls and guidance of their temporal and eternal interests towards a good issue, does not seem to stand on the very best footing just at present! Not as a Sovereign Ruler of the Twenty-seven million British men, or heroic guide of their temporal or their eternal interests, has the reformed Parliament distinguished itself as yet, but otherwise only if at all.

In fact, there rises universally the complaint, and expression of surprise, That our reformed Parliament cannot get on with any kind of work, except that of talking, which does not serve much; and the Chief Minister has been heard lamenting, in a pathetic manner, that the Business of the Nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies) was dreadfully obstructed; and that it would be difficult for him to accomplish the Business of the Nation (meaning thereby the voting of the supplies), if honorable gentlemen would not please to hold their tongues a little. It is really pathetic, after a sort; and unless parliamentary eloquence will suffice the British Nation, and its businesses and wants, one sees not what is to become of us in that direction. For, in fine, the tragic experience is dimly but irrepressibly forcing itself on all the world, that our British Parliament does not shine as Sovereign Ruler of the British Nation; that it was excellent only as Adviser of the Sovereign Ruler; and has not, somehow or other, the art of getting work done; but produces talk merely, not of the most instructive sort for most part, and in vortexes of talk is not unlike to submerge itself and the whole of us, if help come not!

My own private notion, which I invite all reformed British citizens to reflect on, is and has for a long time been, That this dim universal experience, which points towards very tragic facts, will more and more rapidly become a clear universal experience, and disclose a tragic law of Nature little dreamed of by constitutional men of these times. That a Parliament,

especially a Parliament with Newspaper Reporters firmly established in it, is an entity which by its very nature cannot do work, but can do talk only, — which at times may be needed, and at other times again may be very needless. Consider, in fact, a body of Six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about “business” with Twenty-seven millions mostly fools assiduously listening to them, and checking and criticising them: — was there ever since the world began, will there ever be till the world end, any “business” accomplished in these circumstances? The beginning of all business everywhere, as all practical persons testify, is decidedly this, That every man *shut* his mouth, and do not open it again till his thinking and contriving faculty have elaborated something worth articulating. Which rule will much abridge the flow of speech in such assemblies! This, however, is the preliminary fundamental rule for business; and this, alas, is precisely the rule which cannot be attended to in constitutional Parliaments.

Add now another most unfortunate condition, That your Parliamentary Assembly is *not* very much in earnest, not at all “dreadfully in earnest,” to do even the best it can; that in general the Nation it represents is no longer an earnest Nation, but a light, sceptical, epicurean one, which for a century has gone along smirking, grimacing, cutting jokes about all things, and has not been bent with dreadful earnestness on anything at all, except on making money each member of it for himself: here, certainly enough, is a Parliament that will do no business except such as can be done in sport; and unfortunately, it is well known, almost none can be done in that way. To which Parliament, in the centre of such a Nation, introduce now assiduous Newspaper Reporters, and six yards of small type laid on all breakfast-tables every morning: alas, are not the Six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous gentlemen, who sit to do sovereign business in such circumstances, verily a self-contradiction, a solecism in Nature, — Nature having appointed that business shall *not* be done in that way? Incapable they of doing business; capable of speech only, and this none of the best. Speech

which, as we can too well see, whether it be speech to the question and to the wise men near, or "speech to Buncombe" (as the Americans call it), to the distant constituencies and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools, will yearly grow more worthless as speech, and threaten to finish by becoming burdensome to gods and men!

So that the sad conclusion, which all experience, wherever it has been tried, is fatally making good, appears to be, That Parliaments, admirable as Advising Bodies, and likely to be in future universally useful in that capacity, are, as Ruling and Sovereign Bodies, not useful, but useless or worse. That a Sovereign with nine hundred or with six hundred and fifty-eight heads, all set to talk against each other in the presence of thirty-four or twenty-seven or eighteen millions, cannot do the work of sovereignty at all; but is smitten with eternal incompetence for that function by the law of Nature itself. Such, alas, is the sad conclusion; and in England, and wherever else it is tried, a sad experience will rapidly make it good.

Only perhaps in the United States, which alone of countries can do *without* governing, — every man being at least able to live, and move off into the wilderness, let Congress jargon as it will, — can such a form of so-called "Government" continue, for any length of time, to torment men with the semblance, when the indispensable substance is not there. For America, as the citizens well know, is an "unparalleled country," — with mud soil enough and fierce sun enough in the Mississippi Valley alone to grow Indian corn for all the extant Posterity of Adam at this time; — what other country ever stood in such a case? "Speeches to Buncombe," and a constitutional battle of the Kilkenny cats, which in other countries are becoming tragical and unendurable, may there still fall under the comical category. If indeed America should ever experience a higher call, as is likely, and begin to feel diviner wants than that of Indian corn with abundant bacon and molasses, and unlimited scope for all citizens to hunt dollars, — America too will find that caucuses, division-lists, stump-oratory and speeches to Buncombe will *not* carry men

to the immortal gods ; that the Washington Congress, and constitutional battle of Kilkenny cats is, there as here, naught for such objects ; quite incompetent for such ; and, in fine, that said sublime constitutional arrangement will require to be (with terrible throes, and travail such as few expect yet), remodelled, abridged, extended, suppressed ; torn asunder, put together again ; — not without heroic labor, and effort quite other than that of the Stump-Orator and the Revival Preacher, one day !

Thus if the first grand branch of parliamentary business, that of stating grievances, has fallen to the Unfettered Presses, and become quite dead for Parliaments, infecting them with mere hypocrisy when they now try it, — the second or new grand branch of business intrusted to them, and passionately expected and demanded of them, is one which they cannot do ; the attempt and pretence to do which can only still farther involve them in hypocrisy, in fatal cecity, stump-oratory, futility, and the faster accelerate their doom, and ours if we depend on them.

We may take it as a fact, and should lay it to heart everywhere, That no Sovereign Ruler with six hundred and fifty-eight heads, set to rule twenty-seven millions, by continually talking in the hearing of them all, can for the life of it make a good figure in that vocation ; but must by nature make a bad figure, and ever a worse and worse, till, some good day, by soft recession or by rude propulsion, as the Omnipotent Beneficence may direct, it — get relieved from said vocation.

In the whole course of History I have heard of only two Parliaments of the sovereign sort, that did the work of sovereignty with some effect : the National Convention, in Paris, during the French Revolution ; and the Long Parliament, here at London, during our own. Not that the work, in either case, was perfect ; far enough from that ; but with all imperfections it was got done ; and neither of these two workers proved to be quite futile, or a solecism in its place in the world. These two Parliaments succeeded, and did not fail. The conditions, however, were peculiar ; not likely to be soon seen again.

In the first place, of both these Parliaments it can be said that they *were* "dreadfully in earnest;" in earnest as no Parliaments before or since ever were. Nay indeed, in the end, it had become a matter of life or death with them. But apart from that latter consideration, in the Long Parliament especially, nothing so astonishes a modern man as the serious, solemn, nay devout, religiously earnest spirit in which almost every member had come up to his task. For the English was yet a serious devout Nation, — as in fact it intrinsically still is, and ever tends and strives to be; this its poor modern levity, sceptical knowingness, and sniffing grinning humor, being forced on it, and sitting it very ill: — ever a devout Nation, I say; and the Divine Presence yet irradiated this poor Earth and its business to most men; and to all Englishmen the Parliament, we can observe, was still what their Temple was to the ancient Hebrews; the most august of terrestrial objects, into which when a man entered, he felt that he was standing on holy ground. Literally so; and much is the modern man surprised at it; and only after much reluctance can he admit it to be credible, to be certain and visible among our old fathers there. — In which temper alone, is there not sure promise of work being done, under any circumstances whatsoever? Given any lamest Talking Parliament, with its Chartisms or its starving Irish, and a starving world getting all into pike-points round it; given the saddest natural solecism discoverable in the Earth or under the Earth; — inform it with this noble spirit, it will from the first hour become a *less* sad solecism; it will, if such divine spirit hold in it, and nerve its continual efforts, cease at last to be a solecism, and by self-sacrifice or otherwise become a veracity, and get itself *adopted* by Nature.

But secondly, what likewise is of immense significance, the Long Parliament had no Reporters. Very far from that; no Member himself durst so much as whisper to any extraneous mortal, without leave given, what went on within those sacred walls. Solemn reprimand from the Speaker, austere lodgment in the Tower, if he did. If a patriot stranger, coming up on express pilgrimage from the country, chance to gaze in from

the Lobby too curiously on the august Assemblage (as once or twice happens), he is instantly seized by the fit usher; led, pale as his shirt, into the floor of the honorable House, Speaker Lenthall's and four hundred other pairs of Olympian eyes transfixing him, that it be there ascertained, Whether the Tower, the Tarpeian rock, or what in Nature or out of it, shall be the doom of such a man! A silent place withal, though a talking one; hermetically sealed; no whisper to be published of it, except what the honorable House itself directs. Let a modern honorable member, with his reporters' gallery, his strangers' gallery, his female ventilator, and twenty-seven millions mostly fools listening to him at Buncombe, while all at hand are asleep, consider what a fact is that old one!

But thirdly, what also is a most important fact in this question, the Long Parliament, after not many months of private debating, split itself fairly into two parties; and the Opposition party fairly rode away, designing to *debate* in another manner thenceforth. What an abatement of Parliamentary eloquence in that one fact by itself, is evident enough! The Long Parliament, for all manner of reasons, for these three and for others that could be given, was an unexampled Parliament — properly indeed, as I sometimes define it, the Father of all Parliaments which have sat since in this world!

The French Convention did its work, too; and this under circumstances intrinsically similar, much as they differed outwardly. No Parliament more "in earnest" ever sat in any country or time; and indeed it was the Parliament of a Nation all in deadly earnest; gambling against the world for life or for death. The Convention had indeed Reporters; and encountered much parliamentary eloquence at its starting, and underwent strange handlings and destinies in consequence; but we know how *it* managed with its parliamentary eloquence, and got that reduced to limits, when once business did behoove to be done! The Convention, its Girondins and opposition parties once thrown out, had its Committee of *Salut Publique*, consisting of Twelve, of Nine, or even properly of Three; in whose hands lay all sovereign business, and the whole terrible

task of ascertaining what was to be done. Of which latter, the latter being itself so immense, so swift and imperatively needful, all parliamentary eloquence was to be the enforcement and publisher and recorder merely. And whatever eloquent heads chose to obstruct this sovereign Committee, the Convention had its guillotine, and swiftly rid itself of these and of their eloquence. Whereby business went on, without let on that side; and actually got itself done!

These are the only instances I know, of Parliaments that succeeded in the business of Government; and these I think are *not* inviting instances to the British reformer of this day. Rather what we may call paroxysms of parliamentary life, than instances of what could be continuously expected of any Parliament, — or perhaps even transiently wished of any. They were the appropriate, and as it proved, the effectual organism for Periods of a quite transcendent character in National Life; such as it is not either likely or desirable that we should see, except at very long intervals, in human affairs.

The fact is, Parliaments have had two great blows, in modern times; and are now in a manner quite shorn of their real strength, and what is still worse, invested with an imaginary. Faust of Mentz, when he invented "movable types," inflicted a terrible blow on Parliaments; suddenly, though yet afar off, reducing them to a mere scantling of their former self, and taking all the best business out of their hands. Then again John Bradshaw, when he ordered the hereditary *King* to vanish, in front of Whitehall, and proclaimed that Parliament itself was King, — John, little conscious of it, inflicted a still more terrible blow on Parliaments; appointing them to do (especially with *Faust* too, or the Morning Newspaper, gradually getting in) what Nature and Fact had decided they could never do. In which doubly fatal state, with Faust busier than ever among them, they continue at this moment, — working towards strange issues, I do believe!

Or, speaking in less figurative language, our conclusion is, *first*, That Parliaments, while they continued, as our English ones long did, mere Advisers of the Sovereign Ruler, were

invaluable institutions; and did, especially in periods when there was no *Times* Newspaper, or other general Forum free to every citizen who had three fingers and a smattering of grammar, — deserve well of mankind, and achieve services for which we should be always grateful. This is conclusion first. But then, alas, equally irrefragable comes conclusion *second*, That Parliaments when they get to try, as our poor British one now does, the art of governing by themselves as the Supreme Body in the Nation, make no figure in that capacity, and can make none, but by the very nature of the case are unable to do it. Only two instances are on record of Parliaments having, in any circumstances, succeeded as Governing Bodies; and it is even *hoped*, or ought to be, by men generally, that there may not for another thousand years be a third!

As not only our poor British Parliament of those years and decades, but all the sudden European Parliaments at Paris, Frankfort, Erfurt and elsewhere, are Parliaments which undertake that second or impossible function of governing as Parliaments, and must either do it, or sink in black anarchy one knows not whitherward, — the horoscope of Parliaments is by no means cheering at present; and good citizens may justly shudder, if their anticipations point that way, at the prospect of a Chartist Parliament here. For your Chartist Parliament is properly the consummation of that fatal tendency, towards the above-mentioned impossible function, on the part of Parliaments. A tendency not yet consummated with us; for we still have other fragments of old Authority lodged elsewhere than in the Parliament, which still struggle here and there to accomplish a little governing, though under strange conditions: and to install a Parliament of the Six Points would be precisely to extinguish with the utmost rapidity all such fragments, and solemnly by National Charter and Six Points to bid the Parliament, “Be supreme King over us, thou, in all respects; and rule us, thou, — since it is impossible for thee!”

These are serious considerations, sufficient to create alarm and astonishment in any constitutional man. But really it grows late in the day with constitutional men; and it is time

for them to look up from their Delolme. If the constitutional man will take the old Delolme-Bentham spectacles off his nose, and look abroad into the Fact itself with such eyes as he may have, I consider he will find that reform in matters social does *not* now mean, as he has long sleepily fancied, reform in Parliament alone or chiefly or perhaps at all. My alarming message to him is, that the thing we vitally need is not a more and more perfectly elected Parliament, but some reality of a Ruling Sovereign to preside over Parliament; that we have already got the former entity in some measure, but that we are farther than ever from the road towards the latter; and that if the latter be missed and not got, there is no life possible for us. A New Downing Street, an infinitely reformed Governing Apparatus; there some hope might lie. A Parliament, any conceivable Parliament, continuing to attempt the function of Governor, can lead us only into No-Government which is called Anarchy; and the more "reformed" or Democratic you make it, the swifter will such consummation be.

Men's hopes from a Democratic or otherwise reformed Parliament are various, and rather vague at present; but surely this, as the ultimate essence, lies and has always lain in the heart of them all: That hereby we shall succeed better in doing the commandment of Heaven, instead of everywhere violating or ignoring Heaven's commandment, and incurring Heaven's curse, as now. To ascertain better and better what the will of the Eternal was and is with us, what the Laws of the Eternal are, all Parliaments, Ecumenic Councils, Congresses, and other Collective Wisdoms, have had this for their object. This or else nothing easily conceivable, — except to merit damnation for themselves, and to get it too! Nevertheless, in the inexplicable universal votings and debates of these Ages, an idea or rather a dumb presumption to the contrary has gone idly abroad; and at this day, over extensive tracts of the world, poor human beings are to be found, whose practical belief it is that if we "vote" this or that, so this or

that will henceforth *be*. “Who’s to decide it?” they all ask, as if the whole or chief question lay there. “Who’s to decide it?” asks the irritated British citizen, with a sneer in his tone. “Who’s to decide it?” asks he, oftener than any other question of me. Decide it, O irritated British citizen? Why, thou, and I, and each man into whose living soul the Almighty has breathed a gleam of understanding; we are all, and each of us for his own self, to decide it: and woe will befall us, each and all, if we don’t decide it *aright*; according as the Almighty has already “decided” it, as it has been appointed to be and to continue, before all human decidings and after them all!—

Practically men have come to imagine that the Laws of this Universe, like the laws of constitutional countries, are decided by voting; that it is all a study of division-lists, and for the Universe too, depends a little on the activity of the whipper-in. It is an idle fancy. The Laws of this Universe, of which if the Laws of England are not an exact transcript, they should passionately study to become such, are fixed by the everlasting congruity of things, and are not fixable or changeable by voting! Neither properly, we say, are the Laws of England, or those of any other land never so republican or red-republican, fixable or changeable by that poor foolish process; not at all, O constitutional Peter, much as it may astonish you! Voting is a method we have agreed upon for settling temporary discrepancies of opinion as to what is law or not law, in this small section of the Universe called England: a good temporary method, possessing some advantages; which does settle the discrepancy for the moment. Nay, if the votings were sincere and loyal, we might have some chance withal of being *right* as to the question, and of settling it blessedly forever;—though again, if the votings are insincere, selfish, almost professedly *disloyal*, and given under the influence of beer and balderdash, we have the proportionate sad chance of being *wrong*, and so settling it under curses, to be fearfully unsettled again!

For I must remark to you, and reiterate to you, that a continued series of votings transacted incessantly for sessions

long, with three-times-three readings, and royal assents as many as you like, cannot make a law the thing which *is* no law. No, that lies beyond them. They can make it a sheep-skin Act of Parliament; and even hang men (though now with difficulty) for not obeying it:—and this they reckon enough; the idle fools! I tell you and them, it is a miserable blunder, this self-styled “law” of theirs; and I for one will study, either to have no concern with it, or else by all judicious methods to *disobey* said blundering impious pretended “law.” In which sad course of conduct, very unpleasant to my feelings, but needful at such times, the gods and all good men, and virtually these idle fools themselves, will be on my side; and so I shall succeed at length, in spite of obstacles; and the pretended “law” will take down its gibbet-ropes, and abrogate itself, and march, with the town-drum beating in the rear of it, and beadles scourging the back of it, and ignominious idle clamor escorting it, to Chaos, one day; and the Prince of Darkness, Father of Delusions, Devil, or whatever his name be, who is and was always *its* true proprietor, will again hold possession of it,—much good may it do him!

My friend, do you think, had the united Posterity of Adam voted, and since the Creation done nothing but vote, that three and three were seven,—would this have altered the laws of arithmetic; or put to the blush the solitary Cocker who continued to assert privately that three and three were six? I consider, not. And is arithmetic, think you, a thing more fixed by the Eternal, than the laws of justice are, and what the right is of man towards man? The builder of this world was Wisdom and Divine Foresight, not Folly and Chaotic Accident. Eternal Law is silently present, everywhere and everywhen. By Law the Planets gyrate in their orbits;—by some approach to Law the Street-Cabs ply in their thoroughfares. No pin’s point can you mark within the wide circle of the All where God’s Laws are not. Unknown to you, or known (you had better try to know them a little!)—inflexible, righteous, eternal; not to be questioned by the sons of men. Wretched being, do you hope to prosper by assembling six hundred and fifty-eight poor creatures in a certain apartment,

and getting them, after debate, and "Divide, — 'vide — 'vide," and report in the *Times*, to vote that what is *not* is? You will carry it, you, by your voting and your eloquencing and babbling; and the adamantine basis of the Universe shall bend to your third reading, and paltry bit of engrossed sheep-skin and dog-latin? What will become of you?

Unless perhaps the Almighty Maker has forgotten this miserable ant-hill of a Westminster, of an England; and has no Laws in force here which are of moment to him? Not here and now; only in Judea, and distant countries at remote periods of time? Confess it, Peter, you have some cowardly notion to that effect, though ashamed to say so! Miserable soul! Don't you notice gravitation here, the law of birth and of death, and other laws? Peter, do you know why the Age of Miracles is past? Because you are become an enchanted human ass (I grieve to say it); and merely bray parliamentary eloquence; rejoice in chewed gorse, scrip coupons, or the like; and have no discernible "Religion," except a degraded species of Phallus-Worship, whose liturgy is in the Circulating Libraries!

In Parliaments, Constitutional Conclaves and Collective Wisdoms, it is too fatally certain there have been many things approved of, which it was found on trial Nature did not approve but disapprove. Nature told the individual trying to lead his life by such rule, No; the Nation of individuals, No. "Not this way, my children, though the wigs that prescribed it were of great size, and the bowowing they enforced it with was loud; not by this way is victory and blessedness attainable; by other ways than this. Only stagnation, degradation, choked sewers, want of potatoes, uncultivated heaths, overturned mud-cabins, and at length Chartism, street-barricades, Red Republic, and Chaos come again, will prove attainable by this!"

Here below there is but one thing needful; one thing; — and that one will in nowise consent to be dispensed with! He that can ascertain, in England or elsewhere, what the laws of the Eternal are and walk by them voted for or unvoted,

with him it will be well ; with him that misses said laws, and only gets himself voted for, not well. Voting, in fact, O Peter, is a thing I value but little in any time, and almost at zero in this. Not a divine thing at all, my poor friend, but a human ; and in the beer-and-balderdash case, whatever constitutional doctors may say, almost a brutal. Voting, never a divine Apollo, was once a human Bottom the Weaver ; and, so long as he continued in the sane and sincere state, was worth consulting about several things. But alas, enveloped now in mere stump-oratory, cecity, mutinous imbecility, and sin and misery, he is now an enchanted Weaver, — wooed by the fatuous Queen of constitutional Faëry, — and feels his check hairy to the scratch. Beer rules him, and the Infinite of Balderdash ; and except as a horse might vote for tares or hard beans, he had better, till he grow wise again, hardly vote at all. I will thank thee to take him away, into his own place, which is very low down indeed ; and to put in the upper place something infinitely worthier. You ask what thing ; in a triumphant manner, with erect ear and curved tail, O hapless quadruped ? How can I tell *you* what thing ? I myself know it, and every soul still human knows it, or may know ; but to the soul that has fallen asinine, and thinks the Laws of God are to be voted for, it is unknowable.

“ If of ten men nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation,” says our *Intermittent* Friend, “ how, in the name of wonder, will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men ? Never by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery in Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result. Not by any method under Heaven, except by suppressing, and in some good way reducing to zero, nine of those votes, can wisdom ever issue from your ten.

“ Why men have got so universally into such a fond expectation ? The reason might lead us far. The reason, alas, is, men have, to a degree never before exemplified, forgotten that there is fixed eternal law in this Universe ; that except by coming upon the dictates of that, no success is possible for

any nation or creature. That we should have forgotten this, — alas, here is an abyss of vacuity in our much-admired opulence, which the more it is looked at saddens the thinking heart the more.

“And yet,” continues he elsewhere, “it is unavoidable and indispensable at present. With voting and ballot-boxing who can quarrel, as the matter stands? I pass it without quarrel; may say respectfully, ‘Good speed to you, poor friends: Heaven send you not only a good voting-box, but something worth voting for! Sad function yours, giving plumpers or split-votes for or against such a pair of human beings, and such a set of human causes. Adieu!’”

And yet surely, not in England only, where the Institution is like a second nature to us, but in all countries where men have attained any civilization, it is good that there be a Parliament. Morning Newspapers, and other temporary or permanent changes of circumstances, may much change and almost infinitely abridge its function, but they never can abolish it. Under whatever Reformed Downing Street, or indispensable new King, of these New Eras, England be governed, its Parliament too will continue indispensable. And it is much to be desired that all men saw clearly what the Parliament's real function, in these changed times of newspaper reporters and imaginary kings, had grown to be. We must set it to its real function; and, at our peril and its, restrict it to that! Its real function is the maximum of all we shall be able to get out of it. Wrap it in never so many sheepskins, and venerabilities of use-and-wont, you will not get it persuaded to do what its real function is *not*. Endless derangement, spreading into futility on every side, and ultimate ruin even to its real function, will result to you from setting it to work against what Nature and Fact have appointed for it. Your Dray-wagon, excellent for carting beer along the streets, — start not with it from the chimney-tops, as Chariot of the Sun; for it will not act in that capacity!

As a "Collective *Wisdom*" of Nations the talking Parliament, I discern too well, can never more serve. Wisdom dwells not with stump-oratory; to the stump-orator Wisdom has waved her sad and peremptory farewell. A Parliament, speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the Twenty-seven millions mostly fools, has properly given up that function; that is not now the function it attempts. But even as the Condensed Folly of Nations; Folly bound up into articulate masses, and able to say Yes and No for itself, it will much avail the Governing Man! To know at what pitch the wide-spread Folly of the Nation now stands, what may safely be attempted with said Folly, and what not safely: this too is very indispensable for the Governing Man. Below *this* function, in the maddest times and with Faust of Mentz reverberating every madness *ad infinitum*, no Parliament can fall.

Votes of men are worth collecting, if convenient. True, their opinions are generally of little wisdom, and can on occasion reach to all conceivable and inconceivable degrees of folly; but their instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human; these, hidden under the noisy utterance of what they call their opinions, are the unspoken sense of man's heart, and well deserve attending to. Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay do not neglect, if you have opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say. One thing the stupidest multitude at a hustings can do, provided only it be sincere: Inform you how *it* likes this man or that, this proposed law or that. "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell," — and perhaps indeed there is no reason; nevertheless let the Governor too be thankful to know the fact, "full well;" for it may be useful to him. Nay the multitude, even when its nonsense is not sincere, but produced in great part by beer and stump-oratory, will yet by the very act of voting feel itself bound in honor; and so even in that case it apprises you, "Such a man, such a law, will I accept, being persuaded thereto by beer and stump-oratory, and having polled at hustings for the same."

Beyond doubt it will be useful. will be indispensable, for the

King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions legislative and administrative ; what they will assent to willingly, what unwillingly ; what they will resist with superficial discontents and remonstrances, what with obstinate determination, with riot, perhaps with armed rebellion. No Governor otherwise can go along with clear illumination on his path, however plain the loadstar and ulterior goal be to him ; but at every step he must be liable to fall into the ditch ; to awaken he knows not what nests of hornets, what sleeping dog-kennels, better to be avoided. By all manner of means let the Governor inform himself of all this. To which end, Parliaments, Free Presses, and such like are excellent ; they keep the Governor fully aware of what the People, wisely or foolishly, think. Without in some way knowing it with moderate exactitude, he has not a possibility to govern at all. For example, the Chief Governor of Constantinople, having no Parliament to tell it him, knows it only by the frequency of incendiary fires in his capital, the frequency of bakers hanged at their shop-lintels ; a most inferior *ex-post-facto* method ! — Profitable indisputably, essential in all cases where practicable, to know clearly what and where the obstacles are. Marching with noble aim, with the heavenly loadstars ever in your eye, you will thus choose your path with the prudence which is also noble, and reach your aim surely, if more slowly.

With the real or seeming slowness we do not quarrel. The winding route, on uneven surfaces, may often be the swiftest ; that is a point for your own prudences, practical sagacities, and qualities as a King : the indispensable point, for both you and us, is that you do always advance, unresting if unhasting, and know in every fibre of you that arrive you must. Rigidly straight routes find some admiration with the vulgar, and are rather apt to please at hustings ; but we know well enough they are no clear sign of strength of purpose. The Leming-rat, I have been told, travelling in myriads seaward from the hills of Norway, turns not to the right or the left ; if these rats meet a haystack, they eat their way through it ; if a stone house, they try the same feat, and not being equal to

eating the house, climb the walls of it, pour over the roof of it, and push forward on the old line, swimming or ferrying rivers, scaling or rounding precipices; most consistent Lemming rats. And what is strange, too, their errand seaward is properly none. They all perish, before reaching the sea, or of hunger on the sand-beach; their consistent rigidly straight journey was a journey no-whither! I do not ask your Lordship to imitate the Lemming-rat.

But as to universal suffrage, again, — can it be proved that, since the beginning of the world, there was ever given a universal vote in favor of the worthiest man or thing? I have always understood that true worth, in any department, was difficult to recognize; that the worthiest, if he appealed to universal suffrage, would have but a poor chance. John Milton, inquiring of universal England what the worth of *Paradise Lost* was, received for answer, Five Pounds Sterling. George Hudson, inquiring in like manner what his services on the railways might be worth, received for answer (prompt temporary answer), Fifteen Hundred Thousand ditto. Alas, Jesus Christ asking the Jews what *he* deserved, was not the answer, Death on the gallows! — Will your Lordship believe me, I feel it almost a shame to insist on such truisms. Surely the doctrine of judgment by vote of hustings has sunk now, or should be fast sinking, to the condition of obsolete with all but the commonest of human intelligences. With me, I must own, it has never had any existence. The mass of men consulted at hustings, upon any high matter whatsoever, is as ugly an exhibition of human stupidity as this world sees.

Universal suffrage assembled at hustings, — I will consult it about the quality of New-Orleans pork, or the coarser kinds of Irish butter; but as to the character of men, I will if possible ask it no question: or if the question be asked and the answer given, I will generally consider, in cases of any importance, that the said answer is likely to be wrong, — that I have to listen to the said answer and receive it as authentic, and for my own share to go, and with whatever strength may lie in me, do the reverse of the same. Even so, your Lord-

ship; for how should I follow a multitude to do evil? There are such things as multitudes all full of beer and nonsense, even of insincere factitious nonsense, who by hypothesis cannot but be wrong. Or what safety will there be in a thousand or ten thousand brawling potwallopers, or block-heads of any rank whatever, if the Fact, namely the whole Universe and the Eternal Destinies, be against me? These latter I for my share will try to follow, even if alone in doing so. It will be better for me.

Your Lordship, there are fools, cowards, knaves, and gluttonous traitors true only to their own appetite, in immense majority, in every rank of life; and there is nothing frightfuler than to see these voting and deciding! "Not your way, my unhappy brothers, shall it be decided; no, not while I, and 'a company of poor men' you may have heard of, live in this world. Vote it as you please," my friend Oliver was wont to say or intimate; "vote it so, if you like; there is a company of poor men that will spend all their blood before they see it settled so!" — Who, in such sad moments, but has to *hate* the profane vulgar, and feel that he must and will debar it from him! And alas, the vulgarest vulgar, I often find, are not those in ragged coats at this day; but those in fine, superfine, and superfinest; — the more is the pity! Superfine coat symbolically indicates, like official stamp and signature, *Bank-of-England Thousand-Pound Note*; and blinkard owls, in city and country, accept it cheerfully as such: but look closer, you may find it mere *Bank of Elegance*; a flash-note travelling towards the eternal Fire; — and will have nothing to do with it, you, I hope!

Clearly enough, the King in constitutional countries would wish to ascertain all men's votes, their opinions, volitions on all manner of matters; that so his whole scene of operations, to the last cranny of it, might be illuminated for him, and he, wherever he were working, might work with perfect knowledge of the circumstances and materials. But the King, New Downing Street, or whatever the Sovereign's name is, will be a very poor King indeed if he *admit* all these votes into his system of

procedure, and transform them into acts ; — indeed I think, in that case, he will not be long for this world as a King! No : though immense acclamation attend him at the first outset in that course, every volition and opinion finding itself admitted into the poor King's procedure, — yet unless the volitions and opinions are wise and not foolish, not the smallest ultimate prosperity can attend him ; and all the acclamations of the world will not save him from the ignominious lot which Nature herself has appointed for all creatures that do *not* follow the Law which Nature has laid down.

You ask this and the other man what is his opinion, his notion, about varieties of things : and having ascertained what his notion is, and carried it off as a piece of information, — surely you are bound, many times, most times if you are a wise man, to go directly in the teeth of it, and for his sake and for yours to do directly the contrary of it. Any man's opinion one would accept ; all men's opinion, could it be had absolutely without trouble, might be worth accepting. Nay on certain points I even ask my horse's opinion : — as to whether beans will suit him at this juncture, or a truss of tares ; on this and the like points I carefully consult my horse ; gather, by such language as he has, what my horse's candid opinion as to beans or the truss of tares is, and unhesitatingly follow the same. As what prudent rider would not ? There is no foolishhest man but knows one and the other thing more clearly than any the wisest man does ; no glimmer of human or equine intelligence but can disclose something which even the intelligence of a Newton, *not* present in that exact juncture of circumstances, would not otherwise have ascertained. To such length you would gladly consult all equine, and much more all human intelligences : — to such length ; and, strictly speaking, not any farther.

Of what use towards the general result of finding out what it is wise to do, — which is the one thing needful to all men and nations, — can the fool's vote be ? It is either coincident with the wise man's vote, throwing no new light on the matter, and therefore superfluous ; or else it is contradictory, and therefore still more superfluous, throwing mere darkness on the

matter, and imperatively demanding to be annihilated, and returned to the giver with protest. Woe to you if you leave that valid! There are expressions of volition too, as well as of opinion, which you collect from foolish men, and even from inferior creatures: these can do you no harm, these it may be very beneficial for you to have and know; — but these also, surely it is often imperative on you to contradict, and would be ruinous and baleful for you to *follow*. You have to apprise the unwise man, even as you do the unwiser horse: “On the truss of tares I took your vote, and have cheerfully fulfilled it; but in regard to choice of roads and the like, I regret to say you have no competency whatever. No, my unwise friend, we are for Hammersmith and the West, not for Highgate and the Northern parts, on this occasion: not by that left turn, by this turn to the right runs our road; thither, for reasons too intricate to explain at this moment, it will behoove thee and me to go: Along, therefore!” —

“But how?” your Lordship asks, and all the world with you: “Are not two men stronger than one; must not two votes carry it over one?” I answer: No, nor two thousand nor two million. Many men vote; but in the end, you will infallibly find, none counts except the few who were *in the right*. Unit of that class, against as many zeroes as you like! If the King’s thought *is* according to the will of God, or to the law appointed for this Universe, I can assure your Lordship the King will ultimately carry that, were he but one in it against the whole world.

It is not by rude force, either of muscle or of will, that one man can govern twenty men, much more twenty millions of men. For the moment, if all the twenty are stark against his resolution never so wise, the twenty for the moment must have their foolish way; the wise resolution, for the moment, cannot be carried. Let their votes be taken, or known (as is often possible) without taking; and once well taken, let them be weighed, — which latter operation, also an essential one for the King or Governor, is very difficult. If the weight be in favor of the Governor, let him in general proceed; cheerfully accepting adverse account of heads, and dealing wisely with

that according to his means ; — often enough, in pressing cases, flatly disregarding that, and walking through the heart of it ; for in general it is but frothy folly and loud-blustering rant and wind.

I have known minorities, and even small ones by the account of heads, do grand national feats long memorable to all the world, in these circumstances. Witness Cromwell and his Puritans ; a minority at all times, by account of heads ; yet the authors or saviors, as it ultimately proved, of whatsoever is divinest in the things we can still reckon ours in England. Minority by tale of heads ; but weighed in Heaven's balances, a most clear majority : this "company of poor men that will spend their blood rather," on occasion shown, — it has now become a noble army of heroes, whose conquests were appointed to endure forever. Indeed it is on such terms that grand national and other feats, by the sons of Adam, are generally done. Not without risk and labor to the doers of them ; no surely, for it never was an easy matter to do the real will of a Nation, much more the real will of this Universe in respect to a Nation. No, that is difficult and heroic ; easy as it is to count the voting heads of a Nation at any time, and do the behests of their beer and balderdash ; empty behests, very different from even their "will," poor blockheads, to say nothing of the Nation's will and the Universe's will ! Which two, especially which latter, are alone worth doing.

But if not only the number but the weight of votes preponderate against your Governor, he, never so much in the right, will find it wise to hold his hand ; to delay, for a time, this his beneficent execution, which is ultimately inevitable and indispensable, of Heaven's Decrees ; the Nation being still unprepared. He will leave the bedarkened Nation yet a while alone. What can he do for it, if not even a small minority will stand by him ? Let him strive to enlighten the Nation ; let him pray, and in all ways endeavor, that the Nation be enlightened, — that a small minority may open their eyes and hearts to the message of Heaven, which he, heavy-laden man and governor, *has* been commissioned to see done in this transitory earth, at his peril ! Heaven's message, sure enough, if

it be true ; and Hell's if it be not, though voted for by innumerable two-legged animals without feathers or with !

On the whole, honor to small minorities, when they are genuine ones. Severe is their battle sometimes, but it is victorious always like that of gods. Tancred of Hauteville's sons, some eight centuries ago, conquered all Italy ; bound it up into organic masses, of vital order after a sort ; founded thrones and principalities upon the same, which have not yet entirely vanished, — which, the last dying wrecks of which, still wait for some worthier successor, it would appear. The Tancred Normans were some Four Thousand strong ; the Italy they conquered in open fight, and bound up into masses at their ordering will, might count Eight Millions, all as large of bone, as eupeptic and black-whiskered as they. How came the small minority of Normans to prevail in this so hopeless-looking debate ? Intrinsically, doubt it not, because they were in the right ; because, in a dim, instinctive, but most genuine manner, they were doing the commandment of Heaven, and so Heaven had decided that they were to prevail. But extrinsically also, I can see, it was because the Normans were *not* afraid to have their skin scratched ; and were prepared to die in their quarrel where needful. One man of that humor among a thousand of the other, consider it ! Let the small minority, backed by the whole Universe, and looked on by such a cloud of invisible witnesses, fall into no despair.

What is to become of Parliament in the New Era, is less a question with me than what is to become of Downing Street. With a Reformed Downing Street strenuously bent on real and not imaginary management of our affairs, I could foresee all manner of reform to England and its Parliament ; and at length in the gradual course of years, that highest acme of reform to Parliament and to England, a New Governing Authority, a real and not imaginary King set to preside there. With that, to my view, comes all blessedness whatsoever ; without that comes, and can come, nothing but, with ever-accelerated pace,

ANARCHY; or the *declaration* of the fact that we have no Governor, and have long had none.

For the rest, Anarchy advances as with seven-league boots, in these years. Either some New Downing Street and Incipency of a real Hero-Kingship again, or else Chartist Parliament, with Apotheosis of Attorneyism, and Anarchy very undeniable to all the world: one or else the other, it seems to me, we shall soon have. Under a real Kingship the Parliament, we may rest satisfied, would gradually, with whatever difficulty, get itself inducted to its real function, and restricted to that, and moulded to the form fittest for that. If there can be no reform of Downing Street, I care not much for the reform of Parliament. Our doom, I perceive, is the Apotheosis of Attorneyism; into that blackest of terrestrial curses we must plunge, and take our fate there like the others.

For the sake both of the New Downing Street and of whatever its New Parliament may be, let us add here, what will vitally concern both these Institutions, a few facts, much forgotten at present, on the general question of Enfranchisement; — and therewith end. Who is slave, and eternally appointed to be governed; who free, and eternally appointed to govern? It would much avail us all to settle this question.

Slave or free is settled in Heaven for a man; acts of parliament attempting to settle it on earth for him, sometimes make sad work of it. Now and then they correctly copy Heaven's settlement in regard to it; proclaim audibly what is the silent fact, "Here is a free man, let him be honored!" — and so are of the nature of a God's Gospel to other men concerned. Far oftenest they quite miscopy Heaven's settlement, and copy merely the account of the Ledger, or some quite other settlement in regard to it; proclaiming with an air of discovery, "Here is a Ten-pounder; here is a Thousand-pounder; Heavens, here is a Three-million pounder, — is not he free?" Nay they are wont, here in England for some time back, to proclaim in the gross, as if it had become credible lately, all two-legged animals without feathers to be "free." "Here is a distressed Nigger," they proclaim, "who much prefers idleness to work,

— should not he be free to choose which ? Is not he a man and brother ? Clearly here are two legs and no feathers : let us vote him Twenty millions for enfranchisement, and so secure the blessing of the gods ! ” —

My friends, I grieve to remind you, but it is eternally the fact : Whom Heaven has made a slave, no parliament of men nor power that exists on Earth can render free. No ; he is chained by fetters which parliaments with their millions cannot reach. You can label him free ; yes, and it is but labelling him a solecism, — bidding him be the parent of solecisms where-soever he goes. You can give him pumpkins, houses of ten-pound rent, houses of ten-thousand pound : the bigger candle you light within the slave-image of him, it will but show his slave-features on the larger and more hideous scale. Heroism, manful wisdom is not his : many things you can give him, but that thing never. Him the Supreme Powers marked in the making of him, *slave* ; appointed him, at his and our peril, not to command but to obey, in this world. Him you cannot enfranchise, not him ; to proclaim this man free is not a God's Gospel to other men ; it is an alarming Devil's Gospel to himself and to us all. Devil's Gospel little feared in these days ; but brewing for the whole of us its big oceans of destruction all the same. States are to be called happy and noble in so far as they settle rightly who is slave and who free ; unhappy, ignoble, and doomed to destruction, as they settle it wrong.

We may depend on it, Heaven in the most constitutional countries knows well who is slave, who is not. And with regard to voting, I lay it down as a rule, No real *slave's* vote is other than a nuisance, whensoever or wheresoever or in what manner soever it be given. That is a truth, No slave's vote ; — and, alas, here is another not quite so plain, though equally certain, That as Nature and severe Destiny, not mere act of Parliament and possession of money-capital, determine a man's slavehood, — so, by these latter, it has been, in innumerable instances, determined *wrong* just at present ! Instances evident to everybody, and instances suspected by nobody but the more discerning : — the fact is, slaves are in a tremendous majority everywhere ; and the voting of them (not to be got

rid of just yet) is a nuisance in proportion. Nuisance of proportionally tremendous magnitude, properly indeed the grand fountain of all other nuisances whatsoever.

For it is evident, could you entirely exclude the slave's vote, and admit only the heroic free-man's vote, — folly, knavery, falsity, gluttonous imbecility, low-mindedness and cowardice had, if not disappeared from the earth, reduced themselves to a rigorous minimum in human affairs; the ultimate New Era, and best possible condition of human affairs, had actually come. This is what I always pray for; rejoicing in everything that furthers it, sorrowing for everything that furthers the reverse of it. And though I know it is yet a great way off, I know also either that it is inevitably coming, or that human society, and the possibility of man's living on this earth, has ended. And so for England too, nay I think for England most and soonest of all, it will be behooveful that we attain some rectification, innumerable rectifications, in regard to this essential matter; and contrive to bid our Heaven's free men vote, and our Heaven's slaves be silent, with infinitely more correctness than at present. Either on the hither brink of that black sea of Anarchy, wherein other Nations at present lie drowning and plunging, or after weltering through the same, if we can welter, — it will have to be attained. In some measure, in some manner, attained: life depends on that, death on the missing of that.

New definitions of slavery are pressingly wanted just now. The definition of a free man is difficult to find, so that all men could distinguish slave from free; found, it would be invaluable! The free man once universally recognized, we should know him who had the privilege to vote and assist in commanding, at least to go himself uncommanded. Men do not know his definition well at present; never knew it worse; — hence these innumerable sorrows.

The free man is he who is *loyal* to the Laws of this Universe; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice *cannot* befall him here; that except by sloth and cowardly falsity evil is not possible here. The first

symptom of such a man is not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote in Chepstow Castle long ago,

“Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou’lt gladly do and suffer what thou must.”

Gladly; he that will go gladly to his labor and his suffering, it is to him alone that the Upper Powers are favorable and the Field of Time will yield fruit. “An oft-told tale,” friend Harry; all the noble of this world have known it, and in various dialects have striven to let us know it! The essence of all “religion” that was and that will be, is to make men *free*. Who is he that, in this Life-pilgrimage, will consecrate himself at all hazards to obey God and God’s servants, and to disobey the Devil and his? With pious valor this free man walks through the roaring tumults, invincibly the way whither he is bound. To him in the waste Saharas, through the grim solitudes peopled by galvanized corpses and doleful creatures, there is a loadstar; and his path, whatever those of others be, is towards the Eternal. A man well worth consulting, and taking the vote of, about matters temporal; and properly the only kind of man. Though always an exceptional, this was once a well-known man. He has become one of the rarest now;—but is not yet entirely extinct; and will become more plentiful, if the Gods intend to keep this Planet habitable long.

Him it were vain to try to find always without mistake; alas, if he were in the majority, this world would be all “a school of virtue,” which it is far from being. Nevertheless to him, and in all times to him alone, belongs the rule of this world: that he be got to rule, that he be forbidden to rule and not got, means salvation or destruction to the world. Friend Peter, I am perfectly deliberate in calling this the truest doctrine of the constitution you have ever heard. And I recommend you to learn it gradually, and to lay it well to heart; for without it there is no salvation, and all other doctrines of the constitution are leather and prunella. Will any mass of Chancery parchments. think you, of respectablest

traditions and Delolme philosophies, save a man or People that forgets this, from the eternal fire? There does burn such a *fire* everywhere under this green earth-rind of ours, and London pavements themselves (as Paris pavements have done) can start up into sea-ridges, with a horrible "trough of the sea," if the fire-flood urge!

To this man, I say, belongs eternally the government of the world. Where he reigns, all is blessed; and the gods rejoice, and only the wicked make wail. Where the contrary of him reigns, all is accursed; and the gods lament,—and will, by terrible methods, rectify the matter by and by! Have you forbidden this man to rule? Obey he cannot where the Devil and his servants rule; how can he? He must die thrice ruined, damned by the gods, if he do. He will retire rather, into deserts and rocky inaccessibilities, companion to wild beasts, to the dumb granites and the eternal stars, far from you and your affairs. You and your affairs, once well quit of him, go by a swift and ever swifter road!

I would recommend your Lordship to attack straightway, by the *Industrial Regiments* or better otherwise, that huge Irish and British Pauper Question, which is evidently the father of questions for us, the *lowest* level in our "universal stygian quagmire;" and to try whether (without ballot-box) there are no "kings" discoverable in England who would rally round you, in practical attempt towards draining said quagmire from that point. And to be swift about it; for the time presses,—and if your Lordship is not ready, I think the ballot-boxes and the six points are fast getting ready!

HUDSON'S STATUE.

[1st July, 1850.]

AT St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, where Oliver Cromwell farmed and resided for some years, the people have determined to attempt some kind of memorial to that memorable character. Other persons in other quarters seem to be, more or less languidly, taking up the question; in Country Papers I have read emphatic leading-articles, recommending and urging that there should be a "People's Statue" of this great Oliver, — Statue furnished by universal contribution from the English People; and set up, if possible, in London, in Huntingdon, or failing both these places, in St. Ives, or Naseby Field. Indeed a considerable notion seems to exist in the English mind, that some brass or stone acknowledgment is due to Cromwell, and ought to be paid him. So that the vexed question, "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" appears to be resuscitating itself; and the weary Public must prepare to agitate it again.

Poor English Public, they really are exceedingly bewildered with Statues at present. They would fain do honor to somebody, if they did but know whom or how. Unfortunately they know neither whom nor how; they are, at present, the farthest in the world from knowing! They have raised a set of the ugliest Statues, and to the most extraordinary persons, ever seen under the sun before. Being myself questioned, in reference to the New Houses of Parliament some years ago, "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" I had to answer, with sorrowful dubiety: "Cromwell? Side by side with a sacred Charles the Second, sacred George the Fourth, and the other sacred Charleses, Jameses, Georges, and Defenders of the Faith, — I am afraid he wouldn't like it! Let us decide provisionally, No." And now again as to St. Ives and the Peo-

ple's Statue, is it not to be asked in like manner: "Who are the 'People' ? Are they a People worthy to build Statues to Cromwell; or worthy only of doing it to Hudson?"—This latter is a consideration that will lead us into far deeper and more momentous than sculptural inquiries; and I will request the reader's excellent company into these for a little.

The truth is, dear Reader, nowhere, to an impartial observant person, does the deep-sunk condition of the English mind, in these sad epochs; and how, in all spiritual or moral provinces, it has long quitted company with fact, and ceased to have veracity of heart, and clearness or sincerity of purpose, in regard to such matters,—more signally manifest itself, than in this affair of Public Statues. Whom doth the king delight to honor? that is the question of questions concerning the king's own honor. Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could.

In this point of view, it was always matter of regret with me that Hudson's Statue, among the other wonders of the present age, was not completed. The £25,000 subscribed, or offered as oblation, by the Hero-worshippers of England to their Ideal of a Man, awoke many questions as to what outward figure it could most profitably take, under the eternal canopy; questions never finally settled; nor ever now to be settled, now when the universal Hudson *ragnarök*, or "twilight of the gods," has arrived, and it is too clear no statue or cast-metal image of that Incarnation of the English Vishnu will ever be molten now! Why was it not set up; that the whole world might see it; that our "Religion" might be seen, mounted on some figure of a Locomotive, garnished with Serip-rolls proper; and raised aloft in some conspicuous place,—for example, on the *other* arch at Hyde-Park Corner? By all opportunities, especially to all subscribers and pious sacrificers to the Hudson Testimonial, I have earnestly urged: Complete your Sin-Offering; buy, with the Five-and-twenty Thousand

Pounds, what utmost amount of brazen metal and reasonable sculptural supervision it will cover,—say ten tons of brass, with a tolerable sculptor: model that, with what exactness Art can, into the enduring Brass Portrait and Express Image of King Hudson, as he receives the grandees of this country at his levees or soirees and couchees; mount him on the highest place you can discover in the most crowded thoroughfare, on what you can consider the pinnacle of the English world: I assure you he will have beneficial effects there. To all men who are struggling for your approbation, and fretting their poor souls to fiddlestrings because you will not sufficiently give it, I will say, leading them to the foot of the Hudson mount of vision: “See, my worthy Mr. Rigmartole; consider this surprising Copper Pyramid, in partly human form: did the celestial value of men’s approbation ever strike you so forcibly before? The *new* Apollo Belvedere this, or Ideal of the Scrip Ages. What do you think of it? *Allah Ilallah*; there is still one God, you see, in England: and this is his Prophet. Let it be a source of healing to you, my unhappy Mr. Rigmartole; draw from it ‘uses of terror,’ as the old divines said; uses of amazement, of new wisdom, of unutterable reflection upon the present epoch of the world!”

For, in fact, there was more of real worship in the affair of Hudson than is usual in such. The practical English mind has its own notions as to the Supreme Excellence; knows the real from the spurious Avator of Vishnu; and does not worship without its reasons. The practical English mind, contemplating its divine Hudson, says with what remainder of reverence is in it: “Yes, you are something like the Ideal of a Man; you are he I would give my right arm and leg, and accept a pot-belly, with gout, and an appetite for strong-waters, to be like! You out of nothing can make a world, or huge fortune of gold. A divine intellect is in you, which Earth and Heaven, and Capel Court itself acknowledge; at the word of which are done miracles. You find a dying railway; you say to it, Live, blossom anew with scrip; — and it lives, and blossoms into umbrageous flowery scrip, to enrich with golden apples, surpassing those of the Hesperides, the

hungry souls of men. Diviner miracle what god ever did? Hudson, — though I mumble about my thirty-nine articles, and the service of *other* divinities, — Hudson is my god, and to him I will sacrifice this twenty-pound note: if perhaps he will be propitious to me?"

Object not that there was a mixed motive in this worship of Hudson; that perhaps it was not worship at all. Undoubtedly there were two motives mixed, but both of them sincere, — as often happens in worship. "Transcendent admiration" is defined as the origin of sacrifice; but also the hope of profit joins itself. If by sacrificing a goat, or the like trifle, to Supreme Jove, you can get Supreme Jove's favor, will not that, for one, be a good investment? Jove is sacrificed to, and worshipped, from transcendent admiration: but also, in part, men of practical nature worship him as pumps are primed, — give him a little water, that you may get from him a river. O godlike Hudson, O god-recognizing England, why was not the partly anthropomorphous Pyramid of Copper cast, then, and set upon the pinnacle of England, that all men might have seen it, and the sooner got to understand these things! The twenty-five-thousand-pound oblation lay upon the altar at the Bank; this monstrous Copper Vishnu of the Scrip Ages might have been revealed to men, and was not. Unexpected obstacles occurred. In fact, there rose from the general English soul, — lying dumb and infinitely bewildered, but not yet altogether dead, poor wretch, — such a growl of inarticulate amazement, at this unexpected Hudson Apotheosis, as alarmed the pious worshippers; and their Copper Pyramid remains unrealized; not to be realized to all eternity now, or at least not till Chaos come again, and the ancient mud-gods have dominion! The *Ne-plus-ultra* of Statue-building was within sight; but it was not attained, it was to be forever unattainable.

If the world were not properly *anarchic*, this question "Who shall have a Statue?" would be one of the greatest and most solemn for it. Who is to have a Statue? means, Whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of

him, and, by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Whom do you wish us to resemble? Him you set on a high column, that all men, looking on it, may be continually apprised of the duty you expect from them. What man to set there, and what man to refuse forevermore the leave to be set there: this, if a country were not anarchic as we say, — ruleless, given up to the rule of Chaos, in the primordial fibres of its being, — would be a great question for a country!

And to the parties themselves, lightly as they set about it, the question is rather great. Whom shall I honor, whom shall I refuse to honor? If a man have any precious thing in him at all, certainly the most precious of all the gifts he can offer is his approbation, his reverence to another man. This is his very soul, this fealty which he swears to another: his personality itself, with whatever it has of eternal and divine, he bends here in reverence before another. Not lightly will a man give this, — if he is still a man. If he is no longer a man, but a greedy blind two-footed animal, “without soul, except what saves him the expense of salt and keeps his body with its appetites from putrefying;” alas, if he is nothing now but a human money-bag and meat-trough, it is different! In that case his “reverence” is worth so many pounds sterling; and these, like a gentleman, he will give willingly. Hence the British Statues, such a populace of them as we see. British Statues, and some other more important things! Alas, of how many unveracities, of what a world of irreverence, of sordid debasement, and death in “trespasses and sins,” is this light unveracious bestowal of one’s approbation the fatal outcome! Fatal in its origin; in its developments and thousand-fold results so fatal. It is the poison of the universal Upas-tree, under which all human interests, in these bad ages, lie writhing as if in the last struggle of death. Street-barricades rise for that reason, and counterfeit kings have to shave off their whiskers, and fly like coiners; and it is a world gone mad in misery, by bestowing its approbation wrong!

Give every man the meed of honor he has merited, you

have the ideal world of poets; a hierarchy of beneficences, your noblest man at the summit of affairs, and in every place the due gradation of the fittest for that place: a maximum of wisdom works and administers, followed, as is inevitable, by a maximum of success. It is a world such as the idle poets dream of, — such as the active poets, the heroic and the true of men, are incessantly toiling to achieve, and more and more realize. Achieved, realized, it never can be; striven after and approximated to, it must forever be, — woe to us if at any time it be not! Other aim in this Earth we have none. Renounce such aim as vain and hopeless, reject it altogether, what more have you to reject? You have renounced fealty to Nature and its Almighty Maker; you have said practically, “We can flourish very well without minding Nature and her ordinances; perhaps Nature and the Almighty — what are they? A Phantasm of the brain of Priests, and of some chimerical persons that write Books?” — “Hold!” shriek others wildly: “You incendiary infidels; — you should be quiet infidels, and believe! Have n’t we a Church? Don’t we keep a Church, this long while; best-behaved of Churches, which meddles with nobody, assiduously grinding its organs, reading its liturgies, homiletics, and excellent old moral horn-books, so patiently as Church never did? Can’t we doff our hat to it: even look in upon it occasionally, on a wet Sunday; and so, at the trifling charge of a few millions annually, serve *both* God and the Devil? Fools, you should be quiet infidels, and believe!”

To give our approval aright, — alas, to do every one of us what lies in him, that the honorable man everywhere, and he only have honor, that the able man everywhere be put into the place which is fit for him, which is his by eternal right: is not this the sum of all social morality for every citizen of this world? This one duty perfectly done, what more *could* the world have done for it? The world in all departments and aspects of it were a perfect world; everywhere administered by the best wisdom discernible in it, everywhere enjoying the exact maximum of success and felicity possible for it. Imperfectly, and not perfectly done,

we know this duty must always be. Not done at all; no longer remembered as a thing which God and Nature and the Eternal Voices do require to be done, — alas, we see too well what kind of a world that ultimately makes for us! A world no longer habitable for quiet persons; a world which in these sad days is bursting into street-barricades, and pretty rapidly turning out its “Honored Men,” as intrusive dogs are turned out, with a kettle tied to their tail. To Kings, Kaisers, Spiritual Papas and Holy Fathers, there is universal “*Apage!* Depart thou; go thou to the — Father of thee!” in a huge world-voice of mob-musketry and sooty execration, uglier than any ever heard before.

Who’s to have a Statue? The English, at present, answer this question in a very off-hand manner. So far as I can ascertain the method they have, it is somewhat as follows.

Of course, among the many idle persons to whom an unfortunate world has given money and no work to do, there must be, with or without wisdom (without, for most part), a most brisk demand for work. Work to do is very desirable, for those that have only money and not work. “Alas, one cannot buy *sleep* in the market!” said the rich Farmer-general. Alas, one cannot buy work there; work, which is still more indispensable. One of these unfortunates with money and no work, whose haunts lie in the dilettante line, among Artists’ Studios, Picture-Sales, and the like regions, — an inane kingdom much frequented by the inane in these times, — him it strikes, in some inspired moment, that if a public subscription for a Statue to somebody could be started, good results would follow. Perhaps some Artist, to whom he is Mæcenas, might be got to do the Statue; at all events there would be extensive work and stir going on, — whereby the inspired dilettante, for his own share, might get upon committees, see himself named in the newspapers; might assist in innumerable consultations, open utterances of speech and balderdash; and, on the whole, be comfortably present, for years to come, at something of the nature of “a house on fire:”

house innocuously, may beneficently on fire: a very Goshen to an idle man with money in his pocket.

This is the germ of the idea; now make your idea an action. Think of a proper Somebody. Almost anybody much heard of in the newspapers, and never yet convicted of felony; a conspicuous commander-in-chief, duke no matter whether of Wellington or of York; successful stump-orator, political intriguer; lawyer that has made two hundred thousand pounds; scrip-dealer that has made two thousand thousand: — anybody of a large class, we are not particular, he will be your proper Somebody. You are then to get a brother idler or two to unite his twenty-pound note to yours: the fire is kindled, smoke rises through the editorial columns; the fire, if you blow it, will break into flame, and become a comfortable house on fire for you; solacing the general idle soul, for years to come; and issuing in a big hulk of Corinthian brass, and a notable instance of hero-worship, by and by.

Such I take to be the origin of that extraordinary population of Brazen and other Images which at present dominate the market-places of Towns, and solicit worship from the English people. The ugliest images, and to the strangest class of persons, ever set up in this world. Do you call these demigods? England must be dreadfully off for demigods! My friend, I will not do the smallest stroke of worship to them. One in the thousand I will snatch out of bad company, if I ever can; the other nine hundred and ninety-nine I will with pious joy, in the like case, reduce to the state of broken metal again, and veil forever from all men. As warming-pans, as cheap brass-candlesticks, men will get good of this metal; as devotional Images in such form, evil only. These are not heroes, gods, or demigods; and it is a horrible idolatry, if you knew it, to set them up as such!

Are these your Pattern Men? *Great Men*? They are your lucky (or unlucky) Gamblers swollen *big*. Paltry Adventurers for most part; worthy of no worship; and incapable forever of getting any, except from the soul consecrated to flunkysism. Will a man's soul worship that, think you? Never; if you fashioned him of solid gold, big as Benlomond,

no heart of a man would ever look upon him except with sorrow and despair. To the flunky heart alone is he, was he or can he at any time be, a thing to look upon with upturned eyes of "transcendent admiration," worship or worthship so called. He, you unfortunate fools, he is not the one we want to be kept in mind of; not he at all by any means! To him and his memory, — if you had not been unfortunate and block-heads, — you would have sunk a coal-shaft rather than raised a column. Deep coal-shaft, there to *bury* him and his memory, that men might never speak or hear of him more; not a high column to admonish all men that they should try to resemble him!

Of the sculptural talent manifest in these Brazen Images I say nothing, though much were to be said. For indeed, if there is no talent displayed in them but a perverse one, are not we to consider it a happiness, in that strange case? This big swollen Gambler, and gluttonous hapless "spiritual Daniel Lambert," deserved a coal-shaft from his brother mortals: let at least his column be ugly! — Nevertheless ugly columns and images are, in themselves, a real evil. They too preach ugliness after their sort; and have a certain effect, the whole of which is bad. They sanction and consecrate artistic botching, pretentious futility, and the horrible doctrine that this Universe is a Cockney Nightmare, — which no creature ought for a moment to believe, or listen to! In brief, they encourage an already ugly Population to become in a thousand ways uglier. They too, for their ugliness, — did not the infinitely deeper ugliness of the thing they commemorate absorb all consideration of that, — would deserve, and do in fact incessantly solicit, abolition from the sight of men.

What good in the æsthetic, the moral, social or any human point of view, we are ever to get of these Brazen Images now peopling our chief cities and their market-places, it is impossible to specify. Evil enough we, consciously or unconsciously, get of them; no soul looks upon them approvingly or even indifferently without damage, all the deadlier the less he knows of it. Simple souls they corrupt in the sources of their

spiritual being: wise souls, obliged to look on them, look with some feeling of anger and just abhorrence; which is itself a mischief to a peaceable man. Good will never be got of these Brazen Images in their present form. Of what use, till once broken up and melted into warming-pans, they can ever be to gods or men, I own I cannot see. Gods and men demand that this, which is their sure ultimate destiny, should so soon as possible be realized.

It is tragically evident to me, our first want, which includes all wants, is that of a new real Aristocracy of fact, instead of the extinct imaginary one of title, which the anarchic world is everywhere rebelling against: but if it is from Popular Suffrage that we are to look for such a blessing, is not this extraordinary populace of British Statues, which now dominates our market-places, one of the saddest omens that ever was? Suffrage announces to us, nothing doubting: "Here are your real demigods and heroic men, ye famous British People; here are Brazen and other Images worthy once more of some worship; this is the New Aristocracy I have chosen, and would choose, for you!" That is Suffrage's opinion. To me this populace of British Statues rises aloft over the Chaos of our affairs like the living symbol and consummate flower of said Chaos, and silently speaks the mournfulest prophecy. Perhaps as strange a Pantheon of brass gods as was ever got together in this world. They stand there, poor wretches, gradually rusting in the sooty rain; black and dismal, — when one thinks of them in some haggard mood of the imagination, — like a set of grisly undertakers come to bury the dead spiritualisms of mankind. There stand they, in all weathers, indicating to the British Population such a Heaven and such an Earth as probably no Population ever had before. In the social, political, religious, artistic, and other provinces of our affairs, they point towards depths of prostrate abasement which no man's thought has yet sounded. Let us timidly glance thitherward a little; gaze, for moments, into those abysses of spiritual death, — which, if we cannot one day

sound them, and subdue them, will engulf us all! — And first as to this recipe of Popular Election.

Hudson the railway king, if Popular Election be the rule, seems to me by far the most authentic king extant in this world. Hudson has been “elected by the people” so as almost none other is or was. Hudson solicited no vote; his votes were silent voluntary ones, not liable to be false: he *did* a thing which men found, in their inarticulate hearts, to be worthy of paying money for; and they paid it. What the desire of every heart was, Hudson had or seemed to have produced: Scrip out of which profit could be made. They “voted” for him by purchasing his scrip with a profit to him. Every vote was the spontaneous product of those men’s deepest insights and most practical convictions, about Hudson and themselves and this Universe: I say, it was not a spoken vote, but a silently acted one; a vote for once incapable of being insincere. What their appetites, intelligences, stupidities, and pruriences had taught these men, they authentically told you there. I beg you to mark that well. Not by all the ballot-boxes in Nature could you have hoped to get, with such exactness, from these men, what the deepest inarticulate voice of the gods and of the demons in them was, as by this their spontaneous purchase of scrip. It is the ultimate rectified quintessence of these men’s “votes:” the distillation of their very souls; the sincerest sincerity that was in them. Without gratitude to Hudson, or even without thought of him, they raised Hudson to his bad eminence, not by their voice given once at some hustings under the influence of balderdash and beer, but by the thought of their heart, by the inarticulate, indisputable dictate of their whole being. Hudson inquired of England: “What precious thing can I do for you, O enlightened Countrymen; what may be the value to you, by popular election, of this stroke of work that lies in me?” Popular election, with universal, with household and other suffrage, free as air, deep as life and death, free and deep as *spoken* suffrage never was or could be, has answered: “Pounds sterling to such and such amount; that is the apparent value of

thy stroke of work to *us*,—blockheads as we are.” Real value differs from apparent to a frightful extent in this world, try it by what suffrage you will!

Hudson's value as a demigod being what it was, his value as a maker of railways shall hardly concern us here. What Hudson's real worth to mankind in the matter of railways might be, I cannot pretend to say. Fact knows it to the uttermost fraction, and will pay it him yet; but men differ widely in opinion, and in general do not in the least know. From my own private observation and conjecture, I should say, Trifling if any worth.

Much as we love railways, there is one thing undeniable: Railways are shifting all Towns of Britain into new places; no Town will stand where it did, and nobody can tell for a long while yet where it will stand. This is an unexpected, and indeed most disastrous result. I perceive, railways have set all the Towns of Britain a-dancing. Reading is coming up to London, Basingstoke is going down to Gosport or Southampton, Dumfries to Liverpool and Glasgow; while at Crewe, and other points, I see new ganglions of human population establishing themselves, and the prophecy of metallurgic cities which were not heard of before. Reading, Basingstoke and the rest, the unfortunate Towns, subscribed money to get railways; and it proves to be for cutting their own throats. Their business has gone else-whither; and they—cannot stay behind their business! They are set a-dancing, as I said; confusedly waltzing, in a state of progressive dissolution, towards the four winds; and know not where the end of the death-dance will be for them, in what point of space they will be allowed to rebuild themselves. That is their sad case.

And what an affair it is in each of the shops and houses of those Towns, thus silently bleeding to death, or what we call dancing away to other points of the British territory: how Joplin of Reading, who had anchored himself in that pleasant place, and fondly hoping to live by upholstery and paper-hanging, had wedded, and made friends there,—awakens some morning, and finds that his trade has flitted away! Here it is not any longer; it is gone to London, to Bristol:

whither has it gone? Joplin knows not whither; knows and sees only that gone it is; and that he by preternatural sagacity must scent it out again, follow it over the world, and catch it again, or else die. Sad news for Joplin:—indeed I fear, should his sagacity be too inconsiderable, he is not unlikely to break his heart, or take to drinking, in these inextricable circumstances! And it is the history, more or less, in every town, house, shop and industrial dwelling-place of the British Empire at this moment;—and the cipher of afflicted Joplins; and the amount of private distress, uncertainty, discontent; and withal of “revolutionary movement,” created hereby, is tragical to think of. This is “revolutionary movement” with a witness; revolution brought home to everybody’s hearth and money-safe and heart and stomach.—Which miserable result, with so many others from the same source, what method was there of avoiding or indefinitely mitigating? This surely, as the beginning of all: that you had made your railways *not* in haste; that, at least, you had spread the huge process, sure to alter all men’s mutual position and relations, over a reasonable breadth of time!

For all manner of reasons, how much could one have wished that the making of our British railways had gone on with deliberation; that these great works had made themselves not in five years but in fifty-and-five! Hudson’s “worth” to railways, I think, will mainly resolve itself into this, That he carried them to completion within the former short limit of time; that he got them made,—in extremely improper directions I am told, and surely with endless confusion to the innumerable passive Joplins, and likewise to the numerous active scrip-holders, a wide-spread class, once rich, now coinless,—hastily in five years, not deliberately in fifty-five. His worth to railways? His *worth*, I take it, to English railways, much more to English men, will turn out to be extremely inconsiderable; to be incalculable damage rather! Foolish railway people gave him two millions, and thought it not enough without a Statue to boot. But Fact thought, and is now audibly saying, far otherwise! Rhadamanthus, had you been able to consult him, would in nowise have given this man

twenty-five thousand pounds for a Statue. What if Rhadamanthus doomed him rather, let us say, to ride in Express-trains, no-whither, for twenty-five æons, or to hang in Heaven as a Locomotive Constellation, and be a sign forever !

Fact and Suffrage : what a discrepancy ! Fact decided for some coal-shaft such as we describe. Suffrage decides for such a column. Suffrage having money in its pocket, carries it hollow, for the moment. And so there is Rayless Majesty exalted far above the chimney-pots, with a potential Copper Likeness, twenty-five thousand pounds worth of copper over and above ; and a King properly belonging only to *this* epoch. — That there are greedy blockheads in huge majority, in all epochs, is certain ; but that any sane mortal should think of counting *their* heads to ascertain who or what is to be King, this is a little peculiar. All Democratic men, and members of the Suffrage Movement, it appears to me, are called upon to think seriously, with a seriousness approaching to despair, of these things.

Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, twitted me with the multifarious patented anomalies of overgrown worthless Dukes, Bishops of Durham &c., which poor English Society at present labors under, and is made a solecism by. To which what answer could I make, except, that surely our patented anomalies were some of them extremely ugly, and yet, alas, that they were not the ugliest ! I said : "Have not you also overgrown anomalous *Dukes* after a sort, appointed *not* by patent ? Overgrown Monsters of Wealth, namely ; who have made money by dealing in cotton, dealing in bacon, jobbing scrip, digging metal in California ; who are become glittering man-mountains filled with gold and preciousities ; revered by the surrounding flunkies ; invested with the *real* powers of sovereignty ; and placidly admitted by all men, as if Nature and Heaven had so appointed it, to be in a sense godlike, to be royal, and fit to shine in the firmament, though their real worth is — what ? Brick, do you know where human creatures reach the supreme of ugliness in Idols ? It were hard to know ! We can say only, All Idols have to tumble, and the hugest of them

with the heaviest fall: that is our chief comfort, in America as here.

"The Idol of Somnauth, a mere mass of coarse crockery not worth five shillings of anybody's money, sat like a great staring god, with two diamonds for eyes; worshipped by the neighboring black populations; a terror and divine mystery to all mortals, till its day came. Till at last, victorious in the name of Allah, the Commander of the Faithful, riding up with grim battle-axe and heart full of Moslem fire, took the liberty to smite once, with right force and rage, said ugly mass of idolatrous crockery; which thereupon shivered, with unmelodious crash and jingle, into a heap of ugly potsherds, yielding from its belly half a wagon-load of gold coins. You can read it in Gibbon, — probably, too, in Lord Ellenborough. The gold coins, the diamond eyes, and other valuable extrinsic parts were carefully picked up by the Faithful; confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds was left lying; — and the Idol of Somnauth once showing what it *was*, had suddenly come to a conclusion! Thus end all Idols, and intrinsically worthless man-mountains never so illuminated with diamonds, and filled with precious metals, and tremulously worshipped by the neighboring flunky populations black or white; — even thus, sooner or later, without fail; and are shot hastily, as a heap of potsherds, into the highway, to be crunched under wagon-wheels, and do Macadam a little service, being clearly abolished as *gods*, and hidden from man's recognition, in that or other capacities, forever and a day!

"You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican friend. Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal suffrage, not by patent. The express nonsense of old Feudalism, even now, in its dotage, is as nothing to the involuntary nonsense of modern Anarchy called 'Freedom,' 'Republicanism,' and other fine names, which expresses itself by supply and demand! Consider it a little.

"The Bishop of our Diocese is to me an incredible man; and has, I will grant you, very much more money than you or I would now give him for his work. One does not even read those Charges of his; much preferring speech which is articu-

late. In fact, being intent on a quiet life, you generally keep on the other side of the hedge from him, and strictly leave him to his own fate. Not a credible man; — perhaps not quite a safe man to be concerned with? But what think you of the ‘Bobus of Houndsditch’ of our parts? He, Sausage-maker on the great scale, knows the art of cutting fat bacon, and exposing it seasoned with gray pepper to advantage. Better than any other man he knows this art; and I take the liberty to say it is a poor one. Well, the Bishop has an income of five thousand pounds appointed him for his work; and Bobus, to such a length has he now pushed the trade in sausages, gains from the universal suffrage of men’s souls and stomachs *ten* thousand a year by it.

“A poor art, this of Bobus’s, I say; and worth no such recompense. For it is not even good sausages he makes, but only extremely vendible ones; the cunning dog! Judges pronounce his sausages bad, and at the cheap price even dear; and finer palates, it is whispered, have detected alarming symptoms of horseflesh, or worse, under this cunningly devised gray-pepper spice of his; so that for the world I would not eat one of his sausages, nor would you. You perceive he is not an excellent honest sausage-maker, but a dishonest cunning and scandalous sausage-maker; *worth*, if he could get his deserts, who shall say what? Probably certain shillings a week, say forty; possibly (one shudders to think) a long round in the treadmill, and stripes instead of shillings! And yet what he gets, I tell you, from universal suffrage and the unshackled *ne-plus-ultra* republican justice of mankind, is twice the income of that anomalous Bishop you were talking of!

“The Bishop I, for my part, do much prefer to Bobus. The Bishop has human sense and breeding of various kinds; considerable knowledge of Greek, if you should ever want the like of that; knowledge of many things; and speaks the English language in a grammatical manner. He is bred to courtesy, to dignified composure, as to a second nature; a gentleman every fibre of him; which of itself is something very considerable. The Bishop does really diffuse round him an influence of decorum, courteous patience, solid adherence to what is

settled; teaches practically the necessity of ‘burning one’s own smoke;’ and does practically in his own case burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of men in several particulars. While Bobus, for twice the annual money, — brings sausages, possibly of horse-flesh, cheaper to market than another! — Brick, if you will reflect, it is not ‘aristocratic England,’ it is the united Posterity of Adam who are grown, in some essential respects, stupider than barbers’ blocks. Barbers’ blocks would at least say nothing, and *not* elevate, by their universal suffrages, an unfortunate Bobus to that bad height!”

Alas, if such, not in their loose tongues, but in their heart of hearts, is men’s way of judging about social worth, what kind of “new Aristocracy” will the inconceivablest perfection of spoken Suffrage ever yield us? Suffrage, I perceive well, has quite other things in store for us; we need not torment poor Suffrage for this thing! Our *Intermittent* Friend says once: —

“Men do not seem to be aware that this their universal ousting of unjust, incapable and in fact imaginary Governors, is to issue in the attainment of Governors who have a right and a capacity to govern. Far different from that is the issue men contemplate in their present revolutionary operations. Their universal notion now is, that we shall henceforth do without Governors; that we have got to a new epoch in human progress, in which Governing is entirely a superfluity, and the attempt at doing it is an offence, think several. By that admirable invention of the Constitutional Parliament, first struck out in England, and now at length hotly striven for and zealously imitated in all European countries, the task of Government, any task there may still be, is done to our hand. Perfect your Parliament, cry all men: apply the Ballot-box and Universal Suffrage! the admirablest method ever imagined of counting heads and gathering indubitable votes: you will thus gather the vote, *vox* or voice, of all the two-legged animals without feathers in your dominion; what they think is what the gods think, — is it not? — and this you shall go and do.

“Whereby, beyond dispute, your Governor’s task is immensely simplified; and indeed the chief thing you can now require of your Governor is that he carefully preserve his good humor, and do in a handsome manner nothing, or some pleasant fogle-motions only. Is not this a ‘machine;’ marking new epochs in the progress of discovery? Machine for doing Government too, as we now do all things by ‘machinery.’ Only keep your free-presses, ballot-boxes, upright-shafts and cogwork in an oiled unobstructed condition; motive-power of popular wind will do the rest. Here verily is a mill that beats Birmingham hollow; and marks ‘new epochs’ with a witness. What a hopper this! Reap from all fields whatsoever you find standing, thistle-downs, dock-seed, hemlock-seed, wheat, rye; tumble all into the hopper, — see, in soft blissful, continuous stream, meal shall daily issue for you, and the bread of life to mankind be sure!” —

The aim of all reformers, parliamentary and other, is still defined by them as “just legislation,” just laws; with which definition who can quarrel? They will not have “class legislation,” which is a dreadfully bad thing; but “all-classes legislation,” I suppose, which is the right thing. Sure enough, just laws are an excellent attainment, the first condition of all prosperity for human creatures; but few reflect how extremely difficult such attainment is! Alas, could we once get laws which were *just*, that is to say, which were the clear transcript of the Divine Laws of the Universe itself; so that each man were incessantly admonished, under strict penalties, by all men, to walk as the Eternal Maker had prescribed; and he alone received honor whom the Maker had made honorable, and whom the Maker had made disgraceful, disgrace: alas, were not here the very “Aristocracy” we seek? A new veritable Hierarchy of Heaven, — approximately such in very truth, — bringing Earth nearer and nearer to the blessed Law of Heaven. Heroic men, the Sent of Heaven, once more bore rule: and on the throne of kings there sat splendid, not King Hudson, or King Popinjay, but the Bravest of existing Men; and on the gibbet there swung as a tragic pendulum, admonitory to Earth in the name of Heaven, — not some insignificant,

abject, necessitous outcast, who had violently, in his extreme misery and darkness, stolen a leg of mutton, — but veritably the Supreme Scoundrel of the Commonwealth, who in his insatiable greed and bottomless atrocity had long, hoodwinking the poor world, gone himself, and led multitudes to go, in the ways of gilded human baseness ; seeking temporary profit (scrip, first-class claret, social honor, and the like small ware), where only eternal loss was possible ; and who now, stripped of all his gildings and cunningly devised speciosities, swung there an ignominious detected scoundrel ; testifying aloud to all the earth : “Be not scoundrels, not even gilt scoundrels, any one of you ; for God, and not the Devil, is verily king, and this is where it ends, if even this be the end of it !”

O Heaven, O Earth, what an “attainment” were here, could we but hope to see it ! Reformed Parliament, People’s League, Humc-Cobden agitation, tremendous cheers, new Battles of Naseby, French Revolution, and Horrors of French Revolution, — all things were cheap and light to the attainment of this. For this were in fact the millennium ; and indeed nothing less than this can be it.

But I say it is dreadfully difficult to attain ! And though “class legislation” is not it, yet, alas, neither is “all-classes legislation” in the least certain to be it. All classes, if they happen not to be wise, heroic classes, — how, by the cunningest jumbling of them together, will you ever get a wisdom or heroism out of them ? Once more let me remind you, it is impossible forever. Unwisdom, contradiction to the gods : how, from the mere vamping together of hostile voracities and opacities, never so dexterously or copiously combined, can or could you expect anything else ? Can any man bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? No man. Voracities and opacities, blended together in never such cunningly devised proportions, will not yield noblenesses and illuminations ; they cannot do it. Parliamentary reform, extension of the suffrage ? Good Heavens, how by the mere enlargement of your circle of ingredients, by the mere flinging in of new opacities and voracities, will you have a better chance to distil a wisdom from that foul caldron, which is merely bigger, not by hypothesis

better? You will have a better chance to distil *zero* from it; evil elements from all sides, now more completely extinguishing one another, so that mutual destruction, like that of the Kilkenny cats, a Parliament which produces parliamentary eloquence only, and no social guidance *either* bad or good will be the issue, — as we now in these years sorrowfully see.

Universal suffrage: what a scheme to substitute for the revelation of God's eternal Law, the official declaration of the account of heads! It is as if men had abdicated their right to attempt following the above-said Law, and with melancholy resignation had agreed to give it up, and take temporary peace and good agreement as a substitute. In all departments of our affairs it is so, — literary, moral, political, social; and in all of them it is and remains eternally wrong. In every department, literary, moral, political, social, the man that pretends to have what is angrily called a choice of his own, which will mean at least some remnant of a feeling in him that Nature and Fact do still claim a choice of their own, and are like to make it good yet, — such man is felt as a kind of interloper and dissocial person, who obstructs the harmony of affairs, and is out of keeping with the universal-suffrage arrangement that has been entered upon. Why not decide it by dice? Universal suffrage for your oracle is equivalent to flat despair of answer. Set up such oracle, you proclaim to all men: "Friends, there is in Nature no answer to your question; and you don't believe in dice. Try to esteem this oracle a divine one, and be thankful that you can thereby keep the peace, and go with an answer from the shrine of chaotic Chance."

Peace is good; but woe to the cowardly caitiff of a man, or collection of cowardly caitiffs styling themselves Nation, that will have "peace" on these terms! They will save their ignoble skin at the expense of their eternal loyalty to the highest God. Peace? Better war to the knife, war till we all die, than such a "peace." Reject it, my friend, I advise thee; silently swear by God above, that, on earth below, thou for thy part never wilt accept it. Be *it* forever far from us, my poor scattered friends. Let us fly to the rocks rather; and

silently appealing to the Eternal Heaven, await an hour which is full surely coming, when we too shall have grown to a respectable "company of poor men," authorized to rally, and with celestial lightning, and with terrestrial steel and such good weapons as there may be, spend all our blood upon it! —

After all, why was not the Hudson Testimonial completed? As Moses lifted up the Brazen Serpent in the wilderness, why was not Hudson's Statue lifted up? Once more I say, it might have done us good. Thither too, in a sense, poor poison-stricken mortals might have looked, and found some healing! For many reasons, this alarming populace of British Statues wanted to have its chief. The liveliest type of Choice by Suffrage ever given. The consummate flower of universal Anarchy in the Commonwealth, and in the hearts of men: was not this Statue such a flower; or do we look for one more perfect and consummate?

Of social Hierarchies, and Religions the parent of these, why speak, in presenee of social Anarchy such as is here symbolized? The Apotheosis of Hudson beekons to still deeper gulfs on the religious side of our affairs; into which one shudders to look down. For the eye rests only on the blackness of darkness; and, shrunk to hissing whispers, inaudible execept to the finer ear, come moanings of the everlasting tempest, and tones of *alti guai*. Nor is a certain vertigo quite absent from the strongest heads; a mad impulse to *take* the leap, then, and dwell with Eternal Death, since it seems to be the rule at present! One hurried glance or two, — holding well by what parapets there still are; — and then let us hasten to begone.

Worship, what we eall human religion, has undergone various phases in the history of mankind. To the primitive man all Forces of Nature were divine: either for propitiation or for admiration, many things, and in a sense all things, demanded worship from him. But especially the Noble Human

Soul was divine to him; and announced, as it ever does, with direct impressiveness, the Inspiration of the Highest; demanding worship from the primitive man. Whereby, as has been explained elsewhere, this latter form of worship, *Hero-worship* as we call it, did, among the ancient peoples, attract and subdue to itself all other forms of human worship; irradiating them all with its own perennial worth, which indeed is all the worth they had, or that any worship can have. Human worship everywhere, so far as there lay any worth in it, was of the nature of a Hero-worship; this Universe wholly, this temporary Flame-image of the Eternal, was one beautiful and terrible Energy of Heroisms, presided over by a Divine Nobleness or Infinite Hero. Divine Nobleness forever friendly to the noble, forever hostile to the ignoble: all manner of "moral rules," and well "sanctioned" too, flowed naturally out of this primeval Intuition into Nature; — which, I believe, is still the true fountain of moral rules, though a much-forgotten one at present; and indeed it seems to be the one unchangeable, eternally *indubitable* "Intuition into Nature" we have yet heard of in these parts.

To the primitive man, whether he looked at moral rule, or even at physical fact, there was nothing not divine. Flame was the God Loki, &c.; this visible Universe was wholly the vesture of an Invisible Infinite; every event that occurred in it a symbol of the immediate presence of God. Which it intrinsically *is*, and forever will be, let poor stupid mortals remember or forget it! The difference is, not that God has withdrawn; but that men's minds have fallen hebetated, stupid, that their hearts are dead, awakening only to some life about meal-time and cookery-time; and their eyes are grown dim, blinkard, a kind of horn-eyes like those of owls, available chiefly for catching mice.

Most excellent Fitzsmithytrough, it is a long time since I have stopped short in admiring your stupendous railway miracles. I was obliged to strike work, and cease admiring in that direction. Very stupendous indeed; considerable improvement in old roadways and wheel-and-axe carriages; velocity unexpectedly great, distances attainable ditto ditto:

all this is undeniable. But, alas, all this is still small deer for me, my excellent Fitzsmithytrough; truly nothing more than an unexpected take of mice for the *owlish* part of you and me. Distances, you unfortunate Fitz? The distanees of London to Aberdeen, to Ostend, to Vienna, are still infinitely inadequate to me! Will you teach me the winged flight through Immensity, up to the Throne dark with excess of bright? You unfortunate, you grin as an ape would at such a question; you do not know that unless you *can* reach thither in some effectual, most veritable sense, you are a lost Fitzsmithytrough, doomed to Hela's death-realm and the Abyss where mere brutes are buried. I do not want cheaper cotton, swifter railways; I want what Novalis calls "God, Freedom, Immortality:" will swift railways, and sacrifices to Hudson, help me towards that? —

As propitiation or as admiration, "worship" still continues among men, will always continue; and the phase it has in any given epoch may be taken as the ruling phenomenon which determines all others in that epoch. If Odin, who "invented runes," or literatures, and rhythmic logical speech, and taught men to despise death, is worshipped in one epoeh; and if Hudson, who conquered railway directors, and taught men to become suddenly rich by scrip, is worshipped in another, — the chaacters of these two epochs must differ a good deal! Nay, the worst of some epochs is, they have along with their real worship an imaginary, and are conscious only of the latter as worship. They keep a set of gods or fetishes, reckoned respectable, to which they mumble prayers, asking themselves and others triumphantly, "Are not these respectable gods?" and all the while their real worship, or heart's love and admiration, which alone is worship, concentrates itself on quite other gods and fetishes, — on Hudsons and scrips, for instance. Thus is the miserable epoeh rendered twice and tenfold miserable, and in a manner lost beyond redemption; having superadded to its stupid Idolatries, and brutish forgettings of the true God, which are leading it down daily towards ruin, an immense Hypocrisy, which is the quintessence of all idolatries and misbeliefs and unbeliefs, and taken refuge under

that, as under a thing safe! Europe generally has lain there a long time; England I think for about two hundred years, spinning certain cottons notably the while, and thinking it all right, — which it was very far from being. But the time of accounts, slowly advancing, has arrived at last for Europe, and is knocking at the door of England too; and it will be seen whether universal make-believe can be the rule in English or human things; whether respectable Hebrew and other fetishes, combined with real worship of Yorkshire and other serip, will answer the purpose here below or not!

It is certain, whatever gods or fetishes a man may have about him, and pay tithes to, and mumble prayers to, the real "religion" that is in him is his *practical Hero-Worship*. Whom or what do you in your very soul admire, and strive to imitate and emulate; is it God's servant or the Devil's? Clearly this is the whole question. There is no other religion in the man which can be of the slightest consequence in comparison. Theologies, doxologies, orthodoxies, heterodoxies, are not of moment except as subsidiary towards a good issue in this; if they help well in it, they are good; if not well or at all, they are nothing or bad.

This also is certain, Nations that do their Hero-worship well are blessed and victorious; Nations that do it ill are accursed, and in all fibres of their business grow daily more so, till their miserable afflictive and offensive situation becomes at last unendurable to Heaven and to Earth, and the so-called Nation, now an unhappy Populace of Misbelievers (*miscreants* was the old name), bursts into revolutionary tumult, and either reforms or else annihilates itself. How otherwise? Know whom to honor and emulate and follow; know whom to dishonor and avoid, and eoeere under hatches, as a foul rebellious thing: this is all the Law and all the Prophets. All conceivable evangels, bibles, homileties, liturgies and litanies, and temporal and spiritual law-books for a man or a people, issue practically there. Be right in that, essentially you are not wrong in anything; you read this Universe tolerably aright, and are in the way to interpret well what the

will of its Maker is. Be wrong in that, had you liturgies the recommendablest in Nature, and bodies-of-divinity as big as an Indiaman, it helps you not a whit; you are wrong in all things.

How in anything can you be right? You read this Universe in the inmost meaning of it *wrong*: gross idolatrous Misbelief is what I have to recognize in you; and, super-added, such a faith in the saving virtue of that deadliest of vices, Hypocrisy, as no People ever had before! Beautiful recommendable liturgies? Your liturgies, the recommendablest in Nature, are to me alarming and distressing; a turning of the Calmuck Prayer-mill,—not my way of praying. This immense asthmatic spiritual Hurdy-gurdy, issuing practically in a set of demigods like Hudson, what is the good of it; why will you keep grinding it under poor men's windows? Since Hudson is Vishnu, let the Shasters and Vedas be conformable to him. Why chant divine psalms which belonged to a different Dispensation, and are now become idle and far worse? Not melodious to me, such a chant, in such a time! The sound of it, if you are not yet quite *dead* to spiritual sounds, is frightful and bodeful. I say, this litany of yours, were the wretched populace and population never so unanimous and loud in it, is a thing no God *can* hear; your miserable "religion," as you call it, is an idolatry of the nature of Mumbo-jumbo, and I would advise you to discontinue it rather. You are Infidels, persons without faith; *not* believing what is true but what is untrue; Miscreants, as the old fathers well called you,—appointed too inevitably, unless you can repent and alter soon (of which I see no symptoms), to a fearful doom!

"It was always so," you indolently say? No, Friend Heavyside, it was not always so, and even till lately was never so; and I would much recommend you to sweep that foolish notion, which you often fling at me, and always keep about you as one of your main consolations, quite out of your head. Once the notion was my own too; I know the notion very well! And I will invite you to ask yourself in all ways, Whether it is not possibly a rather torpid and poisonous, and

likewise an altogether incorrect and delusive notion? Capable, I assure you, of being quite swept out of a man's head; and greatly needing to be so, if the man would do any "reform," or other useful work, in this his day!

Till such notion go about its business, there cannot even be the attempt towards reform. Not so much as the pulling down, and melting into warming-pans, of those poor Brazen Representatives of Anarchy can be accomplished; but they will stand there prophesying as now, "*Here* is the 'New Aristocracy' you want; down on your knees, ye Christian souls!" — O my friend, and *after* Hudson and the other Idols have quite gone to warming-pans, have you computed what agonistic centuries await us, before any "New Aristocracy" worth calling by the name of "real," can by likelihood prove attainable? From the stormful trampling down of Sham Human Worth, and casting *it* with wrath and scorn into the melting-pot, onward to the silent sad repentant recognition of Real Human Worth, and the capability of again doing that some pious reverence, some reverence which were *not* practically worse than none: have you measured what an interval is there? Centuries of desperate wrestle against Earth and Hell, on the part of all the brave men that are born. Too true this, though figuratively spoken! Perilous tempestuous struggle and pilgrimage, continual marching battle with the mud-serpents of this Earth and the demons of the Pit — centuries of such a marching fight (continually along the edge of Red Republic too, and the Abyss) as brave men were not often called to in History before! — and the brave men will not yet so much as gird on their harness? They sit indolently saying, "It is already all as it can be, as it was wont to be; and universal suffrage and tremendous cheers will manage it!" —

Collins's old Peerage-Book, a dreadfully dull production, fills one with unspeakable reflections. Beyond doubt a most dull production, one of the darkest in the book kind ever realized by Chaos and man's brain; and it is properly all we English have for a Biographical Dictionary; — nay, if you think

farther of it, for a National Bible. Friend Heavyside is much astonished; but I see what I mean here, and have long seen. Clear away the dust from your eyes, and you will ask this question, What *is* the Bible of a Nation, the practically credited God's-Message to a Nation? Is it not, beyond all else, the authentic Biography of its Heroic Souls? This is the real record of the Appearances of God in the History of a Nation; this, which all men to the very marrow of their bones can *believe*, and which teaches all men what the nature of the Universe when you go to work in it, really *is*. What the Universe was thought to be in Judea and other places, this too may be very interesting to know: but what it is in England here where we live and have our work to do, that is the interesting point. — "The Universe?" M'Croudy answers. "It is a huge dull Cattle-stall and St. Catherine's Wharf: with a few pleasant apartments upstairs for those that can make money. Make money; and don't bother about the Universe!" That is M'Croudy's notion; reckoned a quiet, innocent and rather wholesome notion just now; yet clearly fitter for a reflective pig than for a man; — working continual damnation therefore, however quiet it be; and indeed I perceive it is one of the damnablest notions that ever came into the head of any *two*-legged animal without feathers in this world. That is M'Croudy's Bible; his Apology, poor fellow, for the *Want* of a Bible.

But how, among so many Shakspeares, and thinkers, and heroic singers, our National Bible should be in such a state; and how a poor dull Bookseller should have been left, — not to write in rhythmic coherency, worthy of a Poet and of all our Poets, — but to shovel together, or indicate, in huge rubbish mountains incondite as Chaos, the materials for writing such a Book of Books for England: this is abundantly amazing to me, and I wish much it could duly amaze us all. Literature has no nobler task; — in fact it has that one task, and except it be idle rope-dancing, no other. "The highest problem of Literature," says Novalis, very justly, "is the Writing of a Bible."

Nevertheless, among these dust-mountains, with their anti-

quarian excerpts and sepulchral brasses, it is astonishing what strange fragments you do turn up, miraculous talismans to a reader that will think, — windows through which an old sunk world, as yet all built upon veracity, and full of rugged nobleness, becomes visible; to the mute wonder of the modern mind. It struck me much, that of these ancient peerages a very great majority had visibly *had* authentic “heroes” for their founders; noble men, of whose worth no clear-sighted King could be in doubt; and that, in their descendants too, there did not cease a strain of heroism for some time, — the peership generally dying out, and disappearing, not long after that ceased. What a world, that old sunk one; Real Governors governing in it; Shams not yet anywhere recognized as tolerable in it! A world whose practical president was *not* Chaos with ballot-boxes, whose outcome was not Anarchy *plus* a street-constable. In how high and true a sense, the Almighty with continual enforcement of his Laws still presided there; and in all things as yet there was some degree of blessedness and nobleness there!

One's heart is sore to think how far, how very far all this has vanished from us; how the very tradition of it has disappeared; and it has ceased to be credible, to seem desirable. Till the like of it return, — yes, my constitutional friend, such is the sad fact, till the like of it, in new form, adapted to the new times, be again achieved by us; we are not properly a society at all; we are a lost gregarious horde, with Kings of Scrip on this hand, and Famishing Connaughts and Distressed Needlewomen on that — presided over by the Anarch Old. A lost horde, — who, in bitter feeling of the intolerable injustice that presses upon all men, will not long be able to continue even gregarious; but will have to split into street-barricades, and internecine battle with one another; and to fight, if wisdom for some new real *Peerage* be not granted us, till we all die, mutually butchered, and *so* rest, — so if not otherwise!

Till the time of James the First, I find that real heroic merit more or less was actually the origin of peerages; never, till towards the end of that bad reign, were peerages bar-

gained for, or bestowed on men palpably of no worth except their money or connection. But the evil practice, once begun, spread rapidly; and now the Peerage-Book is what we see;—a thing miraculous in the other extreme. A kind of Proteus' flock, very curious to meet upon the lofty mountains, so many of them being natives of the deep!—Our menagerie of live Peers in Parliament is like that of our Brazen Statues in the market-place; the selection seemingly is made much in the same way, and with the same degree of felicity, and successful accuracy in choice. Our one steady regulated supply is the class definable as Supreme Stump-Orators in the Lawyer department; the class called Chancellors flows by something like fixed conduits towards the Peerage; the rest, like our Brazen Statues, come by popular rule-of-thumb.

Stump-Orators, supreme or other, are not beautiful to me in these days: but the immense power of Lawyers among us is sufficiently intelligible. I perceive, it proceeds from two causes. First, they preside over the management and security of "Property," which is our God at present; they are thus properly our Pontiffs, the highest Priests we have. Then furthermore they possess the talent most valued, that of the Tongue; and seem to us the most gifted of our intelligences, thereby provoking a spontaneous loyalty and worship.

What think you of a country whose kings go by genealogy, and are the descendants of successful Lawyers? A poor weather-worn, tanned, curried, wind-dried human creature, called a Chancellor, all or almost all gone to horse-hair and officiality; the whole existence of him tanned, by long maceration, public exposure, tugging and manipulation, to the toughness of Yorkshire leather,—meseems I have seen a beautiful man! Not a leather man would I by preference appoint to beget my kings. Not lovely to me is the leather species of men; to whose tanned soul God's Universe has become a jangling logic-cockpit and little other. If indeed it have not become far less and worse: for the wretched tanned Chancellor, I am told, is usually acquainted with the art of *lying* too,—considerable part of his trade, as I have been informed, is the talent of lying in a way that cannot be laid hold of; a dread-

ful trick to learn! Out of such a man there cannot be expected much "revelation of the Beautiful," I should say. — O Bull, were I in your place, I would try either to get other Peers, or else to abolish the concern, — which latter indeed, by your acquiescence in such nominations, and by many other symptoms, I judge to be unconsciously your fixed intention.

You have seen many Chancellors made Peers in these late generations, Mr. Bull. And now tell me, which was the Chancellor you did really love or honor, to any remarkable degree? Alas, you never within authentic memory loved any of them; you couldn't, no man could! You lazily stared with some semblance of admiration at the big wig, huge purse, reputation for divine talent, and sublime proficiency in the art of tongue-fence: but to love him, — that, Mr. Bull, was, once for all, a thing you could not manage. Who of the seed of Adam could? From the time of Chancellor Bacon downwards (and beyond that your Chancellors are dark to you as the Muftis of Constantinople), I challenge you to show me one Chancellor for whom, had the wigs, purses, reputations &c. been peeled off him, who would have given his weight in Smithfield beef sinking offal. You unhappy Bull, governed by Kings you have not the smallest regard for; wandering in an extinct world of wearisome, oppressive and expensive shadows, — nothing real in it but the Smithfield beef, nothing preternatural in it but the Chartisms and threatened street-barriades, and this not celestial but infernal!

Sure enough, I find, O Heavyside, England once was a Hierarchy; as every Human Society, not either dead or else hastening towards death, always is: but it has long ceased to be so to any tolerable degree of perfection; and is now, by its Hudson and other Testimonials, testifying in a silent way to the thoughtful, what otherwise, by its thousand-fold anarchic depravities, miseries, god-forgettings and open devil-worships, it has long loudly taught them to expect, that we are now wending towards the culmination in this particular. That to the modern English populations, Supreme Hero and

Supreme Scoundrel are, perhaps as nearly as is possible to human ereatures, indistinguishable. That it is totally uneertain, perhaps even the odds against you, whether the figure whom said population mount to the place of honor, is not in Nature and Faet *dishonorable*; whether the man to whom they raise a column does not deserve a coal-shaft. And in fine, poor devils, that their universal suffrage, as spoken, as aeted, meditated, and imagined; universal suffrage, — I do not say ballot-boxed and eunningly eonstitutionalized, but boiled, distilled, digested, quintesseneed, till you get into the very heart's heart of it, — is, to the rational soul, except for stoek-exchange, and the like very humble praetieal purposes, worth express *zero*, or nearly so. I think probably as near zero as the unassisted human faeulties and destinies ever eame, or are like to eome.

Hierarehy? O Heaven! If Chaos himself sat umpire, what better could *he* do? Here are a set of human demigods, as if ehosen to his hand. Hierarchy with a vengeance! — if instead of God, a vulpine beggarly Beelzebub or swollen Mammon were our Supreme *Hieros* or Holy, this would be a Hierarchy! I say, if you want Chaos for your master, adopt this; — if you don't, I beg you make haste to adopt some other; for this is the broad way to him! The Eternal Anareh, with his old waggling addle-head full of mere windy rumor, and his old insatiable paunch full of mere hunger and indigestion tragieally blended, and the hissing diseord of all the Four Elements persuasively pleading to him, — he, set to ehoose, would be very apt to vote for such a set of demigods to you.

As to the Statues, I know they are but symptoms of Anarehy; it is not they, it is the Anarehy, that one is anxious to see abated. Remedy for the Statues will be possible; and, as a small help, undoubtedly it too, in the mean time, is desirable. Every symptom you drive in being a curtailment of the malady, by all means eure this Statue-building if you can! It will be one folly and misery less.

Government is loath to interfere with the pursuits of any class of citizens; and oftenest looks on in silence while follies are committed. But Government does interfere to prevent afflictive accumulations on the streets, mal-odorous or other unsanitary public procedures of an extensive sort; regulates gully-drains, cesspools; prohibits the piling up of dung-heaps; and is especially strict on the matter of indecent exposures. Wherever the health of the citizens is concerned, much more where their soul's health, and as it were their very salvation, is concerned, all Governments that are not chimerical make haste to interfere.

Now if dung-heaps laid on the streets, afflictive to the mere nostrils, are a subject for interference, what, we ask, are high columns, raised by prurient stupidity and public delusion, to blockheads whose memory does in eternal fact deserve the sinking of a coal-shaft rather? Give to every one what he deserves, what really is his: in all scenes and situations thou shalt do that,—or in very truth woe will betide thee, as sure as thou art living, and as thy Maker lives. Blockhead, this big Gambler swollen to the edge of bursting, he is not “great” and honorable; he is huge and abominable! Thou shalt honor the right man, and not honor the wrong, under penalties of an alarming nature. Honor Barabbas the Robber, thou shalt sell old-clothes through the cities of the world; shalt accumulate sordid moneys, with a curse on every coin of them, and be spit upon for eighteen hundred years. Raise statues to the swollen Gambler as if he were great, sacrifice oblations to the King of Scrip,—unfortunate mortals, you will dearly pay for it yet. Quiet as Nature's counting-house and scrip-ledgers are, no faintest item is ever blotted out from them, for or against; and to the last doit that account too will have to be settled. Rigorous as Destiny;—she *is* Destiny. Chancery or Fetter-Lane is soft to her, when the day of settlement comes. With her, in the way of abatement, of oblivion, neither gods nor man prevail. “Abatement? That is not our way of doing business; the time has run out, the debt it appears is due.” Will the law of gravitation “abate” for you? Gravitation acts at the rate of sixteen feet per second,

in spite of all prayers. Were it the crash of a Solar System, or the fall of a Yarmouth Herring, all one to gravitation.

Is the fall of a stone certain; and the fruit of an unwisdom doubtful? You unfortunate beings! Have you forgotten it; in this immense improvement of machinery, cheapening of cotton, and general astonishing progress of the species lately? With such extension of journals, human cultures, universities, periodic and other literatures, mechanics' institutes, reform of prison-discipline, abolition of capital punishment, enfranchisement by ballot, report of parliamentary speeches, and singing for the million? You did not know that the Universe had *laws* of right and wrong; you fancied the Universe was an oblivious greedy blockhead, like one of yourselves; attentive to scrip mainly; and willing, where there was no practical scrip, to forget and forgive? And so, amid such universal blossoming forth of useful knowledges, miraculous to the thinking editor everywhere,—the soul of all “knowledge,” not knowing which a man is dark and reduced to the condition of a beaver, has been omitted by you? You have omitted it, and you should have included it! The thinking editor never missed *it*, so busy wondering and worshipping elsewhere; but it is not here.

And alas, apart from editors, are there not men appointed specially to keep you in mind of it; solemnly set apart for that object, thousands of years ago? Crabbe, descanting “on the so-called Christian *Clerus*,” has this wild passage: “Legions of them, in their black or other gowns, I still meet in every country; masquerading, in strange costume of body, and still stranger of soul; mumming, primming, grimacing,—poor devils, shamming, and endeavoring not to sham: that is the sad fact. Brave men many of them, after their sort; and in a position which we may admit to be wonderful and dreadful! On the outside of their heads some singular head-gear, tulip-mitre, felt coal-scuttle, purple hat; and in the inside,—I must say, such a Theory of God Almighty’s Universe as I, for my share, am right thankful to have no concern with at all! I think, on the whole, as broken-winged, self-strangled, monstrous a mass of incoherent incredibilities, as ever dwelt in the

human brain before. O God, giver of Light, hater of Darkness, of Hypocrisy and Cowardice, how long, how long!

“For two centuries now it lasts. The men whom God has made, whole nations and generations of them, are steeped in Hypocrisy from their birth upwards; taught that external varnish is the chief duty of man, — that the vice which is the deepest in Gehenna is the virtue highest in Heaven. Out of which, do you ask what follows? Look round on a world all bristling with insurrectionary pikes; Kings and Papas flying like detected coiners; and in their stead Icaria, Red Republic, new religion of the Anti-Virgin, Literature of Desperation curiously conjoined with Phallus-Worship, too clearly heralding centuries of bottomless Anarchy: hitherto one in the million looking with mournful recognition on it, silently with sad thoughts too unutterable; and to help in healing it not one anywhere hitherto.”

But as to Statues, I really think the Woods-and-Forests ought to interfere. When a company of persons have determined to set up a Brazen Image, there decidedly arises, besides the question of their own five-pound subscriptions, which men of spirit and money capital without employment, and with the prospect of seeing their names in the Newspapers at the cheap price of five pounds, are very prompt with, — another question, not nearly so easy of solution. Namely, this quite preliminary question: Will it permanently profit mankind to have such a Hero as this of yours set up for their admiration, for their imitation and emulation; or will it, so far as they do not reject and with success disregard it altogether, unspeakably tend to damage and disprofit them? In a word, does this Hero's memory deserve a high column; are you sure it does not deserve a deep coal-shaft rather? This is an entirely fundamental question! Till this question be answered well in the affirmative, there ought to be a total stop of progress; the misguided citizens ought to be admonished, and even gently constrained, to take back their five-pound notes; to desist from their rash deleterious enterprise, and retire to their affairs, a repentant body of misguided citizens.

But farther still, and supposing the first question perfectly disposed of, there comes a second, grave too, though much less peremptory: Is this Statue of yours a worthy commemoration of a sacred man? Is it so excellent in point of Art that we can, with credit, set it up in our market-places as a respectable approach to the Ideal? Or, alas, is it not such an amorphous brazen sooterkin, bred of prurient heat and darkness, as falls, if well seen into, far below the Real? The Real, if you will stand by it, is respectable. The coarsest hob-nailed pair of shoes, if honestly made according to the laws of fact and leather, are not ugly; they are honest, and fit for their object; the highest eye may look on them without displeasure, nay with a kind of satisfaction. This rude packing-case, it is faithfully made; square to the rule, and formed with rough-and-ready strength against injury;—fit for its use; not a pretentious *hypocrisy*, but a modest serviceable *fact*; whoever pleases to look upon it, will find the image of a humble manfulness in it, and will pass on with some infinitesimal impulse to thank the gods.

But this your “Ideal,” my misguided fellow-citizens? Good Heavens, are you in the least aware what damage, in the very sources of their existence, men get from Cockney Sooterkins saluting them publicly as models of Beauty? I charitably feel you have not the smallest notion of it, or you would shriek at the proposal! Can you, my misguided friends, think it humane to set up, in its present uncomfortable form, this blotch of mismolten copper and zinc, out of which good warming-pans might be made? That all men should see this; innocent young creatures, still in arms, be taught to think this beautiful;—and perhaps women in an interesting situation look up to it as they pass? I put it to your religious feeling, to your principles as men and fathers of families!

These questions the Woods-and-Forests, or some other Public Tribunal constituted for the purpose, really ought to ask, in a deliberate speaking manner, on the part of the speechless suffering Populations: it is the preliminary of all useful Statue-building. Till both these questions are well

answered, the Woods-and-Forests should refuse permission; advise the misguided citizens to go home and repent. Really, if this Statue-humor go on, and grow as it has lately done, there will be such a Public-Statue Board requisite; or the Woods-and-Forests will have to interfere, with such imperfect law as now is.

The Woods-and-Forests, or if not they, then the Commissioners of Sewers, Sanitary Board, Scavenger Board, Cleansing Committee, or whoever holds or can usurp a little of the ædile authority, — cannot some of them, in the name of sense and common decency, interfere at least thus far? Namely, to admonish the misguided citizens, subscribers to the next Brazen Monster, or sad sculptural solecism, the emblem of far sadder moral ones; and exhort them, three successive times, to make warming-pans of it and repent; — or failing that, finding them obstinate, to say with authority: “Well then, persist; set up your Brazen Calf, ye misguided citizens, and worship it, you, since you will and can. But observe, let it be done in secret: not in public; we say, in secret, at your peril! You have pleased to create a new Monster into this world; but to make him patent to public view, we, for our part, beg not to please. Observe, therefore. Build a high enough brick case or joss-house for your Brazen Calf; with undiaphanous walls, and lighted by sky-windows only: put your Monster into that, and keep him there. Thither go at your pleasure, there assemble yourselves, and worship your bellyful, you absurd idolaters; ruin your own souls only, and leave the poor Population alone; the poor speechless unconscious Population, whom we are bound to protect, and will!” To this extent, I think the Woods-and-Forests might reasonably interfere.

JESUITISM.

[1st August, 1850.]

As in the history of human things, which needs above all to abridge itself, it happens usually that the chief actors in great events and great epochs give their name to the series, and are loosely reputed the causers and authors of them; as a German Reformation is called of Luther, and a French Reign of Terror passes for the work of Robespierre, and from the *Æneid* and earlier this has been the wont: so it may be said these current, and now happily moribund, times of ours are worthy to be called, in loose language, the Age of Jesuitism,—an epoch whose Palinurus is the wretched mortal known among men as Ignatius Loyola. For some two centuries the genius of mankind has been dominated by the gospel of Ignatius, perhaps the strangest and certainly among the fatalest ever preached hitherto under the sun. Some acquaintance, out of *Bartoli* and others, I have made with that individual, and from old years have studied the workings of him; and to me he seems historically definable, he more than another, as the poison-fountain from which these rivers of bitterness that now submerge the world have flowed.

Counting from the “ever-blessed Restoration,” or the advent of that singular new Defender of the Faith called Charles Second, it is about two hundred years since we ourselves commenced that bad course; and deeply detesting the name of St. Ignatius, did nevertheless gradually adopt his gospel as the real revelation of God’s will, and the solid rule of living in this world; rule long since grown perfectly accredited, complete in all its parts, and reigning supreme among us in all spiritual and social matters whatsoever. The singular gospel, or revelation of God’s will! That to please the supreme Fountain of Truth your readiest method, now and

then, was to persist in believing what your whole soul found to be doubtful or incredible. That poor human symbols were higher than the God Almighty's facts they symbolized; that formulas, with or without the facts symbolized by them, were sacred and salutary; that formulas, well persisted in, could still save us when the facts were all fled! A new revelation to mankind; not heard of in human experience, till Ignatius revealed it to us. That, in substance, was the contribution of Ignatius to the well-being of mankind. Under that thrice-stygian gospel we have all of us, Papist and at length Protestant too, this long while sat; a "doctrine of devils," I do think, if there ever was one; — and are now, ever since 1789, with endless misery and astonishment, confusedly awakening out of the same, uncertain whether towards swift agony of social death, or towards slow martyrdom of recovery into spiritual and social life.

Not that poor Loyola did all the feat himself, — any more than Luther, Robespierre, and other such did in the parallel cases. By no means. Not in his poor person shall the wretched Loyola bear the guilt of poisoning the world: the world was, as it were, in quest of poison; in the sure course of being poisoned; and would have got it done by some one: Loyola is the historical symbol to us of its being done. The most conspicuous and ostentatious of the world's poisoners; who, solemnly consecrating all the rest in the name of holiness or spiritual *Health*, has got the work of poisoning to go on with never-imagined completeness and acceleration in all quarters; and is worthy to have it called after him a *Jesuitism*, and be blamed by men (how judged by God, we know not) for doing it. That it is done, there is the sad fact for us: which infinitely concerns every living soul of us; what Ignatius got or is to get for doing it, — this shall not concern us at all.

And so, before dismissing busy English readers to their autumnal grouse-shooting, — the *ramadhan*, sacred fast, or month of meditative solitude and devout prayer, now in use among the English, — I have one sad thing to do: lead them a little

to the survey of Ignatius and our universal Jesuitism ; and ask them, in Heaven's name, if they will answer such a question, What they think of it, and of their share in it ? For this is the central and parent phenomenon ; the great Tartarean Deep, this, whence all our miseries, fatuities, futilities spring ; the accursed Hela's realm, tenanted by foul creatures, ministers of Death Eternal, out of which poor mortals, each for himself, are called to escape if they can ! Who is there that can escape ; that can become alive to the terrible necessity of escaping ? By way of finish to this offensive and alarming set of Pamphlets, I have still one crowning offence and alarm to try if I can give. The message, namely, That under all those Cannibal Connaughts, Distressed Needlewomen, and other woes nigh grown intolerable, there lies a still deeper Infinite of woe and guilt, chargeable on every one of us ; and that till this abate, essentially those never will or can.

That our English solitaires, any noticeable number of them, in their grouse *ramadhan*, or elsewhere, will accept the message, and see this thing for my poor showing, is more than I expect. Not willingly or joyfully do men become conscious that they are afloat, they and their affairs, upon the Pool of Erebus, now nameless in polite speech ; and that all their miseries, social and private, are fountains springing out of that, and like to spring perennially with ever more copiousness, till once you get away from that ! — And yet who knows ? Here and there a thinking English soul, the reflection, the devotion, not yet quite deafened out of him by perpetual noise and babble ; such a soul — left silent in the solitude of some Highland corry, waiting perhaps till the gillies drive his deer up to him — may catch a glimpse of it, take a thought of it ; may prosecute his thought ; fling down, with terror, his Joe-Mantor and percussion-caps, and fly to a better kind of *ramadhan*, towards another kind of life ! Sure enough, if one in the thousand see at all, in this sad matter, what I see and have long seen in it, his life either suddenly or gradually will alter in several particulars ; and his sorrow, apprehension and amazement will probably grow upon him, the longer he considers this affair ; and his life, I think, will alter ever farther ; — and he,

this one in a thousand, will forgive me, and be thankful to the Heavens and me, while he continues in this world or in any world! —

The Spiritual, it is still often said, but is not now sufficiently considered, is the parent and first-cause of the Practical. The Spiritual everywhere originates the Practical, models it, makes it: so that the saddest external condition of affairs, among men, is but evidence of a still sadder internal one. For as thought is the life-fountain and motive-soul of action, so, in all regions of this human world, whatever outward thing offers itself to the eye, is merely the garment or body of a thing which already existed invisibly within; which, striving to give itself expression, has found, in the given circumstances, that it could and would express itself — so. This is everywhere true; and in these times when men's attention is directed outward rather, this deserves far more attention than it will receive.

Do you ask why misery abounds among us? I bid you look into the notion we have formed for ourselves of this Universe, and of our duties and destinies there. If it is a true notion, we shall strenuously reduce it to practice, — for who dare or can contradict his *faith*, whatever it may be, in the Eternal Fact that is around him? — and thereby blessings and success will attend us in said Universe, or Eternal Fact we live amidst: of that surely there is no doubt. All revelations and intimations, heavenly and earthly, assure us of that; only a Philosophy of Bedlam could throw a doubt on that! Blessings and success, most surely, if our notion of this Universe, and our battle in it be a true one; not curses and futilities, except it be not true. For battle, in any case, I think we shall not want; harsh wounds, and the heat of the day, we shall have to stand: but it will be a noble godlike and human battle, not an ignoble devil-like and brutal one; and our wounds, and sore toils (what we in our impatience call “miseries”), will themselves be blessed to us.

But if, on the other hand, it were a false notion which we believed; alas, if it were even a false notion which we only pretended to believe? What battle can there be, in that latter

fatal case! Our faith, or notion of this Universe, is not false only, but it is the father of falsity; a thing that destroys itself, and is equivalent to the death of all notion, all belief or motive to action, except what the appetites and the astucities may yield. We have then the thrice-baleful Universe of Cant, prophesied for these Latter Days; and no "battle," but a kind of bigger Donnybrook one, is possible for hapless mortals till that alter. Faith, Fact, Performance, in all high and gradually in all low departments, go about their business; Inanity well tailored and upholstered, mild-spoken Ambiguity, decorous Hypocrisy which is astonished you should think it hypocritical, taking their room and drawing their wages: from zenith to nadir, you have Cant, Cant, — a Universe of Incredibilities which are not even credited, which each man at best only tries to persuade himself that he credits. Do you expect a divine battle, with noble victories, out of this? I expect a Hudson's Statue from it, brisk trade in scrip, with Distressed Needlewomen, Cannibal Connaughts, and other the like phenomena, such as we now everywhere see!

Indisputably enough, what notion each forms of the Universe is the all-regulating fact with regard to him. The Universe makes no immediate objection to be conceived in any way; pictures itself as plainly in the seeing faculty of Newton's Dog Diamond, as of Newton; and yields to each a result accurately corresponding. To the Dog Diamond dogs'-meat, with its adjuncts, better or worse; to Newton discovery of the System of the Stars. — Not the Universe's affair at all; but the seeing party's affair very much, for the results to each correspond, with exact proportion, to his notion of it.

The saddest condition of human affairs, what ancient Prophets denounced as "the Throne of Iniquity," where men "decree injustice by a law:" all this, with its thousand-fold outer miseries, is still but a symptom; all this points to a far sadder disease which lies invisible within! In new dialect, whatever modified interpretation we may put upon it, the same must be said as in old: "God's judgments are abroad in the world;" and it would much behoove many of us to know well that the essential fact lies there and not elsewhere. If we "sin against

God," it is most certain "God's judgments" will overtake us; and whether we recognize them as God's message like men, or merely rage and writhe under them like dogs, and in our blind agony, each imputing it to his neighbor, tear one another in pieces under them, it is certain they will continue upon us till we either cease "sinning," or are all torn in pieces and annihilated.

Wide-spread suffering, mutiny and delirium; the hot rage of sansculottic Insurrections, the cold rage of resuscitated Tyrannies; the brutal degradation of the millions, the pampered frivolity of the units; that awful unheeded spectacle, "the Throne of Iniquity decreeing injustice by a law," as the just eye can see it everywhere doing:—certainly something must be wrong in the inner man of the world, since its outer man is so terribly out of square! The deliverer of the world, therefore, were not he who headed sansculottic insurrections never so successful, but he who pointed out to the world what nightmares were resting over its soul. Ignatius Loyola, and the innumerable company, Papist, Protestant, Sham-christian, Anti-christian, that have believed *his* revelation; universal prevalence, from pole to pole, of such a "doctrine of devils;" reverent or quasi-reverent faith in the dead human formulas, and somnolent contempt of the divine ever-living facts, such as reigns now, consecrated and supreme, in all commonwealths and countries, and hearts of men; the Human Species, as it were, unconsciously or consciously, gone all to one Sodality of Jesuitism: who will deliver us from the body of this death! It is in truth like death-in-life; a living-criminal (as in the old Roman days) with a *corpse* lashed fast to him. What wretch could have deserved such a doom?

As to this Ignatius, I am aware he is admired, and even transcendently admired, or what we call worshipped, by multitudes of human creatures, who to this day expect, or endeavor to expect, some kind of salvation from him;—whom it is so painful to enrage against me, if I could avoid it! Undoubtedly Ignatius, centuries ago, gave satisfaction to the Devil's-Advocate, the Pope and other parties interested; was

canonized, named Saint, and raised duly into Heaven officially so called ; whereupon, with many, he passes, ever since, for a kind of God, or person who has much influence with the gods. — Alas, the admiration, and transcendent admiration, of mankind, goes a strange road in these times ! Hudson too had his canonization : and by *Vox Populi*, if not by Pope and Devil's Advocate, was raised to a kind of brass Olympus by mankind ; and rode there for a year or two ; — though he is already gone to warming-pans again. A poor man, in our day, has many gods foisted on him ; and big voices bid him, "Worship, or be —— !" in a menacing and confusing manner. What shall he do ? By far the greater part of said gods, current in the public, whether canonized by Pope or Populus, are mere dumb Apises and beatified Prize-oxen ; — nay some of them, who have articulate faculty, are devils instead of gods. A poor man that would save his soul alive is reduced to the sad necessity of sharply trying his gods whether they are divine or not ; which is a terrible pass for mankind, and lays an awful problem upon each man. The man must do it, however. At his own peril he will have to do this problem too, which is one of the awfulest ; and his neighbors, all but a most select portion of them, portion generally *not* clad in official tiaras, can be of next to no help to him in it, nay rather will infinitely hinder him in it, as matters go. If Ignatius, worshipped by millions as a kind of god, is, in eternal fact, a kind of devil, or enemy of whatsoever is godlike in man's existence, surely it is pressing expedient that men were made aware of it ; that men, with whatever earnestness is yet in them, laid it awfully to heart !

Prim friend with the black serge gown, with the rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle, — scowl not on me. If in thy poor heart, under its rosaries, there dwell any human piety, awe-struck reverence towards the Supreme Maker, devout compassion towards this poor Earth and her sons, — scowl not anathema on me, listen to me ; for I swear thou art my brother, in spite of rosaries and scapularies ; and I recognize thee, though thou canst not me ; and with love and pity know thee for a brother, though

enchanted into the condition of a spiritual mummy. Hapless creature, curse me not; listen to me, and consider; — perhaps even thou wilt escape from mummyhood, and become once more a living soul!

Of Ignatius, then, I must take leave to say, there can this be recorded, that probably he has done more mischief in the Earth than any man born since. A scandalous mortal, O brethren of mankind who live by truth and not by falsity, I must call this man. Altogether, — here where I stand, looking on millions of poor pious brothers reduced to spiritual mummyhood, who curse me because I try to speak the truth to them, and on a whole world canting and grimacing from birth to death, and finding in their life two serious indubitabilities, *Cookery* and *Scrip*, — how, if he is the representative and chief fountain of all this, can I call him other than the superlative of scandals? A bad man, I think; not good by nature; and by destiny swollen into a very Ahriman of badness. Not good by nature, I perceive. A man born greedy; whose greatness in the beginning, and even in the end if we will look well, is indicated chiefly by the depth of his appetite: not the recommendable kind of man! A man full of prurient elements from the first; which at the last, through his long course, have developed themselves over the family of mankind into an expression altogether tremendous.

A young Spanish soldier and hidalgo with hot Biscayan blood, distinguished, as I understand, by his fierce appetites chiefly, by his audacities and sensualities, and loud unreasonable decision That this Universe, in spite of rumors to the contrary, was a *Cookery-shop* and *Bordel*, wherein garlic, jamaica-pepper, unfortunate females and other spicery and garnishing awaited the bold human appetite, and the rest of it was mere rumor and moonshine: with this life-theory and practice had Ignatius lived some thirty years, a hot human Papin's-digester and little other; when, on the walls of Pampeluna, the destined cannon-shot shattered both his legs, — leaving his head, hitting only his legs, so the Destinies would have it, — and he fell at once totally prostrate, a wrecked

Papin's-digester; lay many weeks horizontal, and had in that tedious posture to commence a new series of reflections. He began to perceive now that "the rest of it" was not mere rumor and moonshine; that the rest was, in fact, the whole secret of the matter. That the Cookery-shop and Bordel was a magical delusion, a sleight-of-hand of Satan, to lead Ignatius down, by garlic and finer temporal spiceries, to eternal Hell; — and that in short he, Ignatius, had lived hitherto as a degraded ferocious Human Pig, one of the most perfect scoundrels; and was, at that date, no other than a blot on Creation, and a scandal to mankind.

With which set of reflections who could quarrel? The reflections were true, were salutary; nay there was something of sacred in them, — as in the repentance of man, in the discovery by erring man that wrong is not right, that wrong differs from right as deep Hell from high Heaven, there ever is. Ignatius's soul was in convulsions, in agonies of new-birth; for which I honor Ignatius. Human sincerity could not but have told him: "Yes, in several respects, thou art a detestable Human Pig, and disgrace to the family of man; for which it behooves thee to be in nameless remorse, till thy life either mend or end. Consider, there as thou liest with thy two legs smashed, the peccant element that is in thee; discover it, rigorously tear it out; reflect what farther thou wilt do. A life yet remains; to be led, clearly, in some new manner: how wilt thou lead it? Sit silent for the rest of thy days? In some most modest seclusion, hide thyself from a human-kind which has been dishonored by thee? Thy sin being pruriency of appetite, give that at least no farther scope under any old or new form?"

I admit, the question was not easy. Think, in this his wrecked horizontal position, what could or should the poor individual called Inigo, Ignatius, or whatever the first name of him was, have done? Truly for Ignatius the question was very complicated. But, had he asked from Nature and the Eternal Oracles a remedy for wrecked sensualism, here surely was one thing that would have suggested itself: To annihilate his pruriency. To cower, silent and ashamed, into some dim

corner; and resolve to make henceforth as little noise as possible. That would have been modest, salutary; that might have led to many other virtues, and gradually to all. That, I think, is what the small still voices would have told Ignatius, could he have heard them amid the loud bullyings and liturgyings; but he could n't, perhaps he never tried; — and *that*, accordingly, was not what Ignatius resolved upon.

In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of, inclines me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and brave man, should have consented, at this point, to be damned, — as was clear to him that he deserved to be. Here would have been a healing solace to his conscience; one transcendent act of virtue which it still lay with him, the worst of sinners, to do. “To die forever, as I have deserved; let Eternal Justice triumph *so*, by means of me and my foul scandals, since otherwise it may not!” *Selbsttödtung*, Annihilation of Self, justly reckoned the beginning of all virtue: here is the highest form of it, still possible to the lowest man. The voice of Nature this, to a repentant outcast sinner turning again towards the realms of manhood; — and I understand it is the precept of all right Christianity too. But no, Ignatius could not, in his lowest abasement, consent to have justice done on him, not on *him*, ah no; — and there lay his crime and his misfortune, which has brought such penalty on him and us.

The truth is, it was not of Eternal Nature and her Oracles that Ignatius inquired, poor man; it was of Temporary Art and *hers*, and these sang not of self-annihilation, or Ignatius would not hear that part of their song. Not so did Ignatius read the omens. “My pruriency being terribly forbidden on one side, let it,” thought Ignatius, deeply unconscious of such a thought, “have terrible course on another. Garlic-cookery and such like excitations are accursed to me forever; but cannot I achieve something that shall still assert my *Ego* I in a highly gratifying manner?” Alas, human sincerity, hard as his scourging had been, was not quite attainable by him. In his frantic just agonies, he flung himself before the shrine of Virgin Marys, Saints of the Romish Calendar, three-hatte

Holy Fathers, and uncertain Thaumaturgic Entities; praying that he might be healed by miracle, not by course of nature; and that, for one most fatal item, his pruriency of appetite might, under new inverse forms, — continue with him. Which prayer, we may say, was granted.

In the depths of his despair, all Nature glooming veritable reprobation on him, and Eternal Justice whispering, "*Accept what thou hast merited,*" there rose this altogether turbid semi-artificial glare of hope upon Ignatius, "The Virgin will save me, the Virgin has saved me:" — Well and good, I say; then be quiet, and let us see some temperance and modesty in you. Far otherwise did Ignatius resolve: temperance and true modesty were not among the gifts of this precious individual the Virgin had been at the pains to save. Many plans Ignatius tried to make his *Ego* I still available on Earth, and still keep Heaven open for him. His pilgrimings and battlings, his silent sufferings and wrestlings for that object, are enormous, and reach the highest pitch of the prurient-heroic. At length, after various failures and unsatisfactory half-successes, it struck him: "Has not there lately been a sort of revolt against the Virgin, and the Holy Father who takes care of her? Certain infernal Heresiarchs in Germany and elsewhere, I am told, have risen up against the Holy Father, arguing with terrible plausibility that he is an Unholy Phantasm: he; — and if so, what am I and my outlooks! A new light, presumably of Hell, has risen to that effect; which new light — why cannot I vow here, and consecrate myself, to battle against, and with my whole strength endeavor to extinguish?" That was the task Ignatius fixed upon as his; and at that he has been busy, he and an immense and ever-increasing sodality of mortals, these three hundred years; and, through various fortune, they have brought it thus far. Truly to one of the most singular predicaments the affairs of mankind ever stood in before.

If the new light is of Hell, O Ignatius, right: but if of Heaven, there is not, that I know of, any equally damnable sin as thine! No; thy late Pighood itself is trivial in comparison. Frantic mortal, wilt thou, at the bidding of any

Papa, war against Almighty God? Is there no "inspiration," then, but an ancient Jewish, Greekish, Romish one, with big revenues, loud liturgies and red stockings? The Pope is old; but Eternity, thou shalt observe, is older. High-treason against all the Universe is dangerous to do. Quench not among us, I advise thee, the monitions of that thrice-sacred gospel, holier than all gospels, which dwells in each man direct from the Maker of him! Frightfully will it be avenged on thee, and on all that follow thee; to the sixth generation and farther, all men shall lie under this gigantic Upas-tree thou hast been planting; terribly will the gods avenge it on thee, and on all thy Father Adam's house!

Ignatius's black militia, armed with this precious message of salvation, have now been campaigning over all the world for about three hundred years; and openly or secretly have done a mighty work over all the world. Who can count what a work! Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the Good Cause he must call the Devil to his aid, there is a follower of Unsaint Ignatius; not till the last of these men has vanished from the Earth will our account with Ignatius be quite settled, and his black militia have got their mittimus to Chaos again. They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word "Jesuitism" now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in Nature no prototype before. Not till these late centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it. Truly they have achieved great things in the world; and a general result which we may call stupendous. Not victory for Ignatius and the black militia,—no, till the Universe itself become a cunningly devised Fable, and God the Maker abdicate in favor of Beelzebub, I do not see how "victory" can fall on that side! But they have done such deadly execution on the general soul of man; and have wrought such havoc on the terrestrial and supernal interests

of this world, as insure to Jesuitism a long memory in human annals.

How many three-hatted Papas, and scandalous Consecrated Phantasms, cleric and laic, convicted or not yet suspected to be Phantasms and servants of the Devil and not of God, does it still retain in existence in all corners of this afflicted world! Germany had its War of Thirty Years, among other wars, on this subject; and had there not been elsewhere a nobler loyalty to God's Cause than was to be found in Germany at that date, Ignatius with his rosaries and gibbet-ropes, with his honey-mouthed Fathers Lämmerlein in black serge, and heavy-fisted Fathers Wallenstein in chain armor, must have carried it; and that alarming Lutheran new-light would have been got extinguished again. The Continent once well quenched out, it was calculated England might soon be made to follow, and then the whole world were blessed with orthodoxy. So it had been computed. But Gustavus, a man prepared to die if needful, Gustavus with his Swedes appeared upon the scene; nay shortly Oliver Cromwell with his Puritans appeared upon it; and the computation quite broke down. Beyond seas and within seas, the Wallensteins and Lämmerleins, the Hyacinths and Andreas Habernfelds, the Lauds and Charleses, — in fine, Ignatius and all that held of him, — had to cower into their holes again, and try it by new methods. Many were their methods, their fortune various; and ever and anon, to the hope or the terror of this and the other man of weak judgment, it has seemed that victory was just about to crown Ignatius. True, too true, the execution done upon the soul of mankind has been enormous and tremendous; but victory to Ignatius there has been none, — and will and can be none.

Nay at last, ever since 1789 and '93, the figure of the quarrel has much altered; and the hope for Ignatius (except to here and there a man of weak judgment) has become a flat impossibility. For Luther and Protestantism Proper having, so to speak, withdrawn from the battle-field, as entities whose work was done, there then appeared on it Jean Jacques and French Sansculottism; to which all creatures have gradually joined themselves. Whereby now we have Protestantism

Improper, — a Protestantism universal and illimitable on the part of all men; the whole world risen into anarchic mutiny, with pike and paving-stone; swearing by Heaven above and also by Hell beneath, by the Eternal Yea and the Eternal No, that Ignatius and Imposture shall not rule them any more, neither in soul nor in body nor in breeches-pocket any more; but that they will go unrulèd rather, — as they hope it will be possible for them to do. This is Ignatius's "destruction" of Protestantism: he has destroyed it into Sansculottism, such a form of all-embracing Protestantism as was never dreamt of by the human soul before. So that now, at last, there is hope of final death and rest to Ignatius and his labors. Ignatius, I perceive, is now sure to die, and be abolished before long; nay is already dead, and will not even *galvanize* much farther; but, in fine, is hourly sinking towards the Abyss, — dragging much along with him thither. Whole worlds along with him: such continents of things, once living and beautiful, now dead and horrible; things once sacred, now not even commonly profane: — fearful and wonderful, to every thinking heart and seeing eye, in these days! That is the answer, slowly enunciated, but irrevocable and indubitable, which Ignatius gets in Heaven's High Court, when he appeals there, asking, "Am I a *Sanctus* or not, as the Papa and his Devil's-Advocate told me I was?"

The "vivaciousness" of Jesuitism is much spoken of, as a thing creditable. And truly it is remarkable, though I think in the way of wonder even more than of admiration, what a quantity of killing it does require. To say nothing of the Cromwells and Gustavuses, and what they did, they and theirs, — it is near a century now since Pombal and Aranda, secular and not divine men, yet useful antiseptic products of their generation, felt called, if not consciously by Heaven, then by Earth which is unconsciously a bit of Heaven, to cut down this scandal from the world, and make the earth rid of Jesuitism for one thing. What a wide-sweeping sheer they gave it, as with the sudden scythe of universal death, is well known; and how, mown down from side to side of the world in one

day, it had to lie sorrowfully slain and withering under the sun. After all which, nay after 1793 itself, does not Jesuitism still pretend to be alive, and in this year 1850, still (by dint of steady galvanism) show some quivering in its fingers and toes? Vivacious, sure enough; and I suppose there must be reasons for it, which it is well to note withal. But what if such vivaciousness were, in good part, like that of evil weeds; if the "strength" of Jesuitism were like that of typhus-fever, not a recommendable kind of strength!

I hear much also of "obedience," how that and the kindred virtues are prescribed and exemplified by Jesuitism; the truth of which, and the merit of which, far be it from me to deny. Obedience, a virtue universally forgotten in these days, will have to become universally known again. Obedience is good, and indispensable: but if it be obedience to what is wrong and false, — good Heavens, there is no name for such a depth of human cowardice and calamity; spurned everlastingly by the gods. Loyalty? Will you be loyal to Beelzebub? Will you "make a covenant with Death and Hell"? I will not be loyal to Beelzebub; I will become a nomadic Choctaw rather, a barricading Sansculotte, a Conciliation-Hall repealer; anything and everything is venial to that.

The virtues of Jesuitism, seasoned with that fatal condiment, are other than quite virtuous! To cherish pious thoughts, and assiduously keep your eye directed to a Heaven that is not real: will that yield divine life to you, or hideous galvanic life-in-death? To cherish many quasi-human virtues, really many possibilities of virtue; and wed them all to the principle that God can be served by believing what is not true: to put out the sacred lamp of Intellect within you; to decide on maiming yourself of that higher godlike gift, which God himself has given you with a silent but awful charge in regard to it; to be bullied and bowowed out of your loyalty to the God of Light by big Phantasms and three-hatted Chimeras: can I call that by the name of nobleness or human courage? — "Could not help it," say you? If "a man cannot help it," a man must allow me to say he has unfortunately given the most conspicuous proof of caitiffhood that lay within his

human possibility, and he must cease to brag to me about his "virtues," in that sad case !

But, in fact, the character of the poor creature named Ignatius, whether it be good or bad and worst, concerns us little ; not even that of the specific Jesuit Body concerns us much. The Jesuits proper have long since got their final mittimus from England. Nor, in the seventeenth century, — with an ubiquitous alarming Toby Mathews, Andreas Habernfeld and Company ; with there a Father Hyacinth, and here a William Laud and Charles First, — was this by any means so light a business as we now fancy. But it has been got accomplished. Long now have the English People understood that Jesuits proper, in so far as they are not Nothing (which is the commonest case), are servants of the Prince of Darkness : by Puritan Cromwelliads on the great scale, and on the small by diligent hunting, confinement in the Clink Prison, and judicial tribulation, — let us say, by earnest pious thought and fight, and the labors of the valiant born to us, — this country has been tolerably cleared of Jesuits proper ; nor is there danger of their ever coming to a head here again. But, alas, the expulsion of the Jesuit Body avails us little, when the Jesuit *Soul* has so nestled itself in the life of mankind everywhere. What we have to complain of is, that all men are become Jesuits ! That no man speaks the truth to you or to himself, but that every man lies, — with blasphemous audacity, and does not know that he is lying, — before God and man, in regard to almost all manner of things. This is the fell heritage bequeathed us by Ignatius ; to this sad stage has our battle with him come.

Consider it, good reader ; — and yet alas, if thou be not one of a thousand, what is the use of bidding thee consider it ! The deadliest essence of the curse we now labor under is that the light of our inner eyesight is gone out ; that such things are not discernible by considering. "Cant and even sincere Cant : " O Heaven, when a man doing his sincerest is still but canting ! For this is the sad condition of the insincere man : he is doomed all his days to deal with insincerities ;

to live, move, and have his being in traditions and conventionalities. If the traditions have grown old, the conventionalities will be mostly false; true in no sense can they be for him: never shall he behold the truth of any matter; formulas, theologic, economic and other, certain superficial readings of truth, required in the market-place, these he will take with him, these he will apply dexterously, and with these he will have to satisfy himself. Sincerity shall not exist for him; he shall think that he has found it, while it is yet far away. The deep, awful and indeed divine quality of truth that lies in every object, and in virtue of which the object exists, — from his poor eyes this is forever hidden. Not with austere divine realities which belong to the Universe and to Eternity, but with paltry ambiguous phantasms, comfortable and uncomfortable, which belong to his own parish, and to the current week or generation, shall he pass his days.

There had been liars in the world; alas, never since the Old Serpent tempted Eve, had the world been free of liars, neither will it be: but there was in this of Jesuit Ignatius an apotheosis of falsity, a kind of subtle quintessence and deadly virus of lying, the like of which had never been seen before. Measure it, if you can; prussic-acid and chloroform are poor to it! Men had served the Devil, and men had very imperfectly served God; but to think that God could be served more perfectly by taking the Devil into partnership, — this was a novelty of St. Ignatius. And this is now no novelty; to such extent has the Jesuit chloroform stupefied us all. This is the universal faith and practice, for several generations past, of the class called good men in this world. They are in general mutineers, sausculottes, angry disorderly persons, and a class rather worthy to be called bad, who hitherto assert the contrary of this. "Be careful how you believe truth," cries the good man everywhere: "Composure and a whole skin are very valuable. Truth, — who knows?
 • — many things are not true; most things are uncertainties, very prosperous things are even open falsities that have been agreed upon. There is little certain truth going. If it is n't orthodox truth. it will play the very devil with you!"

Did the Human Species ever lie in such a soak of horrors, — sunk like steeping flax under the wide-spread fetid Hell-waters, — in all spiritual respects dead, dead; voiceless towards Heaven for centuries back; merely sending up, in the form of mute prayer, such an odor as the angels never smelt before! It has to lie there, till the worthless part has been rotted out; till much has been rotted out, I do perceive; — and perhaps the time has come when the precious *lint fibre* itself is in danger; and men, if they are not delivered, will cease to be men, or to be at all! O Heavens, with divine Hudson on this hand, and divine Ignatius on that, and the Gorham Controversy going on, and the Irish Tenant Agitation (which will soon become a Scotch and an English ditto) just about beginning, is not the hour now nearly come? Words fail us when we would speak of what Ignatius has done for men. Probably the most virulent form of sin which the Old Serpent has yet rejoiced in on our poor Earth. For me it is the deadliest high treason against God our Maker which the soul of man could commit.

And this, then, is the horrible conclusion we have arrived at, in England as in all countries; and with *less* protest against it hitherto, and not with more, in England than in other countries? That the great body of orderly considerate men; men affecting the name of good and pious, and who, in fact, excluding certain silent exceptional individuals one to the million, such as the Almighty Beneficence never quite withholds, are accounted our best men, — have unconsciously abnegated the sacred privilege and duty of acting or speaking the truth; and fancy that it is not truth that is to be acted, but that an amalgam of truth and falsity is the safe thing. In parliament and pulpit, in book and speech, in whatever spiritual thing men have to commune of, or to do together, this is the rule they have lapsed into, this is the pass they have arrived at. We have to report that Human Speech is not true! That it is false to a degree never witnessed in this world till lately. Such a subtle virus of falsity in the very essence of it, as far excels all open lying, or prior kinds of falsity; false with consciousness of

being sincere! The heart of the world is corrupted to the core; a detestable devil's-poison circulates in the life-blood of mankind; taints with abominable deadly malady all that mankind do. Such a curse never fell on men before.

For the falsity of speech rests on a far deeper falsity. False speech, as is inevitable when men long practise it, falsifies all things; the very thoughts, or fountains of speech and action become false. Ere long, by the appointed curse of Heaven, a man's intellect ceases to be capable of distinguishing truth, when he permits himself to deal in speaking or acting what is false. Watch well the tongue, for out of it are the issues of life! Oh, the foul leprosy that heaps itself in monstrous accumulation over Human Life, and obliterates all the divine features of it into one hideous mountain of purulent disease, when Human Life parts company with truth; and fancies, taught by Ignatius or another, that lies will be the salvation of it! We of these late centuries have suffered as the sons of Adam never did before; hebetated, sunk under mountains of torpid leprosy; and studying to persuade ourselves that this is health.

And if we have awakened from the sleep of death into the Sorcerer's Sabbath of Anarchy, is it not the chief of blessings that we are awake at all? Thanks to Transcendent Sauscullottism and the long-memorable French Revolution, the one veritable and tremendous Gospel of these bad ages, divine Gospel such as we deserved, and mereiful too, though preached in thunder and terror! Napoleon Campaignings, September Massacres, Reigns of Terror, Anacharsis Clootz and Pontiff Robespierre, and still more beggarly tragicallities that we have since seen, and are still to see: what frightful thing were not a little less frightful than the thing we had? Peremptory was our necessity of putting Jesuitism away, of awakening to the consciousness of Jesuitism. "Horrible," yes: how could it be other than horrible? Like the valley of Jehoshaphat, it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead-men's bones, this false modern world; and no rapt Ezekiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they *are* awake, may now

deliberately see. Many yet sleep; but the sleep of all, as we judge by their maundering and jargoning, their Gorham Controversies, street-barricadings, and uneasy tossings and somnambulisms, is not far from ending. Novalis says, "We are near awakening when we *dream that we are dreaming*."

A man's "religion" consists not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to believe, but of the few he is assured of, and has no need of effort for believing. His religion, whatever it may be, is a discerned fact, and coherent system of discerned facts to him; he stands fronting the worlds and the eternities upon it: to *doubt* of it is not permissible at all! He must verify or expel his doubts, convert them into certainty of Yes or No; or they will be the death of his religion. — But, on the other hand, convert them into certainty of Yes *and* No; or even of Yes *though* No, as the Ignatian method is, what will become of your religion? Let us glance a little at this strange aspect of our affairs.

What a man's or nation's available religion at any time is, may sometimes, especially if he abound in Bishops, Gorham Controversies, and richly endowed Churches and Church-practices, be difficult to say. For a Nation which, under very peculiar circumstances, closed its Bible about two hundred years ago, hanged the dead body of its Cromwell, and accepted one Charles Second for Defender of its *Faith* so called; for such a Nation, which has closed its Bible, and decided that the sufficient and much handier practice would be to kiss the outside of said Bible, and in all senses swear zealously by the same without opening it again, — the question what its "religion" is, may naturally be involved in obscurities! Such dramaturgic fogle-worship going on everywhere, and kissing of the closed Bible, what real worship, *religion*, or recognition of a Divine Necessity in Nature and Life, there may be — Or, in fact, is there any left at all? Very little, I should say.

The religion of a man in these strange circumstances, what

living conviction he has about his Destiny in this Universe, falls into a most strange condition ; — and, in truth, I have observed, is apt to take refuge in the stomach mainly. The man goes through his prescribed fogle-motions at church and elsewhere, keeping his conscience and sense of decency at ease thereby ; and in some empty part of his brain, if he have fancy left, or brain other than a beaver's, there goes on occasionally some dance of dreamy hypotheses, sentimental echoes, shadows, and other inane make-believes, — which I think are quite the contrary of a possession to him ; leading to no clear Faith, or divine life-and-death Certainty of any kind ; but to a torpid species of *delirium somnians* and *delirium stertens* rather. In his head or in his heart this man has of available religion none. But descend into his stomach, purse and the adjacent regions, you then do awaken, even in the very last extremity, a set of divine beliefs, were it only belief in the multiplication-table, and certain coarser outward forms of *meum* and *tuum*. He believes in the inalienable nature of purchased beef, in the duty of the British citizen to fight for himself when injured, and other similar faiths : — an actual “religion” of its sort, or revelation of what the Almighty Maker means with him in this Earth, and has irrefragably, as by direct inspiration, charged him to do. This is the man's religion ; *this* poor scantling of “divine convictions” which you find lying, mostly inarticulate, in deep sleep at the bottom of his stomach, and have such difficulty in raising into any kind of elocution or conscious wakefulness.

Alas, so much of him, his soul almost wholly, is not only asleep there, but gone drowned and dead. The “religion” you awaken in him is often of a very singular quality ; enough to make the observer pause in silence. Such a religion, issuing practically in Hudson Statues, and, alas, also in Distressed Needlewomen, Cannibal Connaughts, and “remedial measures suited to the occasion,” was never seen among Adam's Posterity before. But it is this modern man's religion ; all the religion you will get of him. And if you can winnow out the fogle-motions, fantasies, sentimentalisms, make-believes, and other multitudinous chaff, so that his religion stands

before you in its net condition, you may contemplate it with scientific astonishment, with innumerable reflections, and may perhaps draw wise inferences from it.

A singular piece of scribble, in Sauerteig's hand, bearing marks of haste and almost of rage (for the words, abbreviated to the bone, tumble about as if in battle on the paper), occurs to me at this moment, entitled *Schwein'sche Weltansicht*; and I will try to decipher and translate it.

“Pig Philosophy.”

“If the inestimable talent of Literature should, in these swift days of progress, be extended to the brute creation, having fairly taken in all the human, so that swine and oxen could communicate to us on paper what they thought of the Universe, there might curious results, not uninteresting to some of us, ensue. Supposing swine (I mean four-footed swine), of sensibility and superior logical parts, had attained such culture; and could, after survey and reflection, jot down for us their notion of the Universe, and of their interests and duties there, — might it not well interest a discerning public, perhaps in unexpected ways, and give a stimulus to the languishing book-trade? The votes of all creatures, it is understood at present, ought to be had; that you may ‘legislate’ for them with better insight. ‘How can you govern a thing,’ say many, ‘without first asking its vote?’ Unless, indeed, you already chance to know its vote, — and even something more, namely, what you are to think of its vote; what *it* wants by its vote; and, still more important, what Nature wants, which latter, at the end of the account, is the only thing that will be got! — Pig Propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows: —

“1. The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable Swine's-trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds; — especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

"2. Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's-wash : moral good, attainability of ditto.

"3. 'What is Paradise, or the State of Innocence ?' Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, *was* (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited attainability of Pig's-wash ; perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that the Pig's imagination could not outrun reality : a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now see.

"4. 'Define the Whole Duty of Pigs.' It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither and thither only ; Pig Science, Pig Enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

"5. Pig Poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of Pig's-wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough : Hrumph !

"6. The Pig knows the weather ; he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

"7. 'Who made the Pig ?' Unknown ; — perhaps the Pork-butcher ?

"8. 'Have you Law and Justice in Pigdom ?' Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig-nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one Pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner : hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's-wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal Swine's-trough : wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarrelling be avoided.

"9. 'What is justice ?' Your own share of the general Swine's-trough, not any portion of my share.

"10. 'But what is "my" share ?' Ah ! there in fact lies the grand difficulty ; upon which Pig science, meditating this

long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share — hrumph! — my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gibbets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which Lawyers have prescribed.

“11. ‘Who are Lawyers?’ Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal Commandment of God in reference to the mutual claims of his creatures in this world.

“12. ‘Where do they find that written?’ In Coke upon Lyttelton.

“13. ‘Who made Coke?’ Unknown: the maker of Coke’s wig is discoverable. — ‘What became of Coke?’ Died. — ‘And then?’ Went to the undertaker; went to the” — But we must pull up: Sauerteig’s fierce humor, confounding ever farther in his haste the four-footed with the two-footed animal, rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch-dancing, and threatens to end in a universal Rape of the Wigs, which in a person of his character looks ominous and dangerous. Here, for example, is his fifty-first “Proposition,” as he calls it: —

“51. ‘What are Bishops?’ Overseers of souls. — ‘What is a soul?’ The thing that keeps the body alive. — ‘How do they oversee that?’ They tie on a kind of aprons, publish charges; I believe they pray dreadfully; macerate themselves nearly dead with continual grief that they cannot in the least oversee it. — ‘And are much honored?’ By the wise very much.

“52. ‘Define the Church.’ I had rather not. — ‘Do you believe in a Future state?’ Yes, surely. — ‘What is it?’ Heaven, so called. — ‘To everybody?’ I understand so; hope so! — ‘What is it thought to be?’ Hrumph! — ‘No Hell, then, at all?’ — Hrumph!”

The Fine Arts are by some thought to be a kind of religion; the chief religion this poor Europe is to have in time coming: and undoubtedly it is in Literature, Poetry and the other

kindred Arts, where at least a certain manliness of temper, and liberty to follow truth, prevails or might prevail, that the world's chosen souls do now chiefly take refuge, and attempt what "Worship of the Beautiful" may still be possible for them. The Poet in the Fine Arts, especially the Poet in Speech, what Fichte calls the "Scholar" or the "Literary Man," is defined by Fichte as the "Priest" of these Modern Epochs, — all the Priest they have. And indeed Nature herself will teach us that the man born with what we call "genius," which will mean, born with better and larger understanding than others; the man in whom "the inspiration of the Almighty," given to all men, has a higher potentiality; — that he, and properly he only, is the perpetual Priest of Men; ordained to the office by God himself, whether men can be so lucky as to get him ordained to it or not: nay, he does the office, too, after a sort, in this and in all epochs. Ever must the Fine Arts be if not religion, yet indissolubly united to it, dependent on it, vitally blended with it as body is with soul.

Why should I say, Ignatius Loyola ruined our Fine Arts? Ignatius thought not of the Fine Arts; nor is the guilt all his. Ignatius, intent on the heart of the matter, did but consecrate in the name of Heaven, and religiously welcome as life in God, the universal death in the Devil which of itself was preparing to come, — on the Fine Arts as on all things. The Fine Arts are not what I most regret in the catastrophe so frightfully accelerated and consummated by him! If men's practical faith have become a Pig Philosophy, and their divine worship have become a Mumbo-jumboism, soliciting in dumb agony either change to the very heart or else extinction and abolition, it matters little what their fine or other arts may be. All arts, industries and pursuits they have, are tainted to the heart with foul poison; carry not in them the inspiration of God, but (frightful to think of!) that of the Devil calling and thinking himself God; and are smitten with a curse forevermore. What judgment the Academy of Cognoscenti may pronounce on them, is unimportant to me; what splendor of upholstery and French cookery, and temporary bullion at the

Bank, may be realized from them, is important to M'Croudy, not to me.

Such bullion, I perceive well, can but be temporary ; — and if it were to be eternal, would bullion reconcile me to them ? No, M'Croudy, never. Bullion, temporary bullion itself, awakens the hallelujah of flunkies ; but even eternal bullion ought to make small impression upon men. To men I count it a human blessedness, and stern benignity of Heaven, that when their course is false and ignoble, their bullion begins to leave them ; that ultimate bankruptcy, and flat universal ruin, published in the gazette, and palpable even to flunkies, follows step by step, at a longer or shorter interval, all solecisms under this sun. Certain as shadow follows substance ; it is the oldest law of Fate : — and one good day, open ruin, bankruptcy and foul destruction, does overtake them all. Let us bless God for it. Were it otherwise, what end could there be of solecisms ? The temporary paradise of quacks and flunkies were now an eternal paradise ; how could the noble soul find harbor or patience in this world at all ? This world were the inheritance of the ignoble ; — a very Bedlam, as some sceptics have fancied it ; made by malignant gods in their sport.

But as to Jesuitism in the Fine Arts, and how its unsuspected thrice-unblessed presenee here too smites the genius of mankind with paralysis, there were much to be said. Sorrowful reflections lie in that, far beyond what a discerning public fancies in these days ; reflections which cannot be entered upon, which can hardly be indicated afar off, at present. Here too, as elsewhere, the consummate flower of Consecrated Unveracity reigns supreme ; and here as elsewhere peaceably presides over an enormous Life-in-Death !

“May the Devil fly away with the Fine Arts !” exclaimed confidentially once, in my hearing, one of our most distinguished public men ; a sentiment that often recurs to me. I perceive too well how true it is, in our case. A public man, intent on any real business, does, I suppose, find the Fine Arts rather imaginary. The Fine Arts, wherever they turn

up as business, whatever Committee sit upon them, are sure to be the parent of much empty talk, laborious hypocrisy, dilettantism, futility; involving huge trouble and expense and babble, which end in no result, if not in worse than none. The practical man, in his moments of sincerity, feels them to be a pretentious nothingness; a confused superfluity and nuisance, purchased with cost, — what he in brief language denominates a *bore*. It is truly so, in these degraded days: — and the Fine Arts, among other fine interests of ours, are really called to recognize it, and see what they will do in it. For they are become the Throne of Hypocrisy. I think the highest of her many thrones, these said Arts; which is very sad to consider! Nowhere, not even on a gala-day in the Pope's Church of St. Peter, is there such an explosion of intolerable hypocrisy, on the part of poor mankind, as when you admit them into their Royal Picture-gallery, Glyptothek, Museum, or other divine Temple of the Fine Arts. Hypocrisy doubly intolerable; because it is not here, as in St. Peter's and some other Churches, an obliged 'hypocrisy but a voluntary one. Nothing but your own vanity prompts you here to pretend worshipping; you are not bound to worship, and twaddle pretended raptures, criticisms and poetic recognitions, unless you like it; — and you do not the least know what a damnable practice it is, or you would n't! I make a rule, these many years back, to speak almost nothing, and encourage no speech in Picture-galleries; to avoid company, even that of familiar friends, in such situations; and perambulate the place in silence. You can thus worship or not worship, precisely as the gods bid you; and are at least under no obligation to do hypocrisies, if you cannot conveniently worship.

The fact is, though men are not in the least aware of it, the Fine Arts, divorced entirely from Truth this long while, and wedded almost professedly to Falsehood, Fiction and such like, are got into what we must call an insane condition: they walk abroad without keepers, nobody suspecting their sad state, and do fantastic tricks equal to any in Bedlam, — especially when admitted to work "regardless of expense." as we sometimes see them! What earnest soul passes that new St. Stephen's,

and its wilderness of stone pepper-boxes with their tin flags atop, worth two millions I am told, without mentally exclaiming *Apaga*, and cutting some pious cross in the air! If that be "ideal beauty," except for sugar-work, and the more elaborate kinds of gingerbread, what is real ugliness? To say merely (with an architectonic trumpet-blast that cost two millions), "Good Christians, you observe well I am regardless of expense, and also of veracity, in every form?" Too truly these poor Fine Arts have fallen mad!

The Fine Arts once divorcing themselves from *truth*, are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die, and get flown away with by the Devil, which latter is only the second-worst result for us. Truth, fact, is the life of all things; falsity, "fiction" or whatever it may call itself, is certain to be death, and is already insanity, to whatever thing takes up with it. Fiction, even to the Fine Arts, is not a quite permissible thing. Sparingly permissible, within iron limits; or if you will reckon strictly, not permissible at all! The Fine Arts too, like the coarse and every art of Man's god-given Faculty, are to understand that they are sent hither not to fib and dance, but to speak and work; and, on the whole, that God Almighty's *Facts*, such as given us, are the one pabulum which will yield them any nourishment in this world. O Heavens, had they always well remembered that, what a world were it now!

This seems strange doctrine: but it is to me, this long while, too sorrowfully certain; and I invite all my artist friends, of the painting, sculpturing, speaking, writing, especially of the singing and rhyming department, to meditate upon it, till, with amazement, remorse, and determination to amend, they get to see what lies in it! Homer's *Iliad*, if you examine, is no Fiction but a Ballad *History*; the heart of it burning with enthusiastic ill-informed *belief*. It "sings" itself, because its rude heart, rapt into transcendency of zeal and admiration, is too full for speaking. The "valor of Tydides," "wrath of the divine Achilles:" in old Greece, in Phthiotis and Ætolia, to earnest souls that could *believe* them, these things were likely to be interesting! Human speech was once wholly true; as transcendent human speech still is. The Hebrew

Bible, is it not, before all things, *true*, as no other Book ever was or will be? All great Poems, all great Books, if you search the first foundation of their greatness, have been veridical, the truest they could get to be. Never will there be a great Poem more that is not veridical, that does not ground itself on the Interpreting of Fact; to the rigorous exclusion of all falsity, fiction, idle dross of every kind: never can a Poem truly interest human souls, except by, in the first place, taking with it the *belief* of said souls. Their belief; that is the whole basis, essence, and practical outcome, of human souls: leave that behind you, as "Poets" everywhere have for a long time done, what is there left the Poets and you!

The early Nations of the world, all Nations so long as they continued simple and in earnest, knew without teaching that their History was an Epie and Bible, the clouded struggling Image of a God's Presence, the action of heroes and god-inspired men. The noble intellect that could disenthral such divine image, and present it to them clear, unclouded, invisible coherency comprehensible to human thought, was felt to be a *Vates* and the chief of intellects. No need to bid him sing it, make a Poem of it. Nature herself compelled him; except in Song or in Psalm, such an insight by human eyes into the divine was not utterable. These are the Bibles of Nations; to each its Believed History is its Bible. Not in Judea alone, or Hellas and Latium alone; but in all lands and all times. Nor, deeply as the fact is now forgotten, has it essentially in the smallest degree ceased to be the fact, nor will it cease. With every Nation it is so, and with every man; — for every Nation, I suppose, was made by God, and every man too? Only there are some Nations, like some men, who know it; and some who do not. The great Nations are they that have known it well; the small and contemptible, both of men and Nations, are they that have either never known it, or soon forgotten it and never laid it to heart. Of these comes nothing. The measure of a Nation's greatness, of its worth under this sky to God and to men, is not the quantity of cotton it can spin, the quantity of bullion it has realized; but the quantity

of heroisms it has achieved, of noble pieties and valiant wisdoms that were in it, — that still are in it.

Beyond doubt the Almighty Maker made this England too, and has been and forever is miraculously present here. The more is the pity for us if our eyes are grown owlsh, and cannot see this fact of facts when it is before us! Once it was known that the Highest did of a surety dwell in this Nation, divinely avenging, and divinely saving and rewarding; leading, by steep and flaming paths, by heroisms, pieties and noble acts and thoughts, this Nation heavenward, if it would and dared. Known or not, this (or else the terrible *inverse* of this) is forevermore the fact! The History of England too, had the Fine or other Arts taught us to read it right, is the record of the Divine Appearances among us; of the brightnesses out of Heaven that have irradiated our terrestrial struggle; and spanned our wild deluges, and weltering seas of trouble, as with celestial rainbows, and symbols of eternal covenants. It is the *Bible* of the Nation: what part of it they have laid to heart, and do practically know for truth, is the available Bible they have.

Ask yourselves, What are the eternal covenants which you can believe, and dare not for your life's sake but go and observe? These are your Bible, *your* God's Word such as it may be: these you will continually struggle to obey; other than these, not continually, or authentically at all. Did the Maker of this Universe reveal himself, to your believing Intellect, in scrip mainly, in Cotton Trades, and profitable industries and gamblings? Here too you will see "miracles:" tubular bridges, gutta-percha telegraphs; not to speak of sudden Hudson cornucopias, scrip manna-showers, and pillar-of-cloud for all the flunkies, — miracles after a sort. Your Bible will be a Political Economy; your psalmist and evangelist will be M'Croudy; your practical worship the insatiable desire, and continual sacred effort, to make money. Bible, of one or the other sort, bible, evangelist, and worship you infallibly will have: — and some are God-worships, fruitful in human heroisms, in blessed arts, and deeds long-memorable, shining with a sacred splendor of the empyrean across all

earthly darkneses and contradictions : and some again are, to a terrible extent, Devil-worships, fruitful in temporary bullion, in upholstery, gluttony and universal varnish and gold-leaf ; and issuing, alas, at length in street-barricades, and a confused *return* of them to the Devil whose they are ! — My friend, I have to speak in crude language, the wretched times being dumb and deaf : and if thou find no truth under this but the phantom of an extinct Hebrew one, I at present cannot help it.

Hengst Invasions, Norman Conquests, Battles of Brunan-burg, Battles of Evesham, Towton ; Plantagenets, Wars of Roses, Wars of Roundheads : does the fool in his heart believe that all this was a Donnybrook Bedlam, originating nowhere, proceeding no-whither ? His beautifully cultivated intellect has given him such interpretation, and no better, of the Universe we live in ? He discerns it to be an enormous sooty Weaving-shop, and turbid Manufactory of catables and drinkables and wearables ; sparingly supplied with provender by the industrious individuals, and much infested by the mad and idle. And he can consent to live here ; he does not continually think of suicide as a remedy ? The unhappy mortal : if a soul ever awoken in him again, his first thought will be of prussic-acid, I should say ! —

All History, whether M'Croudy and his Fine Arts know the fact or not, is an inarticulate Bible ; and in a dim intricate manner reveals the Divine Appearancees in this lower world. For God did make this world, and does forever govern it ; the loud-roaring Loom of Time, with all its French revolutions, Jewish revelations, “weaves the vesture thou seest Him by.” There is no Biography of a man, much less any History, or Biography of a Nation, but wraps in it a message out of Heaven, addressed to the hearing ear or to the not hearing. What this Universe is, what the Laws of God are, the Life of every man will a little teach it you ; the Life of All Men and of All Things, only this could wholly teach it you, — and you are to be open to learn.

Who are they, gifted from above, that will convert voluminous Dryasdust into an Epic and even a Bible ? Who will

smelt, in the all-victorious fire of his soul, these scandalous bewildering rubbish-mountains of sleepy Dryasdust, till they give up the golden ingot that lies imprisoned in them? The veritable "revelation," this, of the ways of God to England; how the Almighty Power, and his mysterious Providences, dealt heretofore with England; more and more what the Almighty's judgments with us, his chastisements and his beneficences, were; what the Supreme Will, since ushering this English People on the stage of things, has guided them to do and to become. Fine Arts, Literatures, Poetries? If they are Human Arts at all, where have they been wool-gathering, these centuries long; — wandering literally like creatures fallen mad!

It awakens graver thoughts than were in Marlborough, that saying of his, That he knew no English History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. In Shakspeare's grand intelligence the History of England, cursory as was his study of it, does model itself, for the first time, into something of rhythmic and poetic; there are scattered traits and tones of a National Epos in those Historieal Plays of his. In Shakspeare, more than in another, lay that high *vates* talent of interpreting confused human Actualities, and unfolding what divine melodious Ideals, or Thoughts of the Supreme, were embodied in them: he, more than any other, might have done somewhat towards making History a Bible. But, alas, it was not in the Temple of the Nations, with all intelligences ministering to him and eo-operating with him, that his workshop was laid; it was in the Bankside Play-house that Shakspeare was set to work, and the sovereign populace had ware for their sixpence from him there!

After all, I do not blame the poor Fine Arts for taking into fiction, and into all the deeper kinds of falsity which grow from that. Ignatius, and a world too ready to follow him, had discovered the divine virtues of *fiction* in far higher provinces; the road to fiction lay wide open for all things! But Nature's eternal voice, inaudible at present or faintly audible, proclaims the contrary nevertheless; and will make it known again one

day. Fiction, I think, or idle falsity of any kind, was never tolerable, except in a world which did itself abound in practical lies and solemn shams; and which had gradually impressed on its inhabitants the inane form of character tolerant of that kind of ware. A serious soul, can it wish, even in hours of relaxation, that you should fiddle empty nonsense to it? A serious soul would desire to be entertained, either with absolute silence, or with what was truth, and had fruit in it, and was made by the Maker of us all. With the idle soul I can fancy it far otherwise; but only with the idle.

Given an idle potentate, monster of opulence, gluttonous bloated Nawaub, of black color or of white, — naturally he will have prating story-tellers to amuse his half-sleepy hours of rumination; if from his deep gross stomach, sinking overloaded as if towards its last torpor, they can elicit any transient glow of interest, tragic or comic, especially any wrinkle of momentary laughter, however idle, great shall be their reward. Wits, story-tellers, ballad-singers, especially dancing-girls who understand their trade, are in much request with such gluttonous half-sleeping, black or white Monster of Opulence. A bevy of supple dancing-girls who with the due mixture (mixture settled by custom), and with not more than the due mixture, of lascivious fire, will represent to him, brandishing their daggers, and rhythmically chanting and posturing, the Loves of Vishnu, Loves of Adonis, Death of Psyche, Barber of Seville, or whatever nonsense there may be, according to time or country: these are the kind of artists fit for such unfortunate stuffed stupefied Nawaub, in his hours of rumination; upon these his hot heavy-laden eye may rest without abhorrence; if with perceptible momentary satisfaction emerging from his bottomless ennui, — then victory and gold-purses to the artist; be such artist crowned with laurel or with parsley, and declared divine in presence of all men.

Luxurious Europe, in its reading publics, dilettanti, cognoscenti and other publics, is wholly one big ugly Nawaub of that kind; who has converted all the Fine Arts into after-dinner amusements; slave adjuncts to his cookeries, upholsteries, tailoreries, and other palpably Coarse Arts. The brutish

monster has turned all the Nine Muses, who by birth are sacred Priestesses of Heaven, into scandalous Bayaderes; and they dance with supple motions, to enlighten the vile darkness of his ennui for him. Too truly *mad*, these poor Fine Arts! The Coarse Arts too, if he had not an authentic stomach and skin, which always bring him a little right again in those departments, would go mad.

How all things hang together! Universal Jesuitism having once lodged itself in the heart, you will see it in the very finger-nails by and by. Calculate how far it is from Sophocles and Æschylus to Knowles and Scribe; how Homer has gradually changed into Sir Harris Nicolas; or what roads the human species must have travelled before a *Psalm of David* could become an *Opera at the Haymarket*, and men, with their divine gift of Music, instead of solemnly celebrating the highest fact, or "singing to the praise of God," consented to celebrate the lowest nonsense, and sing to the praise of Jenny Lind and the Gazza Ladra, — perhaps the step from Oliver Cromwell to Lord John Russell will not seem so unconscionable! I find it within, and not without, the order of Nature; and that all things, like all men, are blood-relations to one another.

This accursed nightmare, which we name Jesuitism, will have to vanish; our comfort is, that life itself is not much longer possible otherwise. But I say, have you computed what a distance forwards it may be towards some *new* Psalm of David done with our new appliances, and much improved wind-instruments, grammatical and other? That is the distance of the new Golden Age, my friend; not less than that, I lament to say! And the centuries that intervene are a foul agonistic welter through the Stygian seas of mud: a long *Scavenger Age*, inevitable where the Mother of Abominations has long dwelt.

It is to be hoped one is not blind withal to the celebrated virtues that are in Jesuitism; to its missionary zeal, its con-

tempt of danger, its scientific, heroic and other prowesses, of which there is such celebrating. I do not doubt that there are virtues in it; that we and it, along with this immeasurable sea of miseries which it has brought upon us, shall ultimately get the benefit of its virtues too. Peruvian bark, of use in human agues; tidings from the fabulous East by D'Herbelot, Du Halde, and others; examples of what human energy and faculty are equal to, even under the inspiration of Ignatius: nothing of this small residue of pearls from such a continent of putrid shell-fish, shall be lost to the world. Nay, I see, across this black deluge of consecrated Falsity, the world ripening towards glorious new developments, unimagined hitherto, — of which this abominable mud-deluge itself, threatening to submerge us all, was the inevitable precursor, and the means decreed by the Eternal. If it please Heaven, we shall all yet make our *Exodus* from Houndsditch, and bid the sordid continents, of once rich apparel now grown poisonous *Ou'clo'*, a mild farewell! Exodus into wider horizons, into God's daylight once more; where eternal skies, measuring *more* than three ells, shall again overarch us; and men, immeasurably richer for having dwelt among the Hebrews, shall pursue their *human* pilgrimage, St. Ignatius and much other saintship, and superstitious terror and lumber, lying safe behind us, like the nightmares of a sleep that is past! —

I said the virtue of obedience was not to be found except among the Jesuits: how, in fact, among the *Anti-Jesuits*, still in a revolutionary posture in this world, can you expect it? Sansculottism is a rebel; has its birth, and being, in open mutiny; and cannot give you examples of obedience. It is so with several other virtues and cardinal virtues; they seem to have vanished from the world; — and I often say to myself, Jesuitism and other Superstitious Scandals cannot go, till we have read and appropriated from them the tradition of these lost noblenesses, and once more under the new conditions made them ours. Jesuitism, the Papa with his three hats, and whole continents of chimerical lumber will then go; their errand being wholly done. We cannot make our *Exodus* from Houndsditch till we have got our own along with us! The

Jew old-clothes having now grown fairly pestilential, a poisonous incumbrance in the path of men, burn them up with revolutionary fire, as you like and can : even so, — but you shall not quit the place till you have gathered from their ashes what of gold or other enduring metal was sewed upon them, or woven in the tissue of them. That is the appointed course of human things.

Here are two excerpts from the celebrated Gathercoal, a Yankee friend of mine ; which flash strangely a kind of torch-gleam into the hidden depths ; and indicate to us the grave and womb of Jesuitism, and of several other things : —

“Moses and the Jews did not *make* God’s Laws,” exclaims he ; “no, by no means ; they did not even read them in a way that has been final, or is satisfactory to me ! In several important respects I find said reading decidedly bad ; and will not, in any wise, think of adopting it. How dare I, think you ? — And yet, alas, if we forget to read these Laws at all ; if we go along as if they were not there !

“My enlightened friends of this present supreme age, what shall I say to you ? That Time does rest on Eternity ; that he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a true hold of Time, or its affairs. Time is so constructed ; that is the *fact* of the construction of this world. And no class of mortals who have not — through Nazareth or otherwise — come to get heartily acquainted with such fact, perpetually familiar with it in all the outs and ins of their existence, have ever found this Universe habitable long. Alas, no ; their fraternities, equalities, free-trade philosophies, greatest-happiness principles, soon came to a conclusion ; and the poor creatures had to go, — to the Devil, I fear ! Generations such as ours play a curious part in World-History.

“They sit as Apes do round a fire in the woods, but know not how to feed it with fresh sticks. They have to quit it soon, and march — into Chaos, as I conjecture ; into that land of which Bedlam is the Mount Zion. The world turns out *not* to be made of mere eatables and drinkables, of newspaper puffs, gilt carriages, conspicuous flunkies ; no, but of something other than these ! Old Suetonius Romans, corrupt bab-

bling Greeks of the Lower Empire, examples more than one : consider them ; be taught by them, add not to the number of them. Heroism, not the apery and traditions of Heroism ; the feeling, spoken or silent, that in man's life there did lie a Godlike, and that his Time-history was verily but an emblem of some Eternal : without this there had been no Rome either ; it was this that had made old Rome, old Greece, and old Judea. Apes, with their wretched blinking eyes, squatted round a fire which they cannot feed with new wood ; which they say will last forever without new wood, — or, alas, which they say is going out forever : it is a sad sight ! ”

Elsewhere my eccentric friend, as some call him, — whose *centre*, however, I think I have got into, — has this passage : —

“ Church, do you say ? Look eighteen hundred years ago, in the stable at Bethlehem : an infant laid in a manger ! Look, thou ass, and behold it ; it is a fact, — the most indubitable of facts : thou wilt thereby learn innumerable things. Jesus of Nazareth and the life he led, and the death he died, does it teach thee nothing ? Through this, as through a miraculous window, the heaven of Martyr Heroism, the ‘ divine depths of Sorrow,’ of noble Labor, and the unspeakable silent expanses of Eternity, first in man's history disclose themselves. The admiration of all nobleness, divine *worship* of godlike nobleness, how universal it is in the history of man !

“ But mankind, that singular entity mankind, is like the fertilest, fluiddest, most wondrous element, an element in which the strangest things crystallize themselves, and spread out in the most astounding growths. The event at Bethlehem was of the Year One ; but all years since that, eighteen hundred of them now, have been contributing new growth to it, — and see, there it stands : the Church ! Touching the earth with one small point ; springing out of one small seedgrain, rising out therefrom, ever higher, ever broader, high as the Heaven itself, broad till it overshadow the whole visible Heaven and Earth, and no star can be seen but through *it*. From such a seedgrain so has it grown ; planted in the reverences and sacred opulences of the soul of mankind ; fed continually by all

the noblenesses of some forty generations of men. The world-tree of the Nations for so long !

“ Alas, if its roots are now dead, and it have lost hold of the firm earth, or clear belief of mankind, — what, great as it is, can by possibility become of it ? Shaken to and fro, in Jesuitisms, Gorham Controversies, and the storms of inevitable Fate, it must sway hither and thither ; nod ever farther from the perpendicular ; nod at last too far ; and — sweeping the Eternal Heavens clear of its old brown foliage and multitudinous rooks’-nests — come to the ground with much confused crashing, and *disclose* the diurnal and nocturnal Upper Lights again ! The dead world-tree will have declared itself dead. It will lie there an imbroglio of torn boughs and ruined fragments, of bewildered splittings and wide-spread shivers : out of which the poor inhabitants must make what they can ! ” — Enough now of Gathercoal and his torch-gleams.

Simple souls still clamor occasionally for what they call “ a new religion. ” My friends, you will not get this new religion of yours ; — I perceive, you already have it, have always had it ! All that is *true* is your “ religion, ” — is it not ? Com-manded by the Eternal God to be *performed*, I should think, if it is true ! Do you not already, in your dim heads, know truths by the thousand ; and yet, in your dead hearts, will you perform them by the ten, by the unit ? New religion ! One last word with you on this rather contemptible subject.

You say, The old ages had a noble belief about the world, and *therefore* were capable of a noble activity in the world. My friends, it is partly true : your Scepticism and Jesuitism, your ignoble no-belief, except what belief a beaver or judicious pig were capable of, is too undeniable : observe, however, that in this your fatal miscry, there is action and reaction ; and do not confound the one with the other. Put the thing in its right posture ; cart not *before* horse, if you would make an effort to stir from this fatal spot ! It is your own falsity that makes the Universe incredible. I affirm to you, this Universe, in all times, and in your own poor time as well, is the express image and direct counterpart of the human souls, and their thoughts

and activities, who dwell there. It is a true adage, "As the fool thinks, the bell clinks." "This mad Universe," says Novalis, "is the waste picture of your own dream." Be noble of mind, all Nature gives response to your heroic struggle for recognition by her; with her awful eternal voices answers to every mind, "Yea, I am divine; be thou." From the cloud-whirlwind speaks a God yet, my friend, to every man who has a human soul. To the inhuman brute-soul, indeed, she answers, "Yea, I am brutal; a big cattle-stall, rag-fair and St. Catherine's wharf: enter thou, and fat victual, if thou be faithful, shall not fail."

Not because Heaven existed, did men know Good from Evil; the "because," I invite you to consider, lay quite the other way. It was *because* men, having hearts as well as stomachs, felt there, and knew through all their being, the difference between Good and Evil, that Heaven and Hell first came to exist. That is the sequence; that and not the contrary. If you have now no Heaven to look to; if you now sprawl, lamed and lost, sunk to the chin in the pathless sloughs of this lower world without guidance from above, know that the fault is not Heaven's at all; but your own! Our poor friends "the Apes by the Dead Sea" have now no Heaven either; they look into this Universe now, and find it tragically grown to *be* the Humbug they insisted on its being. Moses went his ways, and this enchantment fell upon them! Such "enchantments" rhadamanthine Nature does yet daily execute on the rebellious; he that has eyes may still daily see them, — fearful and wonderful ever as of old.

How can you believe in a Heaven, — the like of you? What struggle in your mean existence ever pointed thitherward? None. The first heroic soul sent down into this world, he, looking up into the sea of stars, around into the moaning forests and big oceans, into life and death, love and hate, and joy and sorrow, and the illimitable loud-thundering Loom of Time, — was struck dumb by it (as the thought of every earnest soul still is); and fell on his face, and with his heart cried for salvation in the world-whirlpool: to him the "open secret of this Universe" was no longer quite a secret, but he had caught

a glimpse of it, — much hidden from the like of us in these times : “Do nobly, thou shalt resemble the Maker of all this; do ignobly, the Enemy of the Maker.” This is the “divine sense of Right and Wrong in man;” true reading of his position in this Universe forevermore; the indisputable God’s message still legible in every created heart, — though speedily erased and painted over, under “articles,” and cants and empty ceremonials, in so many hearts; making the “open secret” a very shut one indeed! —

My friends, across these fogs of murky twaddle and philanthropism, in spite of sad decadent “world-trees,” with their rookeries of foul creatures, — the silent stars, and all the eternal luminaries of the world, shine even now to him that has an eye. In this day as in all days, around and in every man, are voices from the gods, imperative to all, if obeyed by even none, which say audibly, “Arise, thou son of Adam, son of Time; make this thing more divine, and that thing, — and thyself, of all things; and work, and sleep not; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work!” He that has an ear may still hear.

Surely, surely this ignoble sluggishness, sceptical torpor, indifference to all that does not bear on Mammon and his interests is not the natural state of human creatures; and is not doomed to be their final one! Other states once were, or there had never been a Society, or any noble thing, among us at all. Under this brutal stagnancy there lies painfully imprisoned some tendency which could become heroic.

The restless gnawing ennui which, like a dark dim ocean-flood, communicating with the Phlegethous and Stygian deeps, begirdles every human life so guided, — is it not the painful cry even of that imprisoned heroism? Imprisoned it will never rest; set forth at present, on these sad terms, it cannot be. You unfortunates, what is the use of your money-bags, of your territories, funded properties, your mountains of possessions, equipments and mechanic inventions, which the flunky pauses over, awe-struck, and almost rises into epos and prophecy at sight of? No use, or less than none. Your skin is covered,

and your digestive and other bodily apparatus is supplied ; and you have but to wish in these respects, and more is ready ; and — the Devils, I think, are quizzing you. You ask for “happiness,” “O give me happiness !” — and they hand you ever new varieties of covering for the skin, ever new kinds of supply for the digestive apparatus, new and ever new, worse or not a whit better than the old ; and — and — this is your “happiness” ? As if you were sick children ; as if you were not men, but a kind of apes !

I rather say, be thankful for your ennui ; it is your last mark of manhood ; this at least is a perpetual admonition, and true sermon preached to you. From the chair of verity this, whatever chairs be chairs of *cant*ity. Happiness is *not* come, nor like to come ; ennui, with its great waste ocean-voice, moans answer, Never, never. That ocean-voice, I tell you, is a great fact, it comes from Phlegethon and the gates of the Abyss ; its bodeful never-resting inexorable moan is the voice of primeval Fate, and of the eternal necessity of things. Will you shake away your nightmare and arise ; or must you lie writhing under it, till death relieve you ? Unfortunate creatures ! You are fed, clothed, lodged as men never were before ; every day in new variety of magnificence are you equipped and attended to ; such wealth of material means as is now yours was never dreamed of by man before : — and to do any noble thing, with all this mountain of implements, is forever denied you. Only ignoble, expensive and unfruitful things can you now do ; nobleness has vanished from the sphere where you live. The way of it is lost, lost ; the possibility of it has become incredible. We must try to do without it, I am told. — Well ; rejoice in your upholsteries and cookerries, then, if so be they will make you “happy.” Let the varieties of them be continual and innumerable. In all things let perpetual change, if that is a perpetual blessing to you, be your portion instead of mine ; incur that Prophet’s curse, and in all things in this sublunary world “make yourselves like unto a wheel.” Mount into your railways ; whirl from place to place, at the rate of fifty, or if you like of five hundred miles an hour : you cannot escape from that inexorable all-encircling ocean-moan of ennui. No :

if you would mount to the stars, and do yacht-voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn, it would still begirdle you. You cannot escape from it, you can but change your place in it, without solacement except one moment's. That prophetic Sermon from the Deeps will continue with you, till you wisely interpret it and do it, or else till the Crack of Doom swallow it and you. *Adieu: Au revoir.*

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX.

I.

THEODORE BEZA, in the beginning of the year 1580, published at Geneva a well-printed, clearly expressed, and on the whole considerate and honest little volume, in the Latin tongue, purporting to be "*Icones*, that is to say, true Portraits, of men illustrious in the Reformation of Religion and Restoration of Learning:"¹ Volume of perhaps 250 pages, but in fact not numerically paged at all, which is sometimes described as 4to, but is in reality 8vo rather, though expanded by the ample margin into something of a square form. It is dedicated to King James VI. of Scotland; then a small rather watery boy hardly yet fourteen, but the chief Protestant King then extant; the first Icon of all being that of James himself. The Dedication has nothing the least of fulsome or even panegyrical; and is in fact not so much a Dedication as a longish preface, explanatory of Beza's impulse towards publishing such a book, namely, the delight he himself has in contemplating the face of any heroic friend of Letters and of true Religion; and defending himself withal, to us superfluously enough, against any imputation of idolatry or image-worship, which scrupulous critics might cast upon him, since surely painting and engraving are permissible to mankind; and that, for the rest, these

¹ *Icones, id est Veræ Imagines, Virorum doctrinâ simul et pietate illustrium, quorum præcipue ministerio partim bonarum Literarum studia sunt restituta, partim vera Religio in variis Orbis Christiani regionibus, nostrâ patrumque memoriâ fuit instaurata: additis eorundem vitæ & operæ descriptionibus, quibus adiectæ sunt nonnullæ picturæ quas Emblemata vocant.* Theodoro Bezâ Auctore — Genevæ. Apud Joannem Laonium. M.D.LXXX.

Icons are by no means to be introduced into God's House, but kept as private furniture in your own. The only praise he bestows on James is the indisputable one that he is head of a most Protestant nation; that he is known to have fine and most promising faculties; which may God bring to perfection, to the benefit of his own and many nations; of which there is the better hope, as he is in the mean while under the tuition of two superlative men, Dominus Georgius Buchananus, the *facile princeps* in various literary respects, and Dominus Petrus Junius (or Jonck, as it is elsewhere called, meaning "Young"), also a man of distinguished merit.

The Royal Icon, which stands on the outside, and precedes the Dedication, is naturally the first of all: fit ornament to the vestibule of the whole work — a half-ridiculous half-pathetic protecting genius, of whom this (opposite) is the exact figure.

Some Fourscore other personages follow; of personages fourscore, but of Icons only Thirty-eight; Beza, who clearly had a proper wish to secure true portraits, not having at his command any further supply; so that in forty-three cases there is a mere frame of a woodcut, with nothing but the name of the individual who should have filled it, given.

A certain French translator of the Book, who made his appearance next year, Simon Goulart, a French friend, fellow preacher, and distinguished co-presbyter of Beza's, of whom there will be much farther mention soon, seems to have been better supplied than Beza with engravings. He has added from his own resources Eleven new Icons; many of them better than the average of Beza's, and of special importance some of them; for example that of Wickliffe, the deep-lying tap-root of the whole tree; to want whose portrait and have nothing but a name to offer was surely a want indeed. Goulart's Wickliffe gratifies one not a little; and to the open-minded reader who has any turn for physiognomic inquiries is very interesting; a most substantial and effective-looking man; easily conceivable as Wickliffe, though, as in my own case, one never saw a portrait of him before; a solid, broad-browed, massive-headed man; strong nose, slightly aquiline, beard of practical length and opulent growth; evidently a

thoughtful, cheerful, faithful and resolute man; to whom indeed a very great work was appointed in this world; that of inaugurating the new Reformation and new epoch in Europe, with results that have been immense, not yet completed but expanding in our own day with an astonishing, almost alarming swiftness of development. This is among the shortest of



all the Icon articles or written commentaries in Beza's Work. We translate it entire, as a specimen of Beza's well-meant, but too often vague, and mostly inane performance in these enterprises; which to the most zealous reader of his own time could leave so little of distinct information, and to most readers of our own, none at all; the result little more than

interjectional, a pious emotion towards Heaven and the individual mentioned; result very vague indeed.

Wickliffe. — “Let this, England, be thy greatest honor forever that thou didst produce John Wickliffe (albeit thou hast since somewhat stained that honor); the first after so many years that dared to declare war against the Roman Harlot, who audaciously mocked the Kings of Europe, intoxicated with her strong drink. This effort was so successful that ever since that Wicked One has been mortally wounded by the blow which Wickliffe by the sword of the Word of God dealt to her. And although for a time the wound appeared to be closed, since then it has always burst open again; and finally, by the grace of God, remains incurable. Nothing was wanting to thee, excellent champion, except the martyr’s crown; which not being able to obtain in thy life, thou didst receive forty years after thy death, when thy bones were burnt to powder by Antichrist; who by that single act of wickedness has forever branded himself with the stamp of cruelty, and has acquired for thee a glory so much the more splendid.

“John Wickliffe flourished in the year 1372. He died after diverse combats, in the year 1387. His bones were burnt at Oxford in the year 1410.”

No, not at Oxford, but at Lutterworth in Leicestershire, as old Fuller memorably tells us: “Such the spleen of the Council of Constance,” says he, “they not only cursed his memory, as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, ‘if it,’ the body, ‘may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people’) be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick-sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner, Commissary Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone against so many hands), take what was left out of the grave and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighboring brook

running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow Seas, and they into the main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.”¹

Beza's selection of subjects to figure in this book of Icons is by no means of fanatically exclusive, or even strait-laced character. Erasmus, a tolerably good portrait, and a mild, laudatory, gentle and apologetic account of the man, is one of his figures. The Printers, Etienne, Froben, for their eximious services in the cause of good letters, *bōnarum literarum*; nay King Francis I. is introduced in gallant beaver and plume, with his surely very considerable failings well veiled in shadow, and hardly anything but eulogy, on the score of his beneficences to the Paris University, — and probably withal of the primitive fact that he was Beza's King. “Sham Bishops, *pseudo-episcopi*,” “cruel murderers of God's messengers,” “servants of Satan,” and the like hard terms are indeed never wanting; but on the whole a gentle and quiet frame of mind is traceable in Beza throughout; — and one almost has the suspicion that, especially as his stock both of Icons and of facts is so poor, one considerable subsidiary motive to the publication may have been the Forty Emblems, “*pictura quas Emblemata vocant*,” pretty little engravings, and sprightly Latin verse, which follow on these poor prose Icons; and testify to all the intelligent world that Beza's fine poetic vein is still flowing, and without the much-censured erotic, or other impure elements, which caused so much scandal in his younger days.

About the middle of the Book turns up a brief, vague eulogy of the Reformation in Scotland, with only two characters introduced; Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish proto-martyr, as second in the list; and, in frank disregard of the chronology, as first and leading figure, “*Johannes Knoxus Giffordiensis Scotus*,” and to the surprise of every reader acquainted with the character of Knox, as written indelibly, and in detail, in his words and actions legible to this day, the following strange

¹ Fuller's *Church History*, Section ii. Book iv.

Icon; very difficult indeed to accept as a bodily physiognomy of the man you have elsewhere got an image of for yourself, by industrious study of these same.

Surely quite a surprising individual to have kindled all Scotland, within few years, almost within few months, into

IOANNES CNOXVS.



perhaps the noblest flame of sacred human zeal, and brave determination to believe only what it found completely believable, and to defy the whole world and the devil at its back, in unsubduable defence of the same. Here is a gentleman seemingly of a quite eupeptic, not to say stolid and thoughtless frame of mind; much at his ease in Zion, and content to take

things as they come, if only they will let him digest his victuals, and sleep in a whole skin. Knox, you can well perceive, in all his writings and in all his way of life, was emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact what we might denominate the most Scottish of Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of: utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and, what is still better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatsoever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole a beautiful and simple but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue can find harbor in this man; a pure, and mainly silent, tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humor are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God and without any other fear. Of all this you in vain search for the smallest trace in this poor Icon of Beza's. No feature of a Scottish man traceable there, nor indeed, you would say, of any man at all; an entirely insipid, expressionless individuality, more like the wooden Figure-head of a ship than a living and working man; highly unacceptable to every physiognomic reader and knower of *Johannes Cnoxus Giffordiensis Scotus*.

Under these circumstances it is not a surprise, and is almost a consolation, to find that Beza has as little knowledge of Knox's biography as of his natural face. Nothing here, or hardly anything but a blotch of ignorant confusion. The year of Knox's birth is unknown to Beza, the place very indistinctly known. Beza reports him to have studied with great distinction under John Major at St. Andrews; the fact being that he was one winter under Major at Glasgow, but

never under Major at St. Andrews, nor ever a university student elsewhere at all ; that his admired neological prelections at St. Andrews are a creature of the fancy ; and in short that Beza's account of that early period is mere haze and ignorant hallucination. Having received the order of priesthood, thinks Beza, he set to lecturing in a so valiantly neological tone in Edinburgh and elsewhere that Cardinal Beaton could no longer stand it ; but truculently summoned him to appear in Edinburgh on a given day, and give account of himself ; whereupon **Knox**, evading the claws of this man-eater, secretly took himself away "to *Hamestonum*," — a town or city unknown to geographers, ancient or modern, but which, according to Beza, was then and there the one refuge of the pious, *unicum tunc piorum asylum*. Towards this refuge Cardinal Beaton thereupon sent assassins (entirely imaginary), who would for certain have cut off Knox in his early spring, had not God's providence commended him to the care of "Langudrius, a principal nobleman in Scotland," by whom his precious life was preserved. This town of "Hamestonum, sole refuge of the pious," and this protective "Langudrius, a principal nobleman," are extremely wonderful to the reader ; and only after a little study do you discover that "Langudrius, a principal nobleman," is simply the Laird of *Langniddry*, and that "Hamestonum" the city of refuge is Cockburn the Laird of *Ormiston's* ; both of whom had Sons in want of education ; three in all, two of Langniddry's and one of Ormiston's, who, especially the first, had been lucky enough to secure John Knox's services as tutor ! The rest of the narrative is almost equally absurd, or only saved from being so by its emptiness and vagueness ; and the one certain fact we come upon is that of Knox's taking leave of his congregation, and shortly afterwards ordaining in their presence his successor, chosen by them and him, followed by his death in fifteen days, dates all accurately given ; on which latter point, what is curious to consider, Beza must have had exact information, not mere rumor.

From all this we might infer that Beza had never personally had the least acquaintance with Knox, never in all likelihood seen him with eyes ; which latter on strict examination of the

many accurate particulars to be found in the Lives of Beza, and especially in Bayle's multifarious details about him, comes to seem your legitimate conclusion. Knox's journeys to Geneva, and his two several residences, as preacher to the Church of the English Exiles there, do not coincide with Beza's contemporary likelihoods; nor does Beza seem to have been a person whom Knox would have cared to seek out. Beza was at Lausanne, teaching Greek, and not known otherwise than as a much-censured, fashionable young Frenchman and too erotic poet; nothing of theological had yet come from him, — except, while Knox was far off, the questionable Apology for Calvin's burning of Servetus, which cannot have had much charm for Knox, a man by no means fond of public burning as an argument in matters of human belief, rather the reverse by all symptoms we can trace in him. During Knox's last and most important ministration in Geneva, Beza, still officially Professor of Greek at Lausanne, was on an intricate mission from the French Huguenots to the Protestant Princes of Germany, and did not come to settle in Geneva till Spring, 1559, several months after Knox had permanently left it.

Directly after finishing his Book, Beza naturally forwarded a copy to Edinburgh, to the little patron Sovereign there; probably with no writing in it; there being such a comfortable Dedication and Frontispiece to the Book, but along with it a short letter to Buchanan, the little King's Head-Tutor, of which happily there is a copy still preserved to us, and ready translated, as follows: —

“Behold, my dear Buchanan, a notable instance of double extravagance in a single act; affording an illustration of the characteristic frenzy of poets, — provided you admit me to a participation of that title. I have been guilty of trifling with a serious subject, and have dedicated my trifles to a king. If with your usual politeness, and in consideration of our ancient friendship, you should undertake to excuse both these circumstances to the King, I trust the matter will have a fortunate issue: but if you refuse, I shall be disappointed in my expectations. The scope of this little Work, such as it is, you will learn from the preface; namely that the King, when he shall

be aware of the high expectations which he has excited in all the Churches, may at the same time, delighted with those various and excellent examples, become more and more familiar with his duty. Of this Work I likewise send a copy to you, that is, owls to Athens; and request you to accept it as a token of my regard. My late Paraphrase of the Psalms, if it has reached your country, will I hope inspire you with the design of reprinting your own, to the great advantage of the Church: and, believe me, it is not so much myself as the whole Church that entreats you to accelerate this scheme. Farewell, excellent man: May the Lord Jesus bless your hoary hairs more and more, and long preserve you for our sake. — Geneva, March the sixteenth, 1580.”¹

What Buchanan or the King thought of this Book, especially of the two Icons, Johannes Cnoxus and the little silver Pepper-box of a King, we have not anywhere the slightest intimation. But one little fact, due to the indefatigable scrutiny and great knowledge of Mr. David Laing, seems worthy of notice. This is an excerpt from the Scottish Royal Treasurer’s accounts, of date, Junij 1581 (one of the volumes not yet printed):

“*Itim*, To Adriane Vaensoun, Fleming painter, for twa picturis painted be him, and send [*sent*] to Theodorus Besa, conforme to ane precept as the samin producit upon compt beris £8 10s” (14s. 2d. sterling).

The *Itim* and Adriane indicate a clerk of great ignorance. In Painters’ Dictionaries there is no such name as Vaensoun; but there is a famous enough Vansomer, or even family or clan of Vansomers, natives of Antwerp; one of whom, Paulus Vansomer, is well known to have painted with great acceptance at King James’s Court in England (from 1606 to 1620). He died here in 1621; and is buried in St.-Martin’s-in-the-Fields: *Eximius pictor*. It is barely possible this “Fleming painter” may have been some individual of these Vansomers; but of course the fact can never be ascertained. Much more interesting would it be to know what Theodorus Beza made of the

¹ *Buchanan’s Epistole*, p. 28. Translated by Dr. Irving, *Life and Writings of George Buchanan* (Edinburgh, 1807), p. 184.

“*twa picturis*” when they reached him at Geneva; and where, if at all in *rerum naturâ*, they now are! All we can guess, if there be any possibility of conjecturing so much in the vague is, That these *twa picturis* might be portraits of His Majesty and Johannes Cnoxus by an artist of some real ability, intended as a silent protest against the Beza Pepper-box and Figure-head, in case the *Icones* ever came to a second edition; which it never did.

Unknown to his Scottish Majesty, and before the “Adriane Vaensoun” pictures got under way, or at least before they were paid for, Monsieur Simon Goulart had got out his French translation of Beza’s Book; and with sufficient emphasis contradicted one of the above two Icons, that of “Jean Cnoxe de Gifford en Ecosse,” the alone important of the two. Goulart had come to Geneva some eight or nine years before; was at this time Beza’s esteemed colleague and co-presbyter, ultimately Beza’s successor in the chief clerical position at Geneva; a man already distinguished in the world; “wrote twenty-one books,” then of lively acceptance in the theological or literary world, though now fallen dim enough to mankind. Goulart’s Book had the same publisher as Beza’s last year, — *Apud Joannem Laonium*; and contains a kind of preface or rather *postscript*, for it is introduced at the end of the Icons, and before his translation of the Emblems, which latter, as will be seen, he takes no notice of; nor in regard to the Icons is there a word said of the eleven new woodcuts, for most part of superior quality, which Goulart had furnished to his illustrious friend; but only some apology for the straggle of French verses, which he has been at the pains to introduce in his own zealous person at the end of many of the Icons. As the piece is short, and may slightly illustrate the relations of Author and Translator, we give it here entire:—

“Au Lecteur.

“Du consentement de M. Theodore de Besze, j’ay traduit ce livre, le plus fidèlement qu’il m’a esté possible. Au reste, après la description des personnes illustres j’ai adjousté quelques vers français à chacun, exprimant comme j’ai peu

les épigrammes Latins de l'auteur là où ils se sont rencontrez, et fournissant les autres vers de ma rude invention: ce que j'ay voulu vous faire entendre, afin qu'on n'imputast à l'auteur choses qu'il eust peu agencer trop mieux sans comparaison, si le temps lui eust permis ce faire, et si son esprit eust encliné à y mettre la main."

Goulart's treatment of his, Beza's, original is of the most conscientious exactitude; the translation everywhere correct to a comma; true everywhere to Beza's meaning, and wherever possible, giving a touch of new lucidity; he uses the same woodcuts that Beza did; *plus* only his own eleven, of which, as already said, there is no mention or hint. In one instance, and not in any other, has an evident misfortune befallen him, in the person of his printer; the printer had two woodcuts to introduce; one of Jean Diaze, — a tragic Spanish Protestant, fratricidally murdered at Neuburg in the Oberpfalz, 1546, — the other of Melchior Wolmar, an early German friend and loved intimate of Beza's, from whom Beza, at Orleans, had learned Greek: the two Icons in outline have a certain vague similarity, which had deceived the too hasty printer of Goulart, who, after inserting Beza's Icon of Diaze, again inserts *it*, instead of Wolmar. This is the one mistake or palpable oversight discoverable in Goulart's accurately conscientious labor, which everywhere else reproduces Beza as in a clear mirror. But there is one other variation, not, as it seems to us, by mere oversight of printer or pressman, but by clear intention on the part of Goulart, which is of the highest interest to our readers: the notable fact, namely, that Goulart has, of his own head, silently altogether withdrawn the Johannes Choxus of Beza, and substituted for it this now adjoined Icon, one of his own eleven, which has no relation or resemblance whatever to the Beza likeness, or to any other ever known of Knox. A portrait recognizably not of Knox at all; but of William Tyndale translator of the Bible, a fellow exile of Knox's at Geneva; which is found repeated in all manner of collections, and is now everywhere accepted as Tyndale's likeness!

This surely is a wonderful transaction on the part of conscientious, hero-worshipping Goulart towards his hero Beza; and indeed will seem to most persons to be explicable only on the vague hypothesis that some old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva, who had there sometimes transiently seen Knox, twenty-one years ago (Knox had left Geneva in January, 1559,

**JEAN CNOX DE GIFFORD
EN ESCOSSE**



and, preaching to a group of poor English exiles, probably was never very conspicuous there), had testified to Beza or to Goulart that the Beza Figure-head was by no means a likeness of Knox; which fatal information, on inquiry, had been confirmed into clear proof in the negative, and that Beza and Goulart had thereupon become convinced, and Goulart, with Beza, taking a fresh, and again unfortunate departure, had agreed that here was the real Dromio, and had silently in-

served William Tyndale accordingly. This is only a vague hypothesis, for why did not the old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva testify with equal certainty that the Tyndale woodcut was just as little a likeness of Knox, and check Goulart and Beza in their new unfortunate adventure? But to us the conclusion, which is not hypothetical at all, must surely be that neither Beza nor Goulart had any knowledge whatever of the real physiognomy or figure of Johannes Cnoxus, and in all subsequent researches on that subject are to be considered mutually annihilative; and any testimony they could give mere zero, and of no account at all.

This, however, was by no means the result which actually followed. Twenty-two years after this of Beza (1602), a Dutch Theologian, one Verheiden, whose knowledge of theological Icons was probably much more distinct than Beza's, published at the Hague a folio entitled *Præstantium aliquot Theologorum &c. Effigies*, in which Knox figures in the following new form; done, as the signature bears, by Hondius, an Engraver of known merit, but cognizant seemingly of Beza's Book only, and quite ignorant of Goulart's translation and its Tyndale Knox; who presents us, to our surprise, on this occasion, with the portrait given opposite; considerably more alive and credible as a human being than Beza's Figure-head; and bearing on it the monogram of Hondius; so that at least its authorship is indisputable.

This, as the reader sees, represents to us a much more effective-looking man in matters of reformation or vigorous action; in fact it has a kind of brow-beating or almost bullying aspect; a decidedly self-sufficient man, but with no trace of feature in him that physiognomically can remind us of Knox. The river of beard flowing from it is grander than that in the Figure-head, and the Book there, with its right hand reminding you of a tied-up bundle of carrots supporting a kind of loose little volume, are both charitably withdrawn. This woodcut, it appears, pleased the late Sir David Wilkie best of all the Portraits he had seen, and was copied or imitated by him in that notable Picture of his, "Knox preaching before Queen Mary," — one of the most impossible pictures ever painted by

a man of such indubitable genius, including therein piety, enthusiasm, and veracity, — in brief the probably intolerablest figure that exists of Knox; and from one of the noblest of Scottish painters the least expected. Such by accident was



the honor done to Hondius's impossible Knox; not to our advantage, but the contrary. All artists agree at once that this of Hondius is nothing other than an improved reproduction of the old Beza Figure-head; the face is turned to the other side, but the features are preserved, so far as adding

some air at least of animal life would permit; the costume, carefully including the little patch of ruffles under the jaw, is reproduced; and in brief the conclusion is that Hondius or Verheiden had no doubt but the Beza portrait, though very dead and boiled-looking, had been essentially like; and needed only a little kindling up from its boiled condition to be satisfactory to the reader. Goulart's French Translation of Beza, and the substitution of the Tyndale figure there, as we have said, seems to be unknown to Verheiden and his Hondius; indeed Verheiden's library, once furnished with a Beza, having no use for a poor Interpretation. In fact we should rather guess the success of Goulart in foreign parts, remote from Geneva and its reading population, to have been inconsiderable; at least in Scotland and England, where no mention of it or allusion to it is made, and where the Book at this day is fallen extremely scarce in comparison with Beza's; no copy to be found in the British Museum, and dealers in old books testifying that it is of extreme rarity; and would now bring, said one experienced-looking old man, perhaps twenty guineas. Beza's boiled Figure-head appears to have been regarded as the one canonical Knox, and the legitimate function of every limner of Knox to be that of Hondius, the reproduction of the Beza Figure-head, with such improvements and invigorations as his own best judgment or happiest fancy might suggest. Of the Goulart substitution of Tyndale for Knox, there seems to have been no notice or remembrance anywhere, or if any, then only a private censure and suppression of the Goulart and his Tyndale. Meanwhile, such is the wild chaos of the history of bad prints, the whirligig of time did bring about its revenge upon poor Beza. In *Les Portraits des Hommes Illustres qui ont le plus contribué au Rétablissement des belles lettres et de la vraie Religion* (À Genève, 1673), the woodcut of Knox is contentedly given, as Goulart gave it in his French Translation; and for that of Beza himself the boiled Figure-head, which Beza denominated Knox! The little silver Pepper-box is likewise given again there as portrait of Jacobus VI., — Jacobus who had, in the mean time, grown to full stature, and died some fifty years ago. For not in Nature, but only in

some chaos thrice confounded, with Egyptian darkness super-added, is there to be found any history comparable to that of old bad prints. For example, of that disastrous old Figure-head, produced to view by Beza, who or what did draw it, when or from what authority, if any, except that evidently some human being did, and presumably from some original or other, must remain forever a mystery. In a large *Granger*, fifty or sixty big folios, and their thousands of prints, I have seen a summary collection, of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, of some fourteen or fifteen Heroes of the Reformation, Knox among them; all flung down in the form of big circular blotch, like the opened eggs for an omelet, and among these fourteen or fifteen egg-yolks, hardly two of which you could determine even what they wished to resemble.

For the last century or so, by far the most famed and trusted of Scottish Knox Portraits has been that in the possession of the Torphichen family, at Calder House, some twelve or more miles from Edinburgh. This Picture was public here in the Portrait Exhibition in 1869, and a photograph or attempt at photograph was taken of it, but with little success, the colors having mostly grown so black. By the great kindness of the now Lord Torphichen, the Picture was, with prompt and conspicuous courtesy, which I shall not soon forget, sent up again for inspection here, and examination by artistic judges; and was accordingly so examined and inspected by several persons of eminence in that department; all of whom were, almost at first sight, unanimous in pronouncing it to be a picture of no artistic merit;—impossible to ascribe it to any namable painter, having no style or worth in it, as a painting; guessable to be perhaps under a century old, and very clearly an improved copy from the Beza Figure-head. Of course no photographing was attempted on our part; but along with it there had been most obligingly sent a copy of the late Mr. Penny of Calder's engraving; a most meritorious and exact performance, of which no copy was discoverable in the London shops, though, at Mr. Graves's and elsewhere, were found one or two others of

much inferior exactitude to Mr. Penny's engraving:—of this a photograph was taken, which, in the form of woodcut, is on the next page subjoined.

This Torphichen Picture is essentially like the Beza woodcut, though there has been a strenuous attempt on the part of the hopelessly incompetent Painter to improve upon it, successful chiefly in the matter of the bunch of carrots, which is rendered almost like a human hand; for the rest its original at once declares itself, were it only by the loose book held in said hand; by the form of the nose and the twirl of ruffles under the left cheek; clearly a bad picture, done in oil, some generations ago, for which the Beza Figure-head served as model, accidentally raised to pictorial sovereignty by the *vox populi* of Scotland. On the back of the canvas, in clear, strong hand, by all appearance less than a century old, are written these words: "Rev. Mr. John Knox. The first sacrament of the Supper given in Scotland after the Reformation, was dispensed by him in this hall." A statement, it appears, which is clearly erroneous, if that were of much moment. The Picture as a guide to the real likeness of Knox was judged by us to offer no help whatever; but does surely testify to the Protestant zeal of some departed Lord Torphichen; and indeed it is not improbable that the conspicuous fidelity of that noble house in all its branches to Knox and his Reformation, from first to last, through all his and its perils and struggles, has been the chief cause of its singular currency in Scotland, in the later generation or two. Certain the picture is a poor and altogether commonplace reproduction of the Beza Figure-head; and has nevertheless, as I am assured by judgments better than my own, been the progenitor of all, or nearly all, the incredible Knoxes, the name of which is now legion. Nearly all, I said, not quite all, for one or two set up to be originals, not said by whom, and seem to partake more of the Hondius type; having a sullen or sulky expression superadded to the self-sufficiency and copious river of beard, bestowed by Hondius.

The so-called original Knox, still in Glasgow University, is thus described to me by a friendly Scottish artist, Mr.

Robert Tait, Queen Anne Street, of good faculties and opportunities in such things, as of doubtful derivation from the Beza Icon, though engraved and recommended as such by Pinkerton, and as being an "altogether weak and foolish



head." From the same artist I also learn that the bronze figure in the monument at Glasgow is a visible derivative from Beza, through Torphichen. And in brief this poor Figure-head has produced, and is still producing, through various venters, a quite Protean *pecus* of incredible portraits of Knox;

— the latest of note, generally known, is M^cCrie's frontispiece to the *Life of Knox*, and probably the most widely spread in our generation that given in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*. A current portrait, I suppose, of the last century, although there is no date on it, "in the possession of Miss Knox of Edinburgh, painted by De Vos," has some air of generic difference, but is evidently of filiality to Hondius or Torphichen withal; and as to its being painted by De Vos, there is no trace of that left visible, nor of Miss Knox, the once proprietress; not to add, that there is a whole clan of Dutch De Voses, and no Christian name for the Miss Knox one. Another picture not without impressiveness has still its original in Holyrood House; and is thought to be of some merit and of a different clan from the Torphichen; but with a pair of compasses in the hand of it, instead of a Bible; and indeed has been discovered by Mr. Laing to be the portrait of an architect or master-builder, and to be connected merely with the ædilities, not with the theologies of Holyrood House. A much stranger "original Picture of Knox" is still to be found in Hamilton Palace, but it represents unfortunately, not the Prophet of the Reformation, but to all appearance the professional Merry Andrew of that family. — Another artist friend of great distinction, Mr. J. E. Boehm, sculptor, sums up his first set of experiences, which have since been carried to such lengths and depths, in these words, dated January 28, 1874: —

"I called to thank you for the loan of John Knox's portrait [Engraving of the *Somerville*, of which there will be speech enough by and by], and to beg you to do me the favor of looking at the sketches which I have modelled, and to give me your valuable opinion about them. — I have just been to the British Museum, and have seen engravings after four pictures of John Knox. The only one which looks done from Nature, and a really characteristic portrait, is that of which you have a print. It is I find from a picture 'in the possession of Lord Somerville.' Two more, which are very like each other in quality, and in quantity of beard and garments, are, one in the possession of a Miss Knox of Edinburgh

(painted by De Vos), the other at Calder House (Lord Torphichen's). The fourth, which is very bad, wherein he is represented laughing like a '*Hofnarr*,' is from a painting in Hamilton Palace; but cannot possibly have been *the* John Knox, as he has a turned-up nose and looks funny."

But enough now, and more than enough, of the soul-confusing spectacle of Proteus driving all his monstrous flock, product of Chaos, to view the lofty mountains, and the sane minds of men.

II.

Will the reader consent, at this stage of our little enterprise, to a few notices or excerpts direct from Knox himself; from his own writings and actions? perhaps it may be possible from these, even on the part of outsiders and strangers to Knox, to catch some glimpses of his inward physiognomy, though all credible traces of his outward or bodily lineaments appear hitherto to have fallen impossible. Here is a small touch of mirth on the part of Knox, from whom we are accustomed to expect very opposite things. It is the report of a Sermon by one Arth, a Black or Gray Friar of the St. Andrews neighborhood, seemingly a jocular person, though not without serious ideas: Sermon, which was a discourse on "Cursing" (Clerical Excommunication), a thing the priests were wonderfully given to at that time, had been preached first in Dundee, and had got for poor Arth from certain jackmen of the Bishop of Brechin, instead of applause, some hustling and even cuffing, followed by menaces and threatened tribulation from the Bishop himself; till Arth got permission to deliver his sermon again in the Kirk of St. Andrews to a distinguished audience; who voted the purport and substance of it to be essentially true and justifiable. Here, at second hand is Knox's summary of the discourse, written many years after: —

"The theme [*text*] of his sermon was 'Veritie is the strongest of all things.' His discourse of Cursing was, That if it were rightly used, it was the most fearful thing upon the face of the earth; for it was the very separation of man from God; but that it should not be used rashly and for every light

cause, but only against open and inerrigible sinners. But now (said he) the avariee of priests and the ignorance of their offee, has eaused it altogether to be vilipended; for the priest (said he) whose duty and offee is to pray for the people, stands up on Sunday and cries, 'Ane has tynt a spurtil' (*lost a porridge stick*). 'There is ane flail stolen from them beyond the burn.' 'The good-wife of the other side of the gate has tynt a horn spune' (*lost a horn spoon*). 'God's maleson and mine I give to them that knows of this gear and restores it not.' How the people mocked their cursing, he farther told a merry tale; how, after a sermon he had made at Dumfermling, he came to a house where gossips were drinking their Sunday's penny, and he, being dry, asked drink. 'Yes, Father (said one of the gossips), ye shall have drink; but ye maun first resolve ane doubt which is risen among us, to wit, what servant will serve a man best on least expenses.' 'The good Angel (said I), who is man's keeper, who makes greatest service without expenses.' 'Tush (said the gossip), we mean no so high matters: we mean, what honest man will do greatest serviee for least expenses?' And while I was musing (said the Friar) what that should mean, he said, 'I see, Father, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the Bishops and their offieals serve us husbandmen? Will they not give to us a letter of Cursing for a plaek [*say, farthing English*], to last for a year, to curse all that look ower our dyke? and that keeps our eorn better nor the sleeping boy that will have three shillings of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon [*shirt and pair of shoes*] in the year. And therefore if their eursing dow [*avail*] anything, we hold the Bishops best-cheap servants in that respect that are within the realm.'"¹

Knox never heard this discourse himself; far away, he, from Arth and St. Andrews at that time. But he has con-

¹ *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (the first complete, and perfectly annotated Edition ever given: a highly meritorious, and, considering all the difficulties, intrinsic and accidental, even a heroic Performance; for which all Scotland, and in a sense all the world, is debtor to Mr. Laing); 6 vols. Edinburgh, 1846-1864, i. p. 37 et seq.

trived to make out of it and the circumstances surrounding, a little picture of old Scotch life, bright and real looking, as if by Teniers or Ostade.

Knox's first concern with anything of Public History in Scotland or elsewhere, and this as yet quite private and noted only by himself, is his faithful companionship of the noble martyr Wishart, in the final days of his sore pilgrimage and battle in this world. Wishart had been driven out of Scotland, while still quite young, for his heretical proceedings; and had sought refuge in England; had gained great love for his fine character and qualities, especially during his stay, of a year or more, in Cambridge University, as one of his most ardent friends and disciples there, Emery Tylney, copiously testifies, in what is now the principal record and extant biography of Wishart, — still preserved in *Foxe's Martyrology*.

In consequence of the encouraging prospects that had risen in Scotland, Wishart returned thither in 1546, and began preaching, at last publicly, in the streets of Dundee, with great acceptance from the better part of the population there. Perils and loud menacings from official quarters were not wanting; finally Wishart had moved to other safer places of opportunity; thence back to Dundee, where pestilence was raging; and there, on impulse of his own conscience only, had "planted himself between the living and the dead," and been to many a terrestrial help and comfort, — not to speak of a celestial. The pest abating at Dundee, he went to East Lothian; and there, with Haddington for head-quarters, and some principal gentry, especially the Lairds of Langniddry and Ormiston, protecting and encouraging, and beyond all others with John Knox, tutor to these gentlemen's sons, attending him, with the liveliest appreciation and most admiring sympathy, — indeed acting, it would seem, as Captain of his Body-guard. For it is marked as a fact that the monstrous Cardinal Beaton had in this case appointed a specific assassin, a devil-serving Priest, to track Wishart diligently in these journeyings about of his, which were often nocturnal and opportune for such a thing, and, the sooner the better,

do him to death; and on the one clear glimpse allowed us of Knox, it was he that carried the "two-handed sword," provided for Wishart's safety against such chances. This assassin project against Wishart is probably the origin of Beza's notion about Beaton's intention to assassinate Knox; who was at this time far below the notice of such a high mightiness, and in all probability had never been heard of by him. Knox had been privately a most studious, thoughtful, and intelligent man for long years, but was hitherto, though now in his forty-first year, known only as tutor to the three sons of Langniddry and Ormiston ("*Langudrius* and *Hamestonum*"); and did evidently carry the two-handed sword, on the last occasion on which it could have availed in poor Wishart's case.

Knox's account of Wishart, written down hastily twenty years after, in his *History of the Reformation*, is full of a noble, heartfelt, we might call it holy sympathy, — pious and pure in a high degree. The noble and zealous Wishart, "at the end of the Holy dayis of Yule," 1546, came to Haddington, full of hope that the great tidings he was preaching would find a fervor of acceptance from the people there; but Wishart's disappointment, during the three days and nights that this visit lasted, was mournfully great. The first day the audience was considerable (what Knox calls "reasonable"), but nothing like what had been expected, and formerly usual to Wishart in that kirk on such occasions. The second day it was worse, and the third "so selender, that many wondered." The fact was that the Earl of Bothwell, the afterwards so famous and infamous, at this time High Sheriff of the County of Haddington, and already a stirring questionable gentleman of ambidexterous ways, had been busy, privately intimating from his great Cardinal, that it might be dangerous to hear Wishart and his preachings; and that prudent people would do well to stay away. The second night Wishart had lodged at Lethington, with Maitland, father of the afterwards notable Secretary Lethington (a pleasant little twinkle of interest to secular readers); and the elder Lethington, though not himself a declared Protestant, had been hospitably good and gracious to Wishart.

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The third day he was again appointed to preach; but, says Knox, "before his passing to the sermon there came to him a boy with a letter from the West land," — Ayr and the other zealous shires in that quarter, in which he had already been preaching, — "saying that the gentlemen there could not keep diet with him at Edinburgh, as they had formerly agreed" (Hoped that there might have been some Bond or engagement for mutual protection on the part of these Western Gentlemen suddenly falling vain for poor Wishart). Wishart's spirits were naturally in deep depression at this news, and at such a silence of the old zeal all round him; — all the world seeming to forsake him, and only the Cardinal's assassin tracking him with continual menace of death. He called for Knox, "who had awaited upon him carefully from the time he came to Lothian; with whom he began to enter in purpose [*to enter on discourse*], that he wearied of the world; for he perceived that men began to weary of God." Knox, "wondering that he desired to keep any purpose before Sermon (for that was never his accustomed use before), said, 'Sir, the time of Sermon approaches: I will leave you for the present to your meditation;' and so took the letter foresaid, and left him. The said Maister George spaced up and down behind the high altar more than half an hour: his very countenance and visage declared the grief and alteration of his mind. At last he passed to the pulpit, but the auditure was small. He should have begun to have entreated the Second Table of the Law; but thereof in that sermon, he spake very little, but began on this manner: 'O Lord how long shall it be, that thy holy word shall be despised, and men shall not regard their own salvation. I have heard of thee, Haddington, that in thee would have been at a vain Clerk Play [*Mystery Play*] two or three thousand people; and now to hear the messenger of the Eternal God, of all thy town or parish, cannot be numbered a hundred persons. Sore and fearful shall the plagues be that shall ensue this thy contempt: with fire and sword thou shalt be plagued; yea, thou Haddington, in special, strangers shall possess thee, and you the present inhabitants shall either in bondage serve your enemies or else ye shall be chased from your own habita

tion, and that because ye have not known, nor will not know, the time of God's merciful visitation.' In such vehemency, and threatenings continued that servant of God near an hour and a half, in the which he declared all the plagues that ensued, as plainly as after [*afterwards*] our eyes saw them performed. In the end he said, 'I have forgotten myself and the matter that I should have entreated; but let these my last words as concerning public preaching, remain in your minds, till that God send you new comfort.' Thereafter he made a short paraphrase upon the Second Table of the Law, with an exhortation to patience, to the fear of God, and unto the works of mercy; and so put end, as it were, making his last testament."¹

The same night on Wishart's departing from Haddington, "he took his good-night, as it were forever of all his acquaintance," says Knox, "especially from Hew Douglas of Langniddry. John Knox pressing to have gone with him, he said, 'Nay, return to your bairnes [*pupils*]; and God bless you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice.' And so he caused a two-handed sword (which commonly was carried with the said Maister George) be taken from the said John Knox, who, albeit unwillingly, obeyed, and returned with Hew Douglas to Langniddry," — never to see his face more. "Maister George, having to accompany him, the Laird of Ormeston, John Sandilands of Caldar younger [*Ancestor of the now Lords Torphichen*] the Laird of Brounstoun and others, with their servants, passed upon foot (for it was a vehement frost) to Ormeston."

In a couple of hours after, Bothwell, with an armed party, surrounded Ormiston; got Wishart delivered to him, upon solemn pledge of his oath and of his honor that no harm should be done him; and that if the Cardinal should threaten any harm against Wishart, he, Bothwell, would with his whole strength, and of his own power, redeliver him safe in this place. Whereupon, without battle or struggle, he was permitted to depart with Wishart; delivered him straightway to the Cardinal, — who was expressly waiting in the neighborhood, and at once rolled off with him to Edinburgh Castle,

¹ *Works of Knox*. i. pp. 127, 138.

soon after to the Castle of St. Andrews (to the grim old *oubliette à la Louis XI.*, still visible there); and, in a month more to death by the gallows and by fire. This was one of the first still conspicuous foul deeds of Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in this world, who in his time did so many. The memory of all this had naturally in Knox's mind a high and mournful beauty, all the rest of his life. Wishart came to St. Andrews in the end of January, 1546, and was mercilessly put to death there on the first of March following.

Connected unexpectedly with the tragic end of Wishart, and in singular contrast to it, here is another excerpt, illustrating another side of Knox's mind. It describes a fight between the Crozier-bearers of Dunbar Archbishop of Glasgow and of Cardinal Beaton.

"The Cardinal was known proud; and Dumbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, was known a glorious fool; and yet, because sometimes he was called the King's Maister [*had been tutor to James V.*], he was chancellor of Scotland. The Cardinal comes even this same year, in the end of harvest, to Glasgow; upon what purpose we omit. But while they remain together, the one in the town, and the other in the Castle, question rises for bearing of their croces [*croziers*]. The Cardinal alleged, by reason of his Cardinalship, and that he was *Legatus Natus* and Primate within Scotland in the Kingdom of Antichrist, that he should have the pre-eminence, and that his croce should not only go before, but that also, it should only be borne wheresoever he was. Good Gukstoun Glaikstour [*Gowkston Madster*] the foresaid Archbishop, lacked no reasons, as he thought, for maintenance of his glorie: He was ane Archbishop in his own diocese, and in his awn Cathedral seat and Church, and therefore aught to give place to no man: the power of the Cardinal was but begged from Rome, and appertained but to his own person, and not to his bishoprick; for it might be that his successor should not be Cardinal. But *his* dignity was annexed with his office, and did appertain to all that ever should be Bishops of Glasgow. Howsoever these doubts were resolved by the doctors of divinity of both the Prelates, yet the decision was as ye shall hear. Coming forth (or going in, all is one),

at the queir-door [*choir-door*] of Glasgow Kirk begins a striving for state betwixt the two eroce-bearers, so that from glooming they come to shouldering; from shouldering they go to buffets, and from dry blaws by neffis and neffelling [*fists and fisti-cuffing*]; and then for charity's sake, they ery *Dispersit dedit pauperibus*; and assay which of the eroeces was finest metal, which staff was strongest, and which bearer could best defend his maister's pre-eminence, and that there should be no superiority in that behalf, to the ground goes both the eroeces. And then began no little fray, but yet a merry game; for roekets [*rockets*] were rent, tippets were torn, crowns were knapped [*cracked*], and side [*long*] gowns might have been seen wantonly wag from the one wall to the other. — Many of them lacked beards and that was the more pity; and therefore could not buekle other [*each other*] by the byrse [*bristles*, — *hair or beard*], as bold men would have done. But fy on the jaekmen that did not their duty; for had the one part of them reneountered the other, then had all gone richt. But the sanetuary, we suppose, saved the lives of many. How merilie soever this be written, it was bitter bourding [*mirth*] to the Cardinal and his court. It was more than irregularity; yea it might weel have been judged lease-majesty to the son of perdition, the Pape's awn person; and yet the other in his folly, as proud as a paeock, would let the Cardinal know that he was Bishop when the other was but Beaton before he gat Abirbrothok" (*Abbacy of Arbroath in 1523, twenty-two years ago, from his uncle, — uncle retaining half of the revenues*).¹

This happened on the 4th June, 1545; and seemed to have planted perpetual enmity between these two Church dignitaries; and yet, before the end of February following, — Pope's Legate Beaton being in immediate need of Right Revd. Gowkston's signature for the burning of martyr Wishart at St. Andrews, — these two servants of His Infernal Majesty were brought to a cordial reconeilement, and brotherhood in doing their father's will; no less a miracle, says Knox, than "took place at the accusation and death of Jesus Christ, when Pilate and Herod, who before were enemies, were made friends by

¹ *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 145–147.

consenting of them both to Christ's condemnation; sole distinction being that Pilate and Herod were brethren in the estate called Temporal, and these two, of whom we now speak, were brethren (sons of the same father, the Devil) in the Estate Ecclesiastical."

It was on the 1st March, 1546, that the noble and gentle Wishart met his death; in the last days of February that Archbishop Gowkston reconciled himself to co-operate with Pilate Beaton *Legatus Natus*:—three months hence that the said Pilate Beaton, amazing Hinge of the Church, was stolen in upon in his now well-nigh impregnable castle of St. Andrews, and met his stern *quietus*. "I am a priest, I am a priest: fy, fy: all is gone!" were the last words he spoke. Knox's narrative of all this is of a most perfect historical perspicuity and business-like brevity; and omitting no particular, neither that of buxom "Marion Ogilvy" and *her* peculiar services, nor that of Melvin, the final swordsman, who "stroke him twyse or thrise through with a stog-sweard," after his notable rebuke to Lesley and him for their unseemly choler.¹ He carefully abstains from any hint of criticism pro or contra on the grim transaction; though one sees evidently that the inward feeling was that of deliverance from a hideous nightmare, pressing on the soul of Knox and the eternal interests of Scotland.

Knox individually had not the least concern with this affair of Beaton, nor for eight or ten months more did he personally come in contact with it at all. But ever since the capture of Wishart, the position of Knox at Langniddry had become insecure; and on rumor after rumor of peril approaching, he had been forced to wander about from one covert to another, with his three pupils; till at length their two fathers had agreed that he should go with them to the castle of St. Andrews, literally at that time the one sure refuge; siege of it by poor Arran, or the Duke of Chatelherault as he afterwards became, evidently languishing away into utter futility; and the place itself being, what the late Cardinal fancied he had made it, impregnable to any Scottish force. He arrived there

¹ *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 174-177.

with his pupils 10 April, 1547; and was before long, against his will or expectation, drawn into a height of notability in public affairs, from which he never rested more while his life lasted, — two-and-twenty years of such labors and perils as no other Scottish man went through in that epoch, till death set him free.

Beaton's body was already for the last nine or ten months lying salted in the sea-tower *oubliette*, waiting some kind of Christian burial. The "Siege" had dwindled into plain impotency of loose blockade, and even to pretence of treaty on the Regent's part. Knox and his pupils were in safety in castle and town; and Knox tells us that "he began to exercise them [his pupils] after his accustomed manner. Besides grammar, and other humane authors, he read unto them a catechism, account whereof he caused them give publicly in the parish Kirk of St. Andrews. He read moreover unto them the Evangel of John, proceeding where he left at his departing from Langniddry, where before his residence was; and that Lecture he read in the chapel, within the castle at a certain hour. They of the place, but especially Maister Henry Balnaves and John Rough, preacher, perceiving the manner of his doctrine, began earnestly to travail with him, that he would take the preaching place upon him. But he utterly refused, alleging 'That he would not ryne where God had not called him;' meaning that he would do nothing without a lawful vocation.

"Whereupon they privily among themselves advising, having with them in council Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, they concluded that they would give a charge to the said John, and that publicly by the mouth of their preacher." Which accordingly with all solemnity was done by the said Rough, after an express sermon on the Election of Ministers, and what power lay in the call of the congregation, how small soever, upon any man discerned by them to have in him the gifts of God. John Rough "directed his words to the said John, charging him to refuse not the holy vocation of preaching, even as he hoped to avoid God's heavy displeasure; and turning to the congregation, asked them 'Was not this your charge to me? ..

and do ye not approve this vocation?' They answered 'It was; and we approve it.' Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behavior, from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man, many days together."

In its rude simplicity this surely is a notable passage in the history of such a man, and has a high and noble meaning in it.

About two months after Knox's being called to the ministry in this manner, a French fleet "with an army the like whereof was never seen in that firth before, came within sight of St. Andrews," — likely to make short work of the Castle there! To the, no doubt, great relief of Arran and the Queen Dowager, who all this while had been much troubled by cries and complaints from the Priests and Bishops. After some days of siege, — "the pest within the castle," says Knox, "alarming some more than the French force without," and none of the expected help from England arriving, the besieged, on the 31st July, 1547, surrendered St. Andrews Castle: prisoners to France, high and low, but with shining promises of freedom and good treatment there, which promises, however, were not kept by the French; for on reaching Rouen, "the principal gentlemen, who looked for freedom, were dispersed and put in sundry prisons. The rest [Knox among them] were left in the gallies, and there miserable entreated."

There are two luminous little incidents connected with this grim time, memorable to all. Knox describes, and, also, it is not doubted, is the hero of the scene which follows: —

"These that were in the gallies were threatened with torments, if they would not give reverence to the Mass, for at certain times the Mass was said in the galley, or else heard upon the shore, in presence of the *forsaris* [*forçats*]; but they could never make the poorest of that company to give rever-

ence to that idol. Yea, when upon the Saturday at night, they sang their *Salve Regina*, the whole Scottishmen put on their caps, their hoods or such thing as they had to cover their heads; and when, that others were compelled to kiss a paynted brod [*board, bit of wood*] which they call Nostre Dame they were not pressed after once; for this was the chance. Soon after the arrival at Nances [*Nantes*] their great *Salve* was sung, and a glorious painted Lady was brought in to be kissed, and among others, was presented to one of the Scottishmen then chained. He gently said, 'Trouble me not, such ane idole is accursed; and therefore I will not touch it.' The Patron and the Arguesyn [*Argousin, Serjeant who commands the forçats*] with two officers, having the chief charge of all such matters, said, 'Thou shalt handle it;' and so they violently thrust it to his face, and put it betwixt his hands; who seeing the extremity, took the idol and advisedly looking about, cast it in the river, and said, 'Let our Lady now saif herself; she is licht aneuch; let her learn to swim.' After that was no Scottish man urged with that idolatry."¹

Within year and day the French galleys — Knox still chained in them — reappeared in St. Andrews Bay, part of a mighty French fleet with 6,000 hardy, experienced French soldiers, and their necessary stores and furnitures, — come with full purpose to repair the damages Protector Somerset had done by Pinkie Battle, and to pack the English well home; and, indeed, privately, to secure Scotland for themselves and their Guises, and keep it as an open French road into England thenceforth. They first tried Broughty Castle with a few shots, where the English had left a garrison, which gave them due return; but without farther result there. Knox's galley seems to have been lying not far from Broughty; Knox himself, with a notable "Maister James Balfour" close by him; utterly fordone in body, and thought by his comrades to be dying, when the following small, but noteworthy passage occurred: —

"The said Maister James and John Knox being intil one galley and being wondrous familiar with him [*Knox*] would

¹ *Works of Knox*, i. p. 227.

often times ask his judgment, 'If he thought that ever they should be delivered?' Whose answer was ever, fra the day that they entered in the gallayis, 'That God wald deliver them from that bondage, to his glorie, even in this lyef.' And lying betwixt Dundee and St. Andrews, the second time that the gallayis returned to Scotland, the said John being so extremely seak [*sick*] that few hoped his life, the said Maister James willed him to look to the land, and asked if he knew it? Who answered, 'Yes: I knaw it weel; for I see the stepill [*steeple*] of that place, where God first in public opened my mouth to his glorie, and I am fully persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not depart this lyeff, till that my tongue shall glorifie his godlie name in the same place.' This reported the said Maister James, in presence of many famous witness, many years before that ever the said John set futt in Scotland, this last time to preache."

Knox sat nineteen months, chained, as a galley slave in this manner; or else, as at last for some months, locked up in the prison of Rouen; and of all his woes, dispiritments, and intolerabilities, says no word except the above "miserable entreated." But it seems hope shone in him in the thickest darkness, refusing to go out at all. The remembrance of which private fact was naturally precious and priceless all the rest of his life.

The actual successes of these 6,000 veteran French were small compared with their expectations; the weary siege of Haddington, where Somerset had left a garrison, not very wisely thought military critics, they had endless difficulties with, and, but for the pest among the townsfolk and garrison, were never like to have succeeded in. The fleet, however, stood gloriously out to sea; and carried home a prize, they themselves might reckon next to inestimable, — the royal little Mary, age six, crowned five years ago Queen of Scots, and now covenanted to wed the Dauphin of France, and be brought up in that country, with immense advantage to the same. They steered northward by the Pentland Firth, then round by the Hebrides and West coast of Ireland, prosperously through the summer seas; and by about the end of July, 1548, their jewel

of a child was safe in St. Germain-en-Laye : the brightest and bonniest little Maid in all the world, — setting out, alas, towards the blackest destiny ! — .

Most of this winter Knox sat in the prison of Rouen, busy commentating, prefacing, and trimming out a Book on Protestant Theology, by his friend Balnaves ; and anxiously expecting his release from this French slavery, which hope, by help of English Ambassadors, and otherwise, did at length, after manifold difficulties, find fulfilment.

In the spring of the next year, Knox, Balnaves of Hallhill, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the other exiles of St. Andrews, found themselves safe in England, under the gracious protection of King Edward VI. ; Knox especially under that of Archbishop Cranmer, who naturally at once discerned in him a valuable missionary of the new Evangelical Doctrine ; and immediately employed him to that end.

Knox remained in England some five years ; he was first appointed, doubtless at Cranmer's instigation, by the English Council, Preacher in Berwick and neighborhood ; thence, about a year after, in Newcastle. In 1551 he was made one of the Six Chaplains to Edward, who were appointed to go about all over England spreading abroad the reformed faith, which the people were then so eager to hear news of. His preaching was, by the serious part of the community, received with thankful approbation ; and he had made warm friends among that class ; and naturally, also, given offence to the lukewarm or half-and-half Protestants ; especially to Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, for his too great detestation of the Mass. To the Council, on the other hand, it is clear that he rose in value ; giving always to them, when summoned on such complaints, so clear and candid an account of himself. In the third year of his abode in England, 1552, he was offered by them the Bishopric of Rochester ; but declined it, and, soon after, the living of Allhallows, Bread Street, London, which also he declined. On each of these occasions he was again summoned by the King's Council to give his reasons ; and again gave them, — Church in England not yet sufficiently reformed ; too much of *vestments* and of other Popish fooleries remaining ;

bishops or pastors without the due power to correct their flock which every pastor ought to have ; — was again dismissed by the Council, without censure, to continue in his former employment, where, he said, his persuasion was that he could be more useful than preaching in London or presiding at Rochester.

Knox many times lovingly celebrates the young Protestant King, and almost venerates him, as one clearly sent of God for the benefit of these realms, and of all good men there ; regarding his early death as a heavy punishment for the sins of the people. It was on the 6th July, 1553, that Edward died ; and in the course of that same year Knox with many other Protestants, clergy and laity, had to leave England, to avoid the too evident intentions of Bloody Mary, so soon culminating in her fires of Smithfield and marriage with Philip II. Knox seems to have lingered to the very last ; his friends, he says, had to beseech him with tears, almost to force him away. He was leaving many that were dear to him, and to whom he was dear ; amongst others Marjory Bowes, who (by the earnest resolution of her mother) was now betrothed to him ; and his ulterior course was as dark and desolate as it could well be. From Dieppe, where he first landed on crossing the Channell, he writes much of his heartfelt grief at the dismal condition of affairs in England, truly more afflicting than that of native Scotland itself ; and adds on one occasion, with a kind of sparkle of disdain, in reference to his own poor wants and troubles : —

“I will not mak you privy how rich I am, but off (*from*) London I departit with less money than ten groats ; but God has since provided, and will provide, I doubt not, hereafter abundantly for this life. Either the Queen’s Majesty [*of England*] or some Treasurer will be XL pounds richer by me, for so meikle lack I of duty of my patents [*year’s salary as Royal Chaplain*]. But that little troubles me.”

From Dieppe, in about a month, poor Knox wandered forth, to look into the churches of Switzerland, — French Huguenots, Good Samaritans, it is like, lodging and furthering him through France. He was, for about five months, Preacher at Frank-

fort-on-Mayn, to a Church of English exiles there; from which, by the violence of certain intrusive High-Church parties, as we may style them, met by a great and unexpected patience on the part of Knox, he felt constrained to depart, — followed by the less ritual portion of his auditory. He reached Geneva (April, 1555); and, by aid of Calvin and the general willing mind of the city magistrates, there was a spacious (quondam Papist) Church conceded him; where for about three years, not continuous, but twice or oftener interrupted by journeys to Dieppe, and, almost one whole year, by a visit to Scotland, he, loyally aided by one Goodman, an English colleague or assistant, preached and administered to his pious and otherwise forlorn Exiles, greatly to their comfort, as is still evident. In Scotland (November, 1555–July, 1556) he labored incessantly, kindling the general Protestant mind into new zeal and new clearness of resolve for action, when the time should come. He had many private conferences in Edinburgh; much preaching, publicly in various towns, oftener privately, in well-affected mansions of the aristocracy; and saw plainly the incipient filaments of what by and by became so famous and so all-important, as the National “Covenant” and its “Lords of the Congregation.” His Marjory Bowes, in the mean while, he had wedded. Marjory’s pious mother and self were to be with him henceforth, — over seas at Geneva, first of all. For summons, in an earnest and even solemn tone, coming to him from his congregation there, he at once prepared to return; quitted Scotland, he and his; leaving promise with his future Lords of the Congregation, that on the instant of signal from them he would reappear there.

In 1557, the Scotch Protestant Lords did give sign; upon which Knox, with sorrowing but hopeful heart, took leave of his congregation at Geneva; but was met, at Dieppe, by contrary message from Scotland, to his sore grief and disappointment. As Mr. Laing calculates, he occupied his forced leisure there by writing his widely offensive *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women*, — of which strange book a word farther presently. Having blown this wild First Blast, and still getting negatory answers out of Scotland, he returned to



MARY TUDOR, "THE BLOODY MARY"

Painting by Antonio Moro, Prado
Museum, Madrid.

Geneva and his own poor church there ; and did not till January, 1559, on brighter Scotch tidings coming, quit that city, — straight for Scotland this time, the tug of war now actually come. For the quarrel only a few days after Knox's arrival blazed out into open conflagration, at St. Johnston's (*hodie* Perth), with the open fall of Dagon and his temples there ; and no peace was possible henceforth till either Mary of Guise and her Papist soldieries left Scotland or Christ's Congregation and their cause did. In about two years or less, after manifold vicissitudes, it turned out that it was not Knox and his cause, but Queen Regent Mary and hers that had to go. After this Knox had at least no more wanderings and journeyings abroad "in sore trouble of heart, whither God knoweth ;" though for the twelve years that remained there was at home abundant labor and trouble, till death in 1572 delivered him.

With regard to his *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women* (to which there never was any Second, though that and even a Third were confidently purposed by its author), it may certainly be called the least "successful" of all Knox's writings. Offence, and that only, was what it gave to his silent friends, much more to his loudly condemnatory enemies, on its first appearance ; and often enough afterwards it re-emerged upon him as a serious obstacle in his affairs, — witness Queen Elizabeth, mainstay of the Scottish Reformation itself, who never could forgive him for that *Blast*. And now, beyond all other writings of Knox, it is fallen obsolete both in manner and in purport, to every modern mind. Unfortunately, too, for any literary reputation Knox may have in this end of the Island, it is written not in the Scottish, but in the common English dialect ; completely intelligible therefore to everybody : read by many in that time ; and still likeliest to be the book any English critic of Knox will have looked into, as his chief original document about the man. It is written with very great vehemency ; the excuse for which, so far as it may really need excuse, is to be found in the fact that it was written while the fires of Smithfield were still blazing, on hest of Bloody Mary, and not long after Mary of Guise had been raised to the Regency of Scotland ; maleficent Crowned Women these two,

covering poor England and poor Scotland with mere ruin and horror, in Knox's judgment, — and may we not still say to a considerable extent in that of all candid persons since? The Book is by no means without merit; has in it various little traits, unconsciously autobiographic and other, which are illuminative and interesting. One ought to add withal that Knox was no despiser of women; far the reverse in fact; his behavior to good and pious women is full of respect, and his tenderness, his patient helpfulness in their sufferings and infirmities (see the Letters to his mother-in-law and others) are beautifully conspicuous. For the rest, his poor Book testifies to many high intellectual qualities in Knox, and especially to far more of learning than has ever been ascribed to him, or is anywhere traceable in his other writings. He proves his doctrine by extensive and various reference, — to Aristotle, Justin, the Pandects, the Digest, Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, Basil: there, and nowhere else in his books, have we direct proof how studiously and profitably his early years, up to the age of forty, must have been spent. A man of much varied, diligent, and solid reading and inquiry, as we find him here; a man of serious and continual meditation we might already have known him to be. By his sterling veracity, not of word only, but of mind and of character, by his sharpness of intellectual discernment, his power of expression, and above all by his depth of conviction and honest burning zeal, one first clearly judges what a preacher to the then earnest populations in Scotland and England, thirsting for right knowledge, this Knox must have been.

It may surprise many a reader, if we designate John Knox as a "Man of Genius:" and truly it was not with what we call "Literature," and its harmonies and symmetries, addressed to man's Imagination, that Knox was ever for an hour concerned; but with practical truths alone, addressed to man's inmost Belief, with immutable Facts, accepted by him, if he is of loyal heart, as the daily voices of the Eternal, — even such in all degrees of them. It is, therefore, a still higher title than "Man of Genius" that will belong to Knox; that of a heaven-inspired seer and heroic leader of men. But by whatever name

we call it, Knox's spiritual endowment is of the most distinguished class; intrinsically capable of whatever is noblest in literature and in far higher things. His Books, especially his *History of the Reformation*, if well read, which unfortunately is not possible for every one, and has grave preliminary difficulties for even a Scottish reader, still more for an English one, testify in parts of them to the finest qualities that belong to a human intellect; still more evidently to those of the moral, emotional, or sympathetic sort, or that concern the religious side of man's soul. It is really a loss to English and even to universal literature that Knox's hasty and strangely interesting, impressive, and peculiar Book, called the *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, has not been rendered far more extensively legible to serious mankind at large than is hitherto the case.

There is in it, when you do get mastery of the chaotic details and adherences, perpetually distracting your attention from the main current of the Work, and are able to read that, and leave the mountains of annotation victoriously cut off, a really singular degree of clearness, sharp just insight and perspicacity, now and then of picturesqueness and visuality, as if the thing were set before your eyes; and everywhere a feeling of the most perfect credibility and veracity: that is to say altogether, of Knox's high qualities as an observer and narrator. His account of every event he was present in is that of a well-discerning eye-witness. Things he did not himself see, but had reasonable cause and abundant means to inquire into, — battles even and sieges are described with something of a Homeric vigor and simplicity. This man, you can discern, has seized the essential elements of the phenomenon, and done a right portrait of it; a man with an actually seeing eye. The battle of Pinkie, for instance, nowhere do you gain, in few words or in many, a clearer view of it: the battle of Carberry Hill, not properly a fight, but a whole day's waiting under mutual menace to fight, which winds up the controversy of poor Mary with her Scottish subjects, and cuts off her ruffian monster of a Bothwell, and all the monstrosities cleaving to him, forever from her eyes, is given with a like impressive perspicuity.

The affair of Cupar Muir, which also is not a battle, but a more or less unexpected meeting on the ground for mortal duel, — especially unexpected on the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen's part, — remains memorable, as a thing one had seen, to every reader of Knox. Not itself a fight, but the prologue or foreshadow of all the fighting that followed. The Queen Regent and her Frenchmen had marched in triumphant humor out of Falkland, with their artillery ahead, soon after midnight, trusting to find at St. Andrews the two chief Lords of the Congregation, the Earl of Argyle and Lord James (afterwards Regent Murray), with scarcely a hundred men about them, — found suddenly that the hundred men, by good industry overnight, had risen to an army; and that the Congregation itself, under these two Lords, was here, as if by *tryst*, at mid-distance; skilfully posted, and ready for battle either in the way of cannon or of spear. Sudden halt of the triumphant Falklanders in consequence; and after that, a multifarious manœuvring, circling, and wheeling, now in clear light, now hidden in clouds of mist; Scots standing steadfast on their ground, and answering message-trumpets in an inflexible manner, till, after many hours, the thing had to end in an "appointment," truce, or offer of peace, and a retreat to Falkland of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen, as from an enterprise unexpectedly impossible. All this is, with luminous distinctness and business-like simplicity and brevity, set forth by Knox; who hardly names himself at all; and whose personal conduct in the affair far excels in merit all possible merit of description of it; this being probably to Knox the most agitating and perilous of all the days of his life. The day was Monday, 11 June, 1559; yesterday, Sunday 10th, at St. Andrews, whither Knox had hastened on summons, he preached publicly in the Kirk there, mindful of his prophecy from the French galleys, fifteen years ago, and regardless of the truculent Hamilton, Archbishop and still official ruler of the place; who had informed him the night before that if he should presume to try such a thing, he (the truculent Archbishop) would have him saluted with "twelve culverings, the most part of which would land upon his nose." The fruit of which sermon had

been the sudden flight to Falkland overnight of Right Reverend Hamilton (who is here again, much astonished, on Cupar Muir this day), and the open declaration and arming of St. Andrews town in favor of Knox and his cause.

The Queen Regent, as was her wont, only half kept her pacific treaty. Herself and her Frenchmen did, indeed, retire wholly to the south side of the Forth; quitting Fife altogether; but of all other points there was a perfect neglect. Her garrison refused to quit Perth, as per bargain, and needed a blast or two of siege-artillery, and danger of speedy death, before they would withdraw; and a shrewd suspieion had risen that she would seize Stirling again, and keep the way open to return. This last concern was of prime importance; and all the more pressing as the forces of the Congregation had nearly all returned home. On this Stirling affair there is a small anecdote, not yet entirely forgotten; which rudely symbolizes the spirit of the population at that epoch, and is worth giving. *The Ribbons of St. Johnston* is or was its popular title. Knox makes no mention of it; but we quote from *The Muse's Threnodie*, or rather from the Annotations to that poor doggerel; which are by James Cant, and of known authenticity.

The Earl of Argyle and the Lord James, who had private intelligence on this matter, and were deeply interested in it, but without force of their own, contrived to engage three hundred stanch townsmen of Perth to march with them to Stirling on a given night, and do the affair by stroke of hand. The three hundred ranked themselves accordingly on the appointed night (one of the last of June, 1559); and so fierce was their humor, they had each, instead of the scarf or ribbon which soldiers then wore round their neck, tied an effective measure of rope, mutely intimating, "If I flinch or falter, let me straightway die the death of a dog." They were three hundred these stanch Townsmen when they marched out of Perth; but the country gathered to them from right and from left, all through the meek twilight of the summer night: and on reaching Stirling they were five thousand strong. The gates of Stirling were flung wide open, then strictly barricaded; and the French marching thitherward out of Edinburgh, had

to wheel right about, faster than they came; and in fact retreat swiftly to Dunbar; and there wait reinforcement from beyond seas. This of the three hundred Perth townsmen and their ropes was noised of with due plaudits; and, in calmer times, a rather heavy-footed joke arose upon it, and became current; and men would say of such and such a scoundrel worthy of the gallows, that he deserved a St. Johnston's ribbon. About a hundred years ago, James Cant used to see, in the Town-clerk's office at Perth, an old Picture of the March of these three hundred with the ropes about their necks; whether there still I have no account; but rather guess the negative.¹

The siege of Leith, which followed hereupon, in all its details, — especially the preface to it, that sudden invasion of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen from Dunbar, forcing Knox and his Covenanted Lords to take refuge in the "Quarrel Holes" (*quarry holes*), on the Eastern flank of the Calton Hill, with Salisbury Crags overhanging it, what he elsewhere calls "the Craigs of Edinburgh," as their one defensible post against their French enemies: this scene, which lasted two nights and two days, till once the French struck into Leith, and began fortifying, dwells deeply impressed on Knox's memory and feelings.

Besides this perfect clearness, naïveté, and almost unintentional picturesqueness, there are to be found in Knox's swift-flowing History many other kinds of "geniality," and indeed of far higher excellences than are wont to be included under that designation. The grand Italian Dante is not more in earnest about this inscrutable Immensity than Knox is. There is in Knox throughout the spirit of an old Hebrew Prophet, such as may have been in Moses in the Desert at sight of the Burning Bush; spirit almost altogether unique among modern men, and along with all this, in singular neighborhood to it, a sympathy, a veiled tenderness of heart, veiled, but deep and of piercing vehemence, and withal even an inward gaiety of soul, alive to the ridicule that dwells in whatever is

¹ *The Muse's Threnodie*, by Mr. H. Adamson (first printed in 1638), edited with annotations, by James Cant (Perth, 1774), pp. 126, 127.

ridiculous, in fact a fine vein of humor, which is wanting in Dante.

The interviews of Knox with the Queen are what one would most like to produce to readers; but unfortunately they are of a tone which, explain as we might, not one reader in a thousand could be made to sympathize with or do justice to in behalf of Knox. The treatment which that young, beautiful, and high Chief Personage in Scotland receives from the rigorous Knox would, to most modern men, seem irreverent, cruel, almost barbarous. Here more than elsewhere Knox proves himself — here more than anywhere bound to do it — the Hebrew Prophet in complete perfection; refuses to soften any expression or to call anything by its milder name, or in short for one moment to forget that the Eternal God and His Word are great, and that all else is little, or is nothing; nay if it set itself against the Most High and His Word, is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits.

He is never in the least ill-tempered with Her Majesty; but she cannot move him from that fixed centre of all his thoughts and actions: Do the will of God, and tremble at nothing; do against the will of God, and know that, in the Immensity and the Eternity around you, there is nothing but matter of terror. Nothing can move Knox here or elsewhere from that standing-ground; no consideration of Queen's sceptres and armies and authorities of men is of any efficacy or dignity whatever in comparison; and becomes not beautiful but horrible, when it sets itself against the Most High.

One Mass in Scotland, he more than once intimates, is more terrible to him than all the military power of France, or, as he expresses it, the landing of ten thousand armed men in any part of this realm, would be. The Mass is a daring and unspeakably frightful pretence to worship God by methods not of God's appointing; open idolatry it is, in Knox's judgment; a mere invitation and invocation to the wrath of God to fall upon and crush you. To a common, or even to the most gifted and tolerant reader, in these modern careless days, it is almost altogether impossible to sympathize with Knox's horror, terror,

and detestation of the poor old Hocus-poeus (*Hoc est Corpus*) of a Mass; but to every candid reader it is evident that Knox was under no mistake about it, on his own ground, and that this is verily his authentic and continual feeling on the matter.

There are four or five dialogues of Knox with the Queen, — sometimes in her own Palace at her own request; sometimes by summons of her Council; but in all these she is sure to come off not with victory, but the reverse: and Knox to retire unmoved from any point of interest to him. She will not come to public sermon, under any Protestant (that is, for her, Heretical) Preacher. Knox, whom she invites once or oftener to come privately to where she is, and remonstrate with her, if he find her offend in anything, cannot consent to run into back-stairs of Courts, cannot find that he is at liberty to pay visits in that direction, or to consort with Prinees at all. Mary often enough bursts into tears, oftener than once into passionate long-continued fits of weeping, — Knox standing with mild and pitying visage, but without the least hair's-breadth of recanting or reeiling: waiting till the fit pass, and then with all softness, but with all inexorability, taking up his theme again. The high and graceful young Queen, we can well see, had not met, nor did meet, in this world with such a man.

The hardest-hearted reader cannot but be affected with some pity, or think with other than softened feelings of this ill-starred, young, beautiful, graceful, and highly gifted human creature, planted down into so unmanageable an environment. So beautiful a being, so full of youth, of native grace and gift; meaning of herself no harm to Scotland or to anybody; joyfully going her Progresses through her dominions; fond of hawking, hunting, music, literary study;¹ cheerfully accepting every gift that outdoor life, even in Scotland, can offer to its right joyous-minded and ethereal young Queen. With irresistible sympathy one is tempted to pity this poor Sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions; and hurried down to tragical destruction by them. No Clytemnestra or

¹ "The Queen readeth daily after her dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Bowhanan, somewhat of Livy." — Randolph to Cecil, April 7, 1562 (cited in Irving's *Life of Buchanan*, p. 114).

Medea, when one thinks of that last scene in Fotheringay, is more essentially a theme of tragedy. The tendency of all is to ask, "What peculiar harm did she ever mean to Scotland, or to any Scottish man not already her enemy?" The answer to which is, "Alas, she meant no harm to Scotland; was perhaps loyally wishing the reverse; but was she not with her whole industry doing, or endeavoring to do, the sum-total of all harm whatsoever that was possible for Scotland, namely the covering it up in Papist darkness, as in an accursed winding-sheet of spiritual death eternal?"—That, alas, is the dismally true account of what she tended to, during her whole life in Scotland or in England; and there, with as deep a tragic feeling as belongs to Clytemnestra, Mælea, or any other, we must leave her condemned.

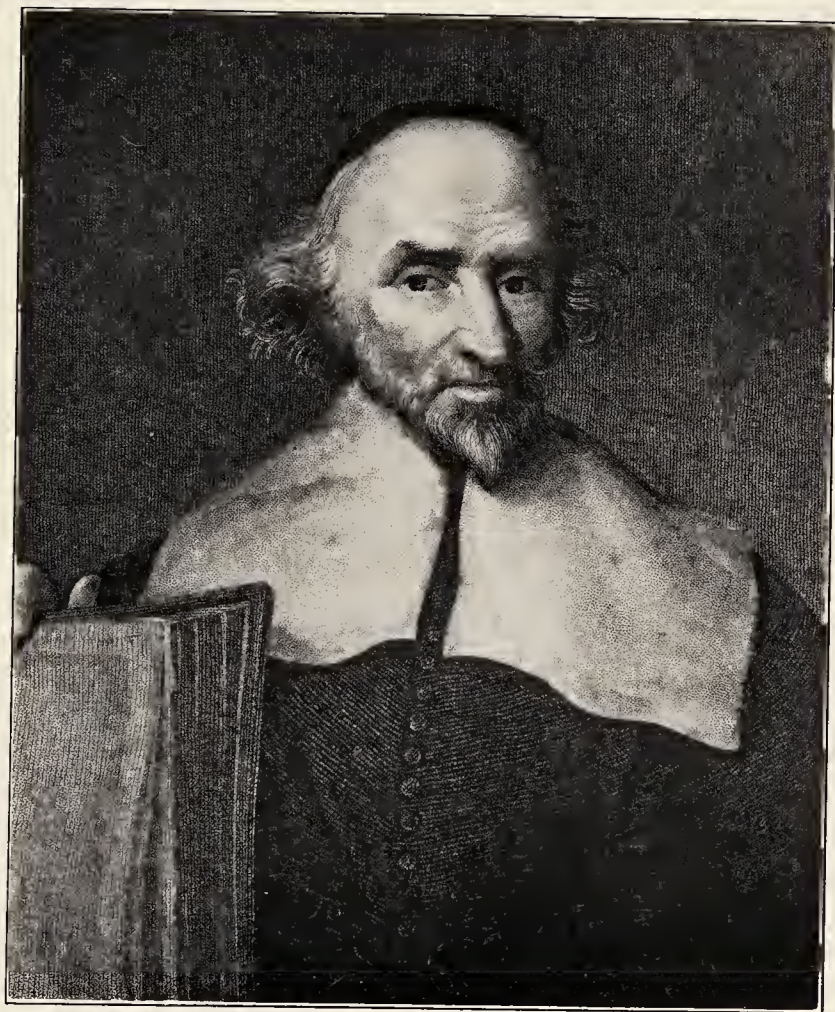
The story of this great epoch is nowhere to be found so impressively narrated as in this Book of Knox's; a hasty loose production, but grounded on the completest knowledge, and with visible intention of setting down faithfully both the imperfections of poor fallible men, and the unspeakable mercies of God to this poor realm of Scotland. And truly the struggle in itself was great, nearly unique in that section of European History; and at this day stands much in need of being far better known than it has much chance of being to the present generation. I suppose there is not now in the whole world a nobility and population that would rise, for any imaginable reason, into such a simple nobleness of resolution to do battle for the highest cause against the powers that be, as those Scottish nobles and their followers at that time did. Robertson's account, in spite of its clearness, smooth regularity, and complete intelligibility down to the bottom of its own shallow depths, is totally dark as to the deeper and interior meaning of this great movement; cold as ice to all that is highest in the meaning of this phenomenon; which has proved the parent of endless blessing to Scotland and to all Scotsmen. Robertson's fine gifts have proved of no avail; his sympathy with his subject being almost *null*, and his aim mainly to be what is called impartial, that is, to give

no pain to any prejudice, and to be intelligible on a first perusal.

Scottish Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand Sixteenth Century Reformation anywhere assumed. We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form; for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn Sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on Romish Babylon, that is to say irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a Fact in God's Universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and mendacities in the region of Chimera. So that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British Islands only, but over wide seas, huge American continents and growing British Nations in every zone of the earth. And, in brief, shall have to admit that John Knox, the authentic Prometheus of all that, has been a most distinguished Son of Adam, and had probably a physiognomy worth looking at. We have still one Portrait of him to produce, the *Somerville Portrait* so named, widely different from the Beza Icon and its progeny; and will therewith close.

III.

In 1836 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the late Charles Knight in the name of that, published an engraving of a Portrait which had not before been heard of among the readers of Knox, and which gave a new and greatly more credible account of Knox's face and outward appearance. This is what has since been called the *Somerville Portrait* of Knox; of which Engraving a fac-simile is here laid before the reader. In 1849 the same Engraving was a second time published, in Knight's Pictorial History of England. It was out of this latter that I first obtained sight of it; and as soon as possible, had another copy of the Engraving framed and hung up beside me; believing that Mr. Knight, or the Society he published for, had made the due inquiries from the *Somerville* family, and found the answers satisfactory; I myself nothing



JOHN KNOX.
The Somerville Portrait.

doubting to accept it as the veritable Portrait of Kno^x. Copies of this Engraving are often found in portfolios, but seldom hung upon the walls of a study; and I doubt if it has ever had much circulation, especially among the more serious readers of Knox. For my own share, I had unhesitatingly believed in it; and knew not that anybody called it in question, till two or three years ago, in the immense uproar which arose in Scotland on the subject of a monument to Knox, and the utter collapse it ended in,—evidently enough not for want of money, to the unlimited amount of millions, but of any plan that could be agreed on with the slightest chance of feasibility. This raised an inquiry as to the outward appearance of Knox, and especially as to this Somerville Likeness, which I believed, and cannot but still believe, to be the only probable likeness of him, anywhere known to exist. Its history, what can be recovered of it, is as follows.

On the death of the last Baron Somerville, some three or four years ago, the Somerville Peerage, after four centuries of duration, became extinct; and this Picture then passed into the possession of one of the representatives of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Smyth of Gaybrook, near Mullingar, Ireland. This lady was a stranger to me; but on being applied to, kindly had a list of questions with reference to the Knox Portrait, which were drawn up by an artist friend, and sent to her, minutely answered; and afterwards, with a courtesy and graceful kindness, ever since pleasant to think of, offered on her coming to London to bring the Picture itself hither. All which accordingly took effect; and in sum, the Picture was intrusted altogether to the keeping of these inquirers, and stood for above three months patent to every kind of examination,—until it was, by direction of its lady owner, removed to the Loan Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, where it remained for above a year. And in effect it was inspected, in some cases with the greatest minuteness, by the most distinguished Artists and judges of art that could be found in London. On certain points they were all agreed; as, for instance, that it was a portrait in all probability like the man intended to be represented; that it was a roughly executed

work; probably a copy; certainly not of earlier, most likely of later date, than Godfrey Kneller's time; that the head represented must have belonged to a person of distinguished talent, character and qualities. For the rest, several of these gentlemen objected to the costume as belonging to the Puritan rather than to Knox's time; concerning which preliminary objection more anon, and again more.

Mr. Robert Tait, a well-known Artist, of whom we have already spoken, and who has taken great pains in this matter, says:—

"The Engraving from the Somerville Portrait is an unusually correct and successful representation of it, yet it conveys a higher impression than the picture itself does; the features, especially the eyes and nose, are finer in form, and more firmly defined in the engraving than in the picture, while the bricky color in the face of the latter and a somewhat glistening appearance in the skin give rather a sensual character to the head. These defects or peculiarities in the color and surface are, however, probably due to repainting; the Picture must have been a good deal retouched, when it was lined, some thirty or forty years ago; and signs are not wanting of even earlier manipulation. . . . Some persons have said that the dress, especially the falling band, belongs to a later age than that of Knox, and is sufficient to invalidate the Portrait; but such is not the case, for white collars or bands, of various shapes and sizes, were in use in Knox's time, and are found in the portraits, and frequently referred to, in the literature of Elizabeth's reign."

The remark of Mr. Tait in reference to the somewhat unpleasant "surface" of the Somerville Picture is clearly illustrated by looking at an excellent copy of it, painted a few months ago by Mr. Samuel Laurence, in which, although the likeness is accurately preserved, the head has on account of the less oily "surface" of the picture a much more refined appearance.¹

¹ Since this was first printed, Mr. Laurence himself favors me with the following remarks, which seem too good to be lost: . . . "I wish the reason for my copying the Somerville Picture had been given, viz. its being

At the top of the folio Book, which Knox holds with his right-hand fingers, there are in the Picture, though omitted in the Engraving, certain letters, two or three of them distinct, the others broken, scratchy, and altogether illegible. Out of these, various attempts were made by several of us to decipher some precise inscription; but in all the languages we had, nothing could be done in that way, till at length, what might have happened earlier, the natural idea suggested itself that in all likelihood the folio volume was the Geneva Bible; and that the half-obliterated letters were probably the heading of the page. Examination at the British Museum was at once made; of which, from a faithful inspector, this is the report: "There are three folio editions, printed in Roman type, of the Geneva Bible, 1560, '62, '70. The volume represented in the Picture, which also is in Roman, not in Black Letter, fairly resembles in a rough way the folio of 1562. Each page has two columns for the text, and a narrow stripe of commentary, or what is now called margin, in very small type along the edges, which is more copious and continuous than in the original, but otherwise sufficiently indicates itself. Headings at the top of the pages in larger type than that of the text. Each verse is separate, and the gaps at the ends of many of them are very like those seen in the Picture."

I was informed by Mrs. Ralph Smyth that she knew nothing more of the Picture than that it had, as long as she could remember, always hung on the walls of the Somerville town-house in Hill Street, Mayfair,—but this Lady being still young in years, her recollection does not carry us far back.

in a state of dilapidation and probable decay. Entirely agreeing with your own impressions as to its representing the individuality and character of the man, I undertook to make a copy that should, beside keeping the character, represent the condition of this Picture in its undamaged state. It is now not only 'much cracked,' but the *half-tints* are taken off, by some bad cleaner: the gradations between the highest lights and the deepest shades wanting; hence the unpleasant look. I think it more than a matter of 'surface.' The very ground, a 'bricky' red one, exposed, here and there; the effect of which upon the colors may be likened to a tune played upon a pianoforte that has missing keys . . . — SAMUEL LAURENCE (6 Wells Street, Oxford Street, March 30, 1875)."

One other light point in her memory was, a tradition in the family that it was brought into their possession by James, the thirteenth Baron Somerville; but all the Papers connected with the family having been destroyed some years ago by fire, in a solicitor's office in London, there was no means either of verifying or contradicting that tradition.

Of this James, thirteenth Lord Somerville, there is the following pleasant and suggestive notice by Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson* :—

“The late Lord Somerville, who saw much both of great and brilliant life, told me, that he had dined in company with Pope, and that after dinner the ‘little man,’ as he called him, drank his bottle of Burgundy, and was exceedingly gay and entertaining.”

And as a foot-note Boswell adds :—

“Let me here express my grateful remembrance of Lord Somerville's kindness to me, at a very early period. He was the first person of high rank that took particular notice of me in the way most flattering to a young man, fondly ambitious of being distinguished for his literary talents; and by the honor of his encouragement made me think well of myself, and aspire to deserve it better. He had a happy art of communicating his varied knowledge of the world, in short remarks and anecdotes, with a quiet pleasant gravity, that was exceedingly engaging. Never shall I forget the hours which I enjoyed with him at his apartments in the Royal Palace of Holyrood House, and at his seat near Edinburgh, which he himself had formed with an elegant taste.”¹

The vague guess is that this James, thirteenth Baron Somerville, had somewhere fallen in with an excellent Portrait of Knox, seemingly by some distinguished Artist of Knox's time; and had had a copy of it painted, — presumably for his mansion of Drum, near Edinburgh, long years perhaps before it came to Mayfair.

Among scrutinizers here, it was early recollected that there hung in the Royal Society's rooms an excellent Portrait of Buchanan, undisputedly painted by Francis Porbus; that

¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Fitzgerald's edit. (Lond. 1874), ii. p. 434.

Knox and Buchanan were children of the same year (1505), and that both the Portrait of Buchanan and that of Knox indicated for the sitter an age of about sixty or more. So that one preliminary doubt, Was there in Scotland, about 1565, an artist capable of such a Portrait as this of Knox? was completely abolished; and the natural inquiry arose, Can any traces of affinity between these two be discovered?

The eminent Sculptor, Mr. J. E. Boehm, whose judgment of painting and knowledge of the history, styles and epochs of it, seemed to my poor laic mind far beyond that of any other I had communed with, directly visited, along with me, the Royal Society's collection; found in this Buchanan perceptible traces of kinship with the Knox Portrait; and visited thereupon, and examined, with great minuteness, whatever Porbuses we could hear of in London, or neighborhood. And always, as was evident to me, with growing clearness of conviction that this Portrait of Knox was a coarse and rapid, but effective, probably somewhat enlarged, copy after Porbus, done to all appearance in the above-named Baron Somerville's time; that is, before 1766. Mr. Boehm, with every new Porbus, became more interested in this research; and regretted with me that so few Porbuses were attainable here, and of these, several not by our Buchanan Porbus, François Porbus, or Pourbus, called in our dictionaries, *le vieux*, but by his son and by his father. Last Autumn Mr. Boehm was rusticating in the Netherlands. There he saw and examined many Porbuses; and the following is the account which he gives of his researches there:—

“I will try, as best I can, to enumerate the reasons why I think that the Somerville Picture is a copy, and why a copy after Francis Porbus.

“That it is a copy done in the latter half of the last century can be easily seen by the manner of painting, and by the mediums used, which produced a certain circular cracking throughout the picture, peculiar only to the paintings of that period. Its being a *little* over the size of nature suggests that it was done after a smaller picture, as it is not probable that, had it been done from life, or from a life-sized head, the

artist would have got into those proportions; and most of the portraits by Porbus (as also by Holbein, Albrecht Dürer, the contemporary and previous masters) are a little under life-size, as the sitter would appear to the painter at a certain distance.

“The Somerville Picture at first reminded me more of Porbus than of any other painter of that time, although I did not then know whether Porbus had ever been in England, as, judging by the fact that he painted Knox’s contemporary George Buchanan, we may now fairly suppose was the case. Last Autumn at Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, I carefully examined no less than forty portraits by Francis Porbus, *le vieux*. There are two pictures at Bruges in each of which are sixteen portrait heads, carefully painted and well preserved, somewhat smaller than that of Buchanan; and I can most vividly figure to myself that the original after which the said copy was painted must have been like that and not otherwise; indeed if I had found the original in a corner of one of the galleries, my astonishment would have been as small as my pleasure in apprising you of the find would have been great. In some of these forty portraits the costumes, including the large white collar, which has been objected to, are very similar to John Knox’s; and in the whole of them there are traces in drawing, arrangement of light and shadow, conception of character, and all those qualities which can never quite be drowned in a reproduction, and which are, it seems to me, clearly discerned in this copy, done by a free and swift hand, careful only to reproduce the likeness and general effect, and heedless of the delicate and refined touch of the great master. — J. E. BOEHM.”

From the well-known and highly estimated Mr. Merritt of the National Gallery, — who had not heard of the Picture at all, nor of these multifarious researches, but who on being applied to by a common friend (for I have never had the pleasure of personally knowing Mr. Merritt) kindly consented to go to the South Kensington Museum, and examine the Picture, — I receive, naturally with pleasure and surprise, the following report: —

"54 DEVONSHIRE STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, W.
9 January, 1875.

"After a careful inspection of the Portrait, I am bound to say that the signs of age are absent from the surface, and I should therefore conjecture that it is a copy of a portrait of the time of Francis Pourbus, to whom we are indebted for the portrait of George Buchanan, which I believe is in the possession of the Royal Society.

"My opinion is in favor of the Somerville Portrait being of Knox. Strongly marked features like those were not likely to be confounded with any other man's. The world has a way of handing down the lineaments of great men. Records and tradition, as experience has shown me, do their work in this respect very effectively. — HENRY MERRITT."

This is all the evidence we have to offer on the Somerville Portrait. The preliminary objection in respect to costume, as we have seen, is without validity, and may be classed, in House-of-Commons language, as "frivolous and vexatious." The Picture is not an ideal, but that of an actual man, or still more precisely, an actual Scottish ecclesiastical man. In point of external evidence, unless the original turn up, which is not impossible, though much improbable, there can be none complete or final in regard to such a matter; but with internal evidence to some of us it is replete, and beams brightly with it through every pore. For my own share if it is not John Knox the Scottish hero and evangelist of the sixteenth century I cannot conjecture who or what it is.

